



L. Dampff Sculp.

(1)
P O E M S

ON

Several OCCASIONS:

BY

MATTHEW PRIOR, *Esq*;

WITH A

SUPPLEMENT of several POEMS of
the Author's never before Collected,
and Others taken from his Original M A-
NUSCRIPTS in the Custody of his
Friends : To which are added The
HIND and PANTHER Transversed;
with the MEMOIRS of his LIFE,
his LAST WILL AND TESTA-
MENT.

ALSO

THRENUS : or STANZAS on His DEATH.
By a FELLOW COLLEGIAN.

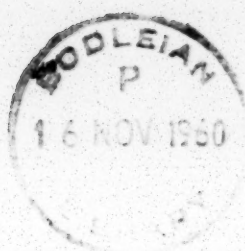
V O L. I.

*Vain Monuments may guild precarious Fame,
A PRIOR bears a Statue in his Name.*

BUCKINGHAM.

D U B L I N:

Printed by and for GEORGE GRIERSON, at
the *King's-Arms* and *Two Bibles* in *Essex-Street*.
MDCCXXVIII.





T H E
E D I T O R ' S P R E F A C E .

IN the Year 1720, Mr. *Prior* published his Works by subscription, in one Volume in Folio, and met with that Encouragement which was justly due to his Merit. But in this Collection of his POEMS, tho' he *added* several *New Pieces*, yet he *omitted* some very valuable *Old Ones*, particularly his *first* EPISTLE TO FLEETWOOD SHEPARD, Esq; which his great Modesty prevailed with him to withdraw, because in the Close of that Piece, a little Pleasantry was levelled at, his dear Friend, the Honourable CHARLES MONTAGUE, Esq; late Earl of *Halifax*.

An ODE in Imitation of the SECOND ODE of HORACE, written by him in the Year 1692, is likewise omitted, because he had made use of that Piece in his *Carmen Saculare*. Tho' it is rather to be presumed, this Omission was obtained by the Persuasion of some Political Friends, who thought the Revival of this ODE a Panegyric too High for (a PRINCE above all *Panegyric*) the late King WILLIAM of *Glorious and Immortal Memory*.

VERSES to the Countess Dowager of DEVONSHIRE, upon a PIECE of *WISSIN's* wherein were all her GRANDSONS Painted. (the last Performance of that Master) This Poem in his own Hand-writing, without taking a Copy of it, Mr. PRIOR, above Thirty Years ago, gave to his Friend ANTHONY HAMMOND, Esq; and to that Gentleman the Publick are obliged for its Publication.

The

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE

THE VERSES upon Lady CATHARINE HYDE, have been mistakenly applied by some Persons to another Hand, tho' whoever will, in the least, but impartially consider, must allow, that the Easy Turn, and Epigrammatic Point, in those Performances, could be the Product of no other, than Mr. PRIOR's peculiar Pen; and it is hoped, that the Preservation of these PIECES, will be looked upon as an Act of strict Justice to his Memory.

After the Publication of the *Folio* Edition of his Works Mr. PRIOR printed, singly, Four Poems, viz.

I. *The Conversation. A Tale.*

II. *COLIN's Mistakes.* Written in Imitation of SPENSER's Style.

III. VERSES spoke to the Lady *Henrietta-Cavendish-Holles-Harley* in the Library of *St. John's-College, Cambridge*, November the 9th, *Anno Dom. 1719.*

IV. PROLOGUE to the ORPHAN. Represented by some of the *Westminster-Scholars*, at *Hickford's Dancing Room*, the 2d. of *February, 1719-20.* Spoken by the Lord DUPLIN.

As to the *Posthumous* Pieces of Mr. PRIOR, viz.

I. *The TURTLE and the SPARROW*, a Tale.

II. *Down-Hall*, a BALLAD. For this the Public are indebted to *Oliver Martin, Esq;* and it is printed from a Manuscript in the Hand Writing of *Adrian Drift, Esq;*

The *Latin* VERSES to Dr. SHAW, the *English* EPIGRAM on Dr. RADCLIFFE, and the Song to *Cloe*, were sent from *St. John's College, Cambridge*, by an unknown Hand.

The VERSES on Bishop *Atterbury's* Burying the Duke of *Buckinghamshire*, were communicated by the Reverend Mr. *Herbert.*

All which Poems are now printed in this Edition as will appear, page 8, 222, 215, 217, 208, 211, 206, 207, 185, 198, 206.

SOME



To the Right Honourable

L I O N E L,

E A R L of

Dorset and Middlesex.



T looks like no great compliment to your lordship, that I prefix your name to this epistle ; when in the preface I declare the Book is published almost against my inclination. But in all cases, my lord, you have an hereditary right to whatever may be called mine.

Many of the following pieces were written by the command of your excellent father ; and most of the rest, under his protection and patronage.

The particular felicity of your birth, my lord, the natural endowments of your mind, (which, without suspicion of flattery) I may tell you are very great, the good education with which these parts have been improv'd, and your coming into the world and seeing men very early ; make us expect from your lordship all the good, which hopes can form in favour

ii DEDICATION.

of a young nobleman. *Tu Marcellus eris*, — our eyes and our hearts are turn'd on you. You must be a judge and master of polite learning ; a friend and patron to men of letters and merit ; a faithful and able counsellor to your prince ; a true patriot to your country ; an ornament and honour to the titles you possess ; and in one word, a worthy son to the great earl of *Dorset*.

It is as impossible to mention that name without desiring to commend the person, as it is to give him the commendations which his virtues deserved. But I assure my self, the most agreeable compliment I can bring your lordship, is to pay a grateful respect to your father's memory. And my own Obligations to him were such, that the world must pardon my endeavouring at his character, however I may miscarry in the attempt.

A thousand ornaments and graces met in the composition of this great man, and contributed to make him universally belov'd and esteem'd. The figure of his body was strong, proportionable, beautiful : and were his picture well drawn, it must deserve the praise given to the pourtraits of *Raphael*, and at once, create love and respect. While the greatness of his mein inform'd men they were approaching the nobleman, the sweetness of it invited them to come nearer to the patron. There was in his look and gesture something, that is easier conceived than described ; that gained upon you in his favour, before he spoke one word. His behaviour was easie and courteous to all ; but distinguished and adapted to each man in particular, according to his station and quality. His civility was free from the formality of rule, and flowed immediately from his good sense.

Such were the natural faculties and strength of his mind, that he had occasion to borrow very little from education ; and he owed those advantages to his own good parts, which others acquire by study and imitation. His wit was abundant, noble, bold. Wit in most writers is like a fountain in a garden, supply'd by several streams brought thro' artful pipes, and playing sometimes agreeably : but the earl of *Dorset's* was a source rising

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sing from the top of a mountain, which forced its own way, and with inexhaustible supplies delighted and enriched the country thro' which it pass'd. This extraordinary genius was accompany'd with so true a judgment in all parts of fine learning, that what ever subject was before him, he discours'd as properly of it, as if the peculiar bent of his study had been apply'd that way ; and he perfected his judgment by reading and digesting the best Authors, tho' he quoted them very seldom.

Contemnebat potius literas, quàm nesciebat :

and rather seem'd to draw his knowledge from his own stores, than to owe it to any foreign assistance.

The brightness of his parts, the solidity of his judgment, and the candour and generosity of his temper distinguish'd him in an Age of great politeness, and at a court abounding with men of the finest sense and learning. The most eminent masters in their several ways appeal'd to his determination. *Waller* thought it an honour to consult him in the softness and harmony of his verse : and Dr. *Sprat*, in the delicacy and turn of his prose. *Dryden* determines by him, under the character of *Eugenius*, as to the laws of dramatick poetry. *Butler* ow'd it to him, that the court tasted his *Hudibras* : *Wichberley*, that the town liked his *Plain-dealer* ; and the late Duke of *Buckingham* deferr'd to publish his *Rehearsal*, 'till he was sure, (as he expressed it) that my Lord *Dorset* would not rehearse upon him again. If we wanted foreign testimony, *La Fontaine* and *Euremont* have acknowledged, that he was a perfect master in the beauty and finess of their language, and of all that they call *les Belles Lettres*. Nor was this nicety of his judgment confined only to books and literature ; but he was the same in statuary, painting, and all other parts of art. *Bernini* would have taken his opinion upon the beauty and attitude of a figure ; and king *Charles* did not agree with *Lely*, that my lady *Cleveland's* picture was finished, 'till it had the Approbation of my lord *Buckhurst*.

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As the judgment which he made of others writings could not be refuted; the manner in which he wrote, will hardly ever be equalled. Every one of his pieces is an ingot of gold, intrinsically and solidly valuable; such as, wrought or beaten thinner, would shine thro' a whole book of any other author. His thought was always new and the expression of it, so particularly happy, that every body knew immediately it could only be my lord *Dorset's*; and yet it was so easy too, that every body was ready to imagine himself capable of writing it. There is a lustre in his verses, like that of the Sun in *Claude Lorraine's* Landskips, it looks natural, and is inimitable. His love-verses have a mixture of delicacy and strength: they convey the wit of *Petronius* in the softness of *Tibullus*. His satyr indeed is so severely pointed, that in it he appears what his great friend, the earl of *Rocheſter*, (that other prodigy of the age) says he was;

The best good man, with the worst-natur'd muse.

Yet even here, that character may justly be applied to him, which *Perſius* gives of the best writer in this kind, that ever lived:

*Omne vaſer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, & admiſſus circum præcordia ludit.*

And the gentleman had always so much the better of the satyrist, that the persons touched did not know where to fix their resentments; and were forced to appear rather ashamed than angry. Yet so far was this great author from valuing himself upon his works, that he cared not what became of them, though every body else did. There are many things of his not extant in writing, which however are always repeated: like the verses and sayings of the antient *Druids*, they retain an universal veneration; tho' they are preserv'd only by memory.

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As it is often seen, that those men who are least qualified for business, love it most ; my lord *Dorset's* character was, that he certainly understood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very young to the possession of two plentiful estates, and in age when pleasure was more in fashion than business ; he turn'd his parts rather to books and conversation, than to politicks, and what more immediately related to the publick. But whenever the safety of his country demanded his assistance, he readily entered into the most active parts of life ; and underwent the greatest dangers, with a constancy of mind, which shew'd, that he had not only read the rules of philosophy, but understood the practice of them.

In the first *Dutch* war he went a voluntier under the duke of *York*. His behaviour, during that campaign, was such as distinguish'd the *Sacville*, descended from that *Hildebrand* of the name, who was one of the greatest captains that came into *England* with the conqueror. But his making a song the night before the engagement (and it was one of the prettiest that ever was made) carries with it so sedate a presence of mind, and such an unusual gallantry, that it deserves as much to be recorded, as *Alexander's* jesting with his soldiers before he passed the *Granicus* ; or *William* the first of *Orange*, giving order over night for a battle, and desiring to be called in the morning, lest he should happen to sleep too long.

From hence, during the remaining part of king *Charles's* reign, he continued to live in honourable leisure. He was of the bed-chamber to the king ; and possessed, not only his master's favour, but in a great degree his familiarity ; never leaving the court but when he was sent to that of *France*, on some short commissions and embassies of compliment : as if the king designed to show the *French*, (who would be thought the politest nation,) that one of the finest gentlemen in *Europe* was his subject ; and that we had a prince who understood his worth so well, as not to suffer him to be long out of his presence.

The succeeding reign neither relish'd my lord's wit, nor approved his maxims ; so he retired altogether from court. But as the irretrievable mistakes of that unhappy government went on to threaten the nation with something more terrible than a *Dutch* war : he thought it became him to resume the courage of his youth, and once more to engage himself in defending the liberty of his country. He entred into the prince of *Orange's* interest, and carried on his part of that great enterprize here in *London*, and under the eye of the court, with the same resolution, as his friend and fellow-patriot the late duke of *Devonshire* did in open arms at *Nottingham* ; 'till the dangers of those times increased to extremity ; and just apprehensions arose for the safety of the princess, our present glorious queen : then the earl of *Dorset* was thought the properest guide of her necessary flight, and the person under whose courage and direction the nation might most safely trust a charge so precious and important.

After the establishment of their late majesties upon the throne, there was room again at court for men of my lord's character. He had a part in the councils of those princes ; a great share in their friendship ; and all the marks of distinction, with which a good government could reward a patriot. He was made chamberlain of their majesties household ; a place which he so eminently adorned, by the grace of his person, the fineness of his breeding, and the knowledge and practice of what was decent and magnificent : that he could only be rivalled in these qualifications by one great man, who has since held the same staff.

The last honours he received from his sovereign (and indeed they were the greatest which a subject could receive) were, that he was made knight of the garter, and constituted one of the regents of the kingdom during his majesty's absence. But his health, about that time, sensibly declining, and the publick affairs not threatned by any imminent danger ; he left the business to those who delighted more in the state of it ; and appeared only sometimes at council, to show his respect to the com-
mission :

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mission : giving as much leisure as he could to the relief of those pains, with which it pleased God to afflict him ; and indulging the reflections of a mind, that had looked thro' the world with too piercing an eye, and was grown weary of the prospect. Upon the whole ; it may very justly be said of this great man, with regard to the publick, that thro' the course of his life, he acted like an able pilot in a long voyage ; contented to sit quiet in the cabin when the winds were allayed, and the waters smooth ; but vigilant and ready to resume the helm, when the storm arose, and the sea grew tumultuous.

I ask your pardon, my lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late lord *Dorset's* character : if I examine it, not without some intention of finding fault ; and (which is an odd way of making a panegyric) set his blemishes and imperfections in open view.

The fire of his youth carried him to some excesses ; but they were accompanied with a most lively invention, and true humour. The little violences, and easie mistakes of a night too gayly spent (and that too in the beginning of Life) were always set right, the next day, with great humanity, and ample retribution. His faults brought their excuse with them, and his very failings had their beauties. So much sweetness accompanied what he said, and so great generosity what he did, that people were always prepossess'd in his favour : and it was in fact true, what the late earl of *Rocheſter* said in jest to king *Charles* ; that he did not know how it was, but my lord *Dorset* might do any thing, yet was never to blame.

He was naturally very subject to passion ; but the short gust was soon over, and served only to set off the charms of his temper, when more compos'd. That very passion broke out with a force of wit, which made even anger agreeable : While it lasted, he said and forgot a thousand things, which other men would have been glad to have studied and wrote : but the impetuosity was corrected upon a moment's reflection ; and the measure altered with such grace and delicacy, that you could scarce perceive where the key was changed.

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He was very sharp in his reflections ; but never in the wrong place. His darts were sure to wound ; but they were sure too to hit none but those, whose follies gave him very fair aim. And when he allowed no quarter, he had certainly been provoked by more than common error : by mens tedious and circumstantial recitals of their affairs, or by their multiply'd questions about his own : by extreme ignorance and impertinence ; or the mixture of these, an ill-judg'd and never ceasing civility : or lastly, by the two things which were his utter aversion ; the insinuation of a flatterer and the whisper of a tale-bearer.

If therefore we set the piece in its worst position ; if its faults be most exposed, the shades, will still appear very finely join'd with their lights ; and every imperfection will be diminished by the lustre of some neighbouring virtue : but if we turn the great drawings and wonderful colourings to their true light ; the whole must appear beautiful, noble, admirable.

He possessed all those virtues in the highest degree, upon which the pleasure of society, and the happiness of life depend ; and he exercised them with the greatest decency and best manners. As good nature is said, by a great * author to belong more particularly to the *English* than any other nation ; it may again be said, that it belonged more particularly to the late earl of *Dorset*, than any other *English* man.

A kind husband he was without fondness : and an indulgent father without partiality. So extraordinary good a master, that this quality ought indeed to have been number'd among his defects : for he was often worse served than became his station ; from his unwillingness to assume an authority too severe. And during those little transports of passion, to which I just now said he was subject ; I have known his servants get into his way, that they might make a merit of it immediately after : for he that had the good fortune to be chid, was sure of being rewarded for it.

His table was one of the last, that gave us an example

* *Sprat. Hist. of the ROYAL SOCIETY.*

of the old house-keeping of an *English* Nobleman. A freedom reigned at it, which made every one of his guests think himself at-home; and an abundance; which shewed that the master's hospitality extended to many more, than those who had the honour to sit at table with him.

In his dealings with other men, his care and exactness that every man should have his due, was such, that you would think he had never seen the court: the politeness and civility with which this justice was administered, would convince you, he never had lived out of one.

He was so strict an observer of his word, that no consideration, whatever could make him break it: yet so cautious, lest the merit of his act should arise from that obligation only; that he usually did the greatest favours without making any previous promise. So inviolable was he in his friendship; and so kind to the character of those, whom he had once honoured with a more intimate acquaintance, that nothing less than a demonstration of some essential fault, could make him break with them: and then too, his good-nature did not consent to it, without the greatest reluctance and difficulty. Let me give one instance of this amongst many. When as lord Chamberlain, he was obliged to take the king's pension from Mr. *Dryden*, who had long before put himself out of a possibility of receiving any favour from the court, my lord allowed him an equivalent out of his own estate. However displeased with the conduct of his old acquaintance, he relieved his necessities; and while he gave him his Assistance in private; in publick, he extenuated and pitied his error.

The foundation indeed of these excellent qualities, and the perfection of my lord *Dorset's* character, was that unbounded charity which ran through the whole tenor of his life; and sat as visibly predominant over the other faculties of his soul; as she is said to do in heaven, above her sister virtues.

Crowds of poor daily thronged his gates, expecting thence their bread: and were still lessened by his sending the most proper objects of his bounty to apprenticeships, or hospitals. The lazar and the sick, as he accidentally
saw

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saw them, were removed from the street to the physician: and many of them not only restored to health; but supplied with what might enable them to resume their former callings, and make their future life happy. The prisoner has often been released by my lord's paying the debt; and the condemned has been saved by his intercession with the sovereign; where he thought the letter of the law too rigid. To those whose circumstances were such, as made them ashamed of their poverty, he knew how to bestow his munificence, without offending their modesty; and under the notion of frequent presents, gave them what amounted to a subsistence. Many yet alive know this to be true, tho' he told it to none; nor ever was more uneasy, than when any one mentioned it to him.

We may find among the *Greeks* and *Latins*, *Tibullus* and *Gallus*; the noblemen that writ poetry: *Augustus* and *Mæcenæ*, the protectors of learning; *Aristides*, the good citizen; and *Atticus*, the well-bred friend; and bring them in as examples of my lord *Dorset's* wit, his judgment, his justice, and his civility. But for his charity, my lord, we can scarce find a parallel in history it self.

Titus was not more the *deliciæ humani generis* on this account, than my lord *Dorset* was. And without any exaggeration, that prince did not do more good in proportion out of the revenue of the *Roman* empire, than your father out of the income of a private estate. Let this, my lord, remain to you and your posterity a possession forever; to be imitated, and if possible, to be excelled.

As to my own particular, I scarce knew what life was sooner than I found my self obliged to his favour; nor had reason to feel any sorrow, so sensibly as that of his death.

*Ille dies — quem semper acerbum
Semper honoratum (sic di voluistis) habebo.*

Æneas could not reflect upon the loss of his own father with greater piety, my lord, than I must recal the memory of yours: and when I think whose son I am
writing

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writing to, the least I promise my self from your goodness, is an uninterrupted continuance of favour, and a friendship for life. To which that I may with some justice intitle my self, I send your lordship a dedication, not filled with a long detail of your praises, but with my sincerest wishes that you may deserve them. That you may imploy those extraordinary parts and abilities with which heav'n has blessed you, to the honour of your family, the benefit of your friends, and the good of your country: that all your Actions may be great, open and noble, such as may tell the world whose son and whose successor you are.

What I now offer to your lordship is a collection of poetry, a kind of garland of good-will. If any verses of my writing should appear in print, under another name and patronage, than that of an earl of *Dorset*, people might suspect them not to be genuine. I have attained my present end, if these poems prove the diversion of some of your youthful hours, as they have been occasionally the amusement of some of mine; and I humbly hope, that as I may hereafter bind up my fuller sheaf, and lay some pieces of a very different nature (the product of my severer studies) at your lordship's feet, I shall engage your more serious reflection. Happy, if in all my endeavours I may contribute to your delight, or to your instruction. I am, with all duty and respect,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient and

Most humble Servant;

M A T. P R I O R.

P R E

P R E F A C E.

THE greatest part of what I have written having already been published, either singly or in some of the miscellanies, it would be too late for me to make any excuse for appearing in print. But a collection of poems has lately appeared under my name, tho' without my Knowledge, in which the publisher has given me the honour of some things that did not belong to me, and has transcribed others so imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be mine. This has obliged me, in my own Defence, to look back upon some of those lighter studies, which I ought long since to have quitted; and to publish an indifferent collection of poems, for fear of being thought the author of a worse.

Thus I beg pardon of the publick for reprinting some pieces, which as they came singly from their first impression, have (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr. Tonson's shop; and adding others to them, which were never before printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more safely, in a corner of my own study.

The reader will, I hope make allowance for their having been written at very distant times, and on very different occasions; and take them as they happen to come, publick panegyricks, amorous odes, serious reflections or idle tales, the product of his leisure hours, who had business enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident.

I take this occasion to thank my good friend and school-fellow Mr. Dibben, for his excellent version of the *Carmen Seculare*, tho' my gratitude may justly carry a little envy with it; for I believe the most accurate judges will find the translation exceed the original.

I must likewise own my self obliged to Mrs. Singer, who has given me leave to print a pastoral of her writing; that poem having produced the verses immediately following it. I wish she might be prevailed with to publish some other pieces of that kind, in which the softness of her sex, & the fineness of her genius, conspire to give her a very distinguishing character.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

I Must help my preface by a postscript, to tell the reader that there is ten years distance between my writing the one and the other ; and that (whatever I thought then, and have somewhere said, that I would publish no more poetry) he will find several copies of verses scattered through this edition, which were not printed in the first. Those relating to the publick, stand in the order they did before, and according to the several years, in which they were written ; however the disposition of our national affairs, the actions or the fortunes of some men, and the opinions of others may have changed. Prose, and other human things may take what turn they can ; but poetry, which pretends to have something of divinity in it, is to be more permanent. Odes once printed cannot well be altered, when the author has already said, that he expects his works should live for ever. And it had been very foolish in my friend Horace, if some years after his Exegi Monumentum, he should have desired to see his building taken down again.

The Dedication likewise is reprinted to the earl of Dorset, in the foregoing leaves, without any alteration ; tho' I had the fairest opportunity, and the strongest inclination to have added a great deal to it. The blooming hopes, which I said the world expected from my then very young patron, have been confirmed by most noble and distinguished first-fruits ; and his life is going on towards a plentiful harvest of all accumulated virtues. He has, in fact, exceeded whatever the fondness of my wishes could invent in his favour : his equally good and beautiful lady enjoys in him an indulgent and obliging husband ; his children, a kind and careful father ; and his acquaintance, a faithful, generous, and polite friend. His fellow-peers have attended to the persuasion of his eloquence ; and have been convinced by the solidity of his reasoning. He has, long since, deserved and attained the honour of the garter. He has managed some of the greatest charges
of

POSTSCRIPT.

of the kingdom with known ability; and laid them down with entire disinterestment. And as he continues the exercises of these eminent virtues, (which that he may do to a very old age, shall be my perpetual wish) he may be one of the greatest men that our age, or possibly our nation has bred; and leave materials for a panegyric, not unworthy the pen of some future Pliny.

From so noble a subject as the earl of Dorset, to so mean an one as my self, is (I confess) a very pindaric transition. I shall only say one word, and trouble the reader no further. I publish'd my poems formerly, as Monsieur Jourdain sold his silk: he would not be thought a tradesman, but ordered some pieces to be measured out to his particular friends. Now I give up my shop, and dispose of all my poetical goods at once: I must therefore desire, that the public would please to take them in the gross; and that every body would turn over what he does not like.

SOME



SOME
MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE
AND
Publick Employments
OF
Matthew Prior, Esq;

Drawn up by himself in the year 1720; and
sent to the *Author* of the *Lives of the*
ENGLISH POETS.



MATTHEW PRIOR, was the son of
Mr. *George Prior* citizen of *London*, who
dying while he was very young, left him
to the care of an uncle, which proved
paternal, as Mr. *Prior* through the course
of his life has always acknowledged with
the greatest gratitude.

He was bred at *Westminster-school*, where he endea-
voured to obtain and increase the noble genius peculiar

[II]

to that place. He was thence removed to *St. John's College* in *Cambridge*; of which society, soon after he had taken the degree of bachelor of arts, he was made fellow; and retains the same honour to this day. He wrote several copies of Verses when very young, as appears by the first, in his printed poems †. In the reign of king *James* the second, jointly with *Mr. Montague*, since earl of *Halifax*, he wrote remarks * upon *Mr. Dryden's Hind and Panther*.

Upon the *Revolution*, he was brought to court by the late earl of *Dorset*, that great patron of all polite learning, by whom from his infancy he was belov'd and encouraged; and as he grew up to manhood, had a great share in his intimacy and friendship. Under this noble lord's patronage he first entered into publick business, and was made secretary to their majesties king *William* and queen *Mary*, at the congress at the *Hague*, in the year 1690, the late earl of *Berkely* being their majesties plenipotentiary there. He was thence appointed secretary of the embassy to the present the earl of *Pembroke*, the late earl of *Fersey* and Sir *Joseph Williamson*, ambassadors at the peace of *Ryswick*, where many memorials relating to that treaty were drawn up by him: he was likewise secretary to the two succeeding embassies in *France*; those, of the late earls of *Portland* and *Fersey*.

He was secretary of state in the kingdom of *Ireland*; then one of the *Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations*; and by her late majesty made One of the *Commissioners of the Customs*, and her majesty's plenipotentiary-minister in *France* in the Year 1711. So that going into publick business very young, and having continued therein for seven and twenty years, his *Poetry* (to use his own words in his preface to his poems) *was only the pro-*

† Anno 1688.

* The *Hind* and the *Panther*, transversed to the story of the *Country-mouse*, and the *City-mouse*. 4to. Printed in the Year 1687.

[III]

duet of his leisure hours, who had business enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident†. In the year 1720, he published his works, by subscription, in one volume in folio, and met with that encouragement which was due to his deserved merit. But tho' in this collection of his poems he added several *New Pieces*, yet he omitted some very valuable *Old Ones*, particularly his *First Epistle to Fleetwood Shephard*, Esq; which his great modesty prevailed with him to withdraw, only upon there being in the close of that piece, an innocent joke upon Mr. Montague, late earl of *Halifax*. For a like reason, he omitted that agreeable *Satire* upon the *Translators of Ovid's Epistles*, and a *Satire* upon the *Poets*, in imitation of the VIIth *Satire* of *Juvenal*, on account of a few *Nipping Turns* upon two noblemen, lately deceased. An *Ode* in imitation of the *second Ode* of *Horace*, written by him in the year 1692, is likewise omitted, because he declared to have made some use of that piece in the composing his *Carmen Seculare*. Tho' it is rather to be presumed, this omission was obtained by the persuasion of some political-friends, who thought the revival of this *Ode* a panegyrick too high for (a Prince above all panegyrick) the late immortal king WILLIAM of glorious memory. An excellent poem, to the *Countess Dowager of Devonshire*, upon a piece of *Wissin's* whereon were all her *Grandsons painted*, (the last performance of that master in his own hand-writing, without take a copy of it) he gave near thirty years ago to his friend *Anthony Hammond*, Esq; and to that gentleman the reader is now obliged for its first publication. The two copies of verses upon lady *Katherine Hyde*, have been mistakenly applied by some persons to another hand; tho' whoever will in the least but impartially consider, they must allow, that the easie turn, and epigrammatick point, in those performances, could be the product of no other, than Mr. *Prior's* peculiar pen; and it is hoped, that the preservation of these pieces, will be looked upon as an act of strict justice to his memory.

† Mr. *Prior's* paper concluded.

[IV]

Since the late collection of his poems in folio, Mr. *Prior* himself published four poems, viz. I. *The Conversation. A Tale.* II. *Collin's Mistakes*, Written in imitation of *Spenser's* style. III. Verses spoke to the lady *Henrietta-Cavendish Holles Harley*, in the library of *St. John's-College, Cambridge*, November the 9th. *An. Dom.* 1719. IV. A Prologue to the *Orphan*, Represented by some of the *Westminster* scholars, at *Hickford's* dancing-room in *York-buildings*, the 2d. of *February*, 1720. spoken by the lord *Duplin*.

This is an exact account of all the genuine works of Mr. *Prior*, hitherto published. As to the *Manuscripts* he has left behind him, the most considerable, we are informed, is one intitled, *Dialogues of the Dead*.

To attempt a character of Mr. *Prior* in this place would be wholly superfluous, since the publick will in a short time be gratified in that respect, from the eloquent pen of Dr. *Friend*. It shall suffice us therefore, only to declare, what will be attested by all who knew him, that Mr. *Prior* was endowed with all the Accomplishments of a polite gentleman, and was perfectly sincere in all his professions of friendship.





A True COPY of
Mr. P R I O R's
L A S T
WILL *and* TESTAMENT.

*E Registro Curiae Prærogati-
væ Cantuarien' Extract.*

I has pleased Almighty God, for some years past, to bless me, his most unworthy creature, with a greater share of health, than I could have expected from the tenderness of my native constitution, or the fatigues and troubles of life, which I have undergone; for this, and all other his mercies, hallowed be his name, for ever, and ever. Let men and angels repeat the sound, hallowed be his name! Now before sickness of body, or infirmity of age, prevent, or diminish the force of my understanding, or memory, I make and declare this my last Will and Testament.

*I Matthew Prior, of the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, thanking the right honourable the lord Harley,
for*

for his eminent and continual friendship to me, and trusting that he will have the same concern for my memory after death, as he had for my honour whilst alive, and that he will take the same care of my surviving friends, hereafter mentioned, in this my Will, as he did of my own proper interest ; and having for many years experienced the faith, honesty, and ability of Mr. Adrian Drift, my secretary whilst I was in publick employments, and my friend and companion in private life ; I intreat the said lord Harley, and ordain the said Adrian Drift, to be the executors of this my Will. And thus I give and bequeath unto Edward lord Harley, and Adrian Drift, all my goods, and chattles, plate, jewels, medals, and debts, and all other my personal estate whatsoever ; to them, I say, their heirs, executors, and assigns, in trust only and for the uses hereafter specified, and the benefit of the Persons hereafter mentioned.

It is my Will, That I be buried privately in Westminster-Abbey, and that after my debts and funeral charges are paid, a monument be erected to my memory, whereon may be expressed the publick employments I have bore ; the Inscription, I desire may be made my Dr. Robert Friend, and the Busto expressed in marble by Coriveaux, placed on the monument : for this last piece of Humane Vanity, I Will, that the sum of five hundred pounds be set aside.

To the College of St. John the Evangelist, in Cambridge, I leave such and so many of my books, as shall be judged to amount unto the value of two hundred pounds : These books, with my own P O E M S in the greatest paper, to be kept in the library, together with the books which I have already given. I likewise leave my own Picture painted by Le Belle, and that of my friend and patron Edward earl of Jersey, by Rigault.

*I leave to my lord Harley, the Busto of Flora, made by Girardon, and six Pictures out of my Collection, such as he shall chuse : the rest of my Pictures, Medals, Drawings, Stamps, and Maps, to be appraised by two persons
who*

who may be thought to understand their value, and my lord Harley to have the Preference, in case he pleases to purchase any part or parcel thereof; and after his pleasure therein specified, I Will, that the residue be sold. The Picture of queen Elizabeth, by Portus, I leave to the honourable and excellent lady Henrietta Harley, and my own Picture in enamel to her dear daughter Margarete.

All my Manuscripts, Negotiations, Commissions, and all Papers whatsoever, whether of my Publick Employments, or Private Studies, I leave to my lord Harley, my executor, or either of them, having first burned such as may not be proper for any future Inspection.

Whereas the estate of Down-Hall, in Essex, of which I am and stand at present possessed, is at my death to revert to my lord Harley, and to his heirs, according to the purport and intent of certain writings drawn up by Mr. Oliver Martin, of the Middle-Temple, I declare that the said estate does, and ought accordingly to revert to my lord Harley, and his heirs, lest from any want of words in those writings, or from any failure, or expression omitted, in the form of the writings, the least doubt or inquietude may arise to my lord Harley, I mention this, tho' at the same time I believe it to be superfluous.

I will, and desire, That the sum of one thousand pounds, be set apart in favour, and to the use of Mrs. Elizabeth Cox, and that an annuity, or rent charge, be purchased with the said sum, to be payed by half yearly payments, to the said Elizabeth Cox, during her natural life; but I would have the said thousand pounds, i. e. the annuity, to be purchased with that sum, to be paid solely to her order, in half yearly payments, as aforesaid, and not to be in the disposal, or at the power of any husband, which she may marry: and as my lord Harley will be juster towards all with whom she deals, and kinder to my friends, than any man whom I leave behind me, in the world, I beg that he will be pleased to grant to the said Elizabeth Cox, such annuity, leaving the sum to be determined by his appointment, and pleasure.

I leave to Mr. Adrian Drift the sum of one thousand pounds, to be employed and disposed of at his discretion, hoping that his industry, and management will be such, that he will not embezzle or decrease the same.

I leave to Mrs. Anne Durham, the sum of three hundred pounds, to be paid within one Year after my decease, and by her, to be employed for the enlargement of her stock, and the support of that trade, and calling, wherein I have already placed her, and in which I wish her prosperity.

I remit to my dear friend, and old companion, Richard Shelton, Esq; all bonds, notes, or obligations, by which he stands any way indebted to me : and I leave to his son, George Shelton, the sum of three hundred pounds in such manner, as that he may receive fifty pounds per Annum, for six years, in order to maintain him, during that time, at the University ; or to help him in any trade, or employment, as his father may judge proper.

I leave to my well-beloved, and dear cousin Katherine Harrison, the sum of one hundred pounds, with which she will please to buy mourning.

I leave to my servants each one years wages and mourning ; and to John Oeman, or Newman, the sum of fifty pounds, over and above such wages.

I likewise leave the sum of fifty pounds, over and above such wages to Jane Ansley.

And in case this shall, as I reckon it will, amount to more than will pay and satisfy my debts, and legacies, already given, I leave the rest and residue to Mr. Adrian Drift, and Mrs. Elizabeth Cox, above-mentioned, to be equally divided between them.

Thus, wishing health, honour, and happiness to dear Lord Harley, and his Family, and to all my friends in general, Peace on earth, and Good-will towards Men ;

I recommend my soul, and body, to the eternal and ever-blessed God, who gave me my Being:

Deus es instaure Palma Tuam.

This Will, written with my own hand, I sign and seal the ninth of August, Anno Dom. 1721.

M. P R I O R.

Signed, sealed, and declared, to be the last Will and Testament of Matthew Prior, in the presence of us who saw him seal, and subscribe the same.

Witness,

James Gibbs.

William Thomas.

J. Worlock.

PROBatum Londini coram venerabili viro *Berney Branthwaythe* Legum Doctore Surrogato et Decimo Nono Die Mensis *Septembris*, Anno Dom. 1721. Juramento *Adriani Drift*, Unius Execut' in dicto Testamento nominat' : Cui Commissa fuit Administrando omnium et Singulorum : Bonorum Jur' et Creditor' dicti def'ti de bene et fidei', Administrando eadem ad Sancta Dei Evangelia Jurat' : Reservata potent : Similem. Commen. faciendi Honor. *Edwardo Domino Harley*, alteri Executorum, et cum venerit eandem petitur.



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POEMS



P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

On *E X O D U S* III. 14.

I am that I am.

An O D E.

*Written in 1688, as an Exercise at St. John's College,
Cambridge.*

I.



A N ! foolish man ! [gan ;
Scarce know'st thou how thy self be-
Scarce hast thou thought enough to
prove thou art ;
Yet steel'd with study'd boldness, thou
dar'st try [eye
To send thy doubting reason's dazled
Through the mysterious gulph of vast immensity.
Much thou canst there discern, much thence impart.

Vain wretch ! suppress thy knowing pride ;
 Mortifie thy learned lust :
 Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thy self art dust.

II.

Let wit her sails, her oars let wisdom lend ;
 The helm let politick experience guide :
 Yet cease to hope thy short-liv'd bark shall ride
 Down spreading fate's unnavigable tide.

What tho' still it farther tend ?

Still 'tis farther from it's end ;
 And, in the bosom of that boundless sea,
 Still finds its error lengthen with its way.

III.

With daring pride and insolent delight
 Your doubts resolv'd you boast, your labours crown'd ;
 And, *Ευρηκα* ! your God, forsooth, is found
 Incomprehensible and infinite.

But is he therefore found ? vain searcher ! no :
 Let your imperfect definition show,
 That nothing you, the weak definer, know.

IV.

Say, why shou'd the collected main
 It self within it self contain ?

Why to its caverns shou'd it sometimes creep,
 And with delighted silence sleep

On the lov'd bosom of its parent deep ?

Why shou'd its numerous waters stay

In comely discipline, and fair array,

Till winds and tides exert their high commands ?

Then prompt and ready to obey,

Why do the rising turges spread

Their op'ning ranks o'er earth's submissive head,

Marching thro' different paths to different lands ?

V.

Why does the constant sun

With measur'd steps his radiant journeys run ?

Why does he order the diurnal hours

To leave earth's other part, and rise in ours ?

Why does he wake the correspondent moon,

And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,

Command-

Commanding her with delegated pow'rs
To beautifie the world, and blefs the night ?

Why does each animated star
Love the just limits of its proper sphere ?

Why does each consenting sign
With prudent Harmony combine
In turns to move, and subsequent appear,
To gird the globe, and regulate the year ?

VI.

Man does with dangerous curiosity
These unfathom'd wonders try :
With fancy'd rules and arbitrary laws
Matter and motion he restrains ;
And study'd lines and fictitious circles draws :
Then with imagin'd soveraignty
Lord of his new *Hypothesis* he reigns.
He reigns : how long ? till some usurper rise ;
And he too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wise,
Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.

From this last toil again what knowledge flows ?
Just as much, perhaps, as shows,
That all his predecessor's rules
Were empty cant, all *Jargon* of the schools ;
That he on t'other's ruin rears his throne ; [own.
And shows his friend's mistake, and thence confirms his

VII.

On earth, in air, amidst the seas and skies,
Mountainous heaps of wonders rise ;
Whose tow'ring strength will ne'er submit
To reason's batteries, or the mines of wit :
Yet still enquiring, still mistaking man,
Each hour repuls'd, each hour dares onward press ;
And levelling at God his wandring guess,
(That feeble engine of his reasoning war,
Which guides his doubts, and combats his despair)
Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can give :
Can bound that nature, and prescribe that will,
Whose pregnant word did either ocean fill :
Can tell us whence all beings are, and how they move
Thro' either ocean, foolish man ! [and live,
That

That pregnant word sent forth again,
Might to a world extend each atom there ;
For every drop call forth a sea, a heaven for every star.

VIII.

Let cunning earth her fruitful wonders hide ;
And only lift thy staggering reason up
To trembling *Calvary's* astonish'd top ;
Then mock thy knowledge, and confound thy pride,
Explaining how perfection suffer'd pain,
Almighty languish'd, and eternal dy'd :
How by her patient victor death was slain ;
And earth profan'd, yet bless'd with deicide.
Then down with all thy boasted volumes, down ;
Only reserve the sacred one :
Low, reverently low,
Make thy stubborn knowledge bow ;
Weep out thy reason's and thy body's eyes ;
Deject thyself, that thou may'st rise ;
To look to heav'n, be blind to all below.

IX.

Then faith, for reason's glimmering light shall give
Her immortal perspective ;
And grace's presence nature's loss retrieve :
Then thy enliven'd soul shall see,
That all the volumes of philosophy,
With all their comments, never cou'd invent
So politick an instrument,
To reach the heav'n of heav'ns, the high abode,
Where *Moses* places his mysterious God,
As was that ladder which old *Jacob* rear'd,
When light divine had human darkness clear'd ;
And his enlarg'd ideas found the road,
Which faith had dictated, and angels trod.

To the Countess of *E X E T E R*,
Playing on a Lute.

WHat charms you have, from what high race you
 sprung,

Have been the pleasing subjects of my song :
 Unskill'd and young, yet something still I writ,
 Of *Can'dish* beauty join'd to *Cecil's* Wit.
 But when you please to show the lab'ring muse,
 What greater theam your musick can produce ;
 My babling praises I repeat no more,
 But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.

The *Persians*, thus first gazing on the fun,
 Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it shone ;
 But, as his pow'r was known, their thoughts were rais'd ;
 And soon they worship'd, what at first they prais'd.

Eliza's glory lives in *Spencer's* song ;
 And *Cowley's* verse keeps fair *Orinda* young.
 That as in birth, in beauty you excel,
 The muse might dictate, and the poet tell :
 Your art no other art can speak ; and you,
 To shew how well you play, must play anew :
 Your musick's pow'r your musick must disclose ;
 For what light is, 'tis only light that shows.

Strange force of harmony, that thus controuls
 Our thoughts, and turns and sanctifies our souls :
 While with its utmost art your sex cou'd move
 Our wonder only, or at best our love :
 You far above both these your God did place,
 That your high pow'r might worldly thoughts de-
 stroy ;

That with your numbers you our zeal might raise,
 And, like himself, communicate your joy.

When to your native heav'n you shall repair,
 And with your presence crown the blessings there ;

Your

Your lute may wind its strings but little higher,
 To tune their notes to that immortal quire.
 Your art is perfect here ; your numbers do,
 More than our books, make the rude atheists know,
 That there's a heav'n, by what he hears below.

As in some piece, while *Luke* his skill exprest,
 A cunning angel came, and drew the rest :
 So, when you play, some godhead does impart
 Harmonious aid, divinity helps art ;
 Some cherub finishes what you begun,
 And to a miracle improves a tune.

To burning *Rome* when frantick *Nero* play'd,
 Viewing that face, no more he had survey'd
 The raging flames ; but struck with strange surprise,
 Confest them less than those of *Anna's* eyes :
 But had he heard thy lute, he soon had found
 His rage eluded, and his crime atton'd :
 Thine, like *Amphion's* hand, had wak'd the stone,
 And from destruction call'd the rising town :
 Malice to musick had been forc'd to yield ;
 Nor could he burn so fast, as thou could'st build.

An O D E

I.

WHile blooming youth, and gay delight
 Sit on thy rosy cheeks confest,
 Thou hast, my dear, undoubted right
 To triumph o'er this destin'd breast.
 My reason bends to what thy eyes ordain ;
 For I was born to love, and thou to reign.

II.

But wou'd you meanly thus rely
 On power, you know I must obey ?
 Exert a legal tyranny ;
 And do an ill, because you may ?

Poems on several Occasions.

7

Still must I thee, as atheists heav'n, adore ;
Not see thy mercy, and yet dread thy power ?

III.

Take heed, my dear, youth flies apace ;
As well as *Cupid*, time is blind :
Soon must those glories of thy face
The fate of vulgar beauty find :
The thousand loves, that arm thy potent eye,
Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

IV.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each frown
A hateful wrinkle more appears ;
And putting peevish humours on,
Seems but the sad effect of years :
Kindness it self too weak a charm will prove,
To raise the feeble fires of aged love.

V.

Forc'd compliments, and formal bows
Will shew thee just above neglect :
The heat, with which thy lover glows,
Will settle into cold respect :
A talking dull *Platonick* I shall turn ;
Learn to be civil when I cease to burn.

VI.

Then shun the ill, and know, my dear,
Kindness and constancy will prove
The only pillars fit to bear
So vast a weight as that of love.
If thou canst wish to make my flames endure,
Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.

VII.

Haste, *Celia*, haste, while youth invites,
Obey kind *Cupid's* present voice ;
Fill ev'ry sense with soft delights,
And give thy soul a loose to joys :
Let millions of repeated blisses prove,
That thou all kindness art, and I all love.

VIII.

Be mine, and only mine ; take care
 Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams to guide
 To me alone ; nor come so far,
 As liking any youth beside :
 What men e'er court thee, fly 'em and believe,
 Thy're serpent's all, and thou the tempted *Eve*.

IX.

So shall I court thy dearest truth,
 When Beauty ceases to engage ;
 So thinking on thy charming youth,
 I'll love it o'er again in age :
 So time it self our raptures shall improve,
 Whilst still we wake to joy, and live to love.

A N

E P I S T L E

To *Fleetwood Shephard, Esq;*

Burleigh, May 14, 1689.

S I R,

AS once a twelvemonth to the Priest,
 Holy at *Rome*, here Antichrist,
 The *Spanish* king presents a jennet,
 To show his love ; — That's all that's in it :
 For if his holiness wou'd thump
 His reverend bum 'gainst horses rump,
 He might b' equipt from his own stable
 With one more white, and eke more able.

Or as with *Gondola's*, and men, his
 Good excellence, the duke of *Venice*
 (I wish, for rhyme, 't had been the king)
 Sails out, and gives the gulph a ring ;

Which

Which trick of state, he wisely maintains,
Keeps kindness up 'twixt old acquaintance :
For else, in honest truth, the sea
Has much less need of gold, than he.

Or, not to rove, and pump one's fancy
For popish similes beyond sea ;
As folks from mud-wall'd tenement
Bring landlords pepper-corn for rent ;
Present a turkey or a hen,
To those might better spare them ten :
Ev'n so, with all submission, I
(For first men instance, then apply)
Send you each year a homely letter,
Who may return me much a better.

Then take it, sir, as it was writ,
To pay respect, and not show wit :
Nor look askew at what it saith ;
There's no petition in it,-- 'faith.

Here some wou'd scratch their heads, and try
What they shou'd write, and how and why ;
But I conceive, such folks are quite in
Mistakes, in theory of writing.
If once for principle 'tis laid,
That thought is trouble to the head ;
I argue thus : the world agrees,
That he writes well, who writes with ease :
Then he, by sequel logical,
Writes best, who never thinks at all.

Verse comes from heav'n, like inward light ;
Mere human pains can ne'er come by't :
The god, not we the poem makes ;
We only tell folks what he speaks.
Hence when anatomists discourse,
How like brutes organs are to ours ;
They grant, if higher powers think fit,
A bear might soon be made a wit ;
And that, for any thing in nature,
Pigs might squeak love-odes, dogs bark Satyr.

Memnon, tho' stone, was counted vocal,
But 'twas the god, mean while, that spoke all.

Rome oft has heard a cross haranguing,
 With prompting priest behind the hanging :
 The wooden head resolv'd the question ;
 While you and *Pettis* help'd the jest on.

Your crabbed rogues, that read *Lucretius*,
 Are against gods, you know ; and teach us,
 The god makes not the poet ; but
 The thesis *vice-versâ* put,
 Shou'd hebrew-wise be understood ;
 And means, *The Poet makes the god.*

Ægyptian gard'ners thus are said to
 Have set the leeks, they after pray'd to ;
 And *Romish* bakers praise the deity
 They chipp'd, while yet in its pantiety.

That when you poets swear and cry,
 The god inspires ; I rave, I die ;
 If inward wine does truly swell ye,
 'T must be the cholick in your belly :
 That writing is but just like dice ;
 And lucky mains make people wise :
 That jumbled words, if fortune throw 'em,
 Shall, well as *Dryden*, form a poem ;
 Or make a speech, correct and witty,
 As you know who,----at the committee.

So atoms, dancing round the centre,
 They urge, made all things at a venture.

But granting matters shou'd be spoke
 By method, rather than by luck ;
 This may confine their younger stiles,
 Whom *Dryden* pedagogues at *Will's* :
 But never cou'd be meant to tye
 Authentic wits, like you and I :
 For as young children, who are ty'd in
 Go-carts to keep their steps from sliding ;
 When members knit, and legs grow stronger,
 Make use of such machine no longer ;
 But leap *Pro libitu*, and scout
 On horse call'd hobby or without :
 So when at school we first declaim,
 Old *Busby* walks us in a thome,

Whose

Whose props support our infant vein,
And help the rickets in the brain :
But when our souls their force dilate,
And thoughts grow up to wit's estate ;
In verse or prose, we write or chat,
Not six pence matter upon what.

'Tis not how well an author says ;
But 'tis how much, that gathers praise,
Tonson, who is himself a wit,
Counts writers merits by the sheet.
Thus each should down with all he thinks,
As boys eat bread, to fill up chinks.

Kind Sir, I shou'd be glad to see you ;
I hope y'are well ; so god be wi'you ;
Was all I thought at first to write :
But things, since then, are alter'd quite ;
Fancies flow in, and muse flies high :
So God knows when my clack will lye :
I must, Sir, prattle on, as afore,
And beg your pardon, yet this half hour.

So at pure barn of loud *Non-Con*,
Where with my granam I have gone,
When *Lobb* had sifted all his text,
And I well-hop'd the pudding next ;
Now to apply, has plagu'd me more,
Than all his villain cant before.

For your religion, first, of her
Your friends do sav'ry things aver :
They say, she's honest, as your claret,
Not sour'd with cant, not stum'd with merit :
Your chamber is the sole retreat
Of chaplains ev'ry Sunday night :
Of grace, no doubt, a certain sign,
When lay-man herds with man divine :
For if their fame be justly great,
Who wou'd no *Popish Nuncio* treat ;
That his is greater, we must grant,
Who will treat *Nuncios* protestant.
One single positive weighs more,
You know, than negatives a score.

In politicks, I hear you're stanch,
 Directly bent against the *French*;
 Deny to have your free-born toe
 Dragoon'd into a wooden shoe:
 Are in no plots; but fairly drive at
 The publick welfare, in your private:
 And will, for *England's* glory, try,
Turks, Jews, and Jesuits to defy,
 And keep your places, till you die.

For me, whom wandring fortune threw
 From what I lov'd, the town and you;
 Let me just tell you how my time is
 Past in a country-life.——*Imprimis*,
 As soon as *Phæbus'* rays inspect us,
 First, Sir, I read, and then I breakfast;
 So on, 'till foresaid god does set,
 I sometimes study, sometimes eat.
 Thus, of your heroes and brave boys,
 With whom old *Homer* makes such noise,
 The greatest actions I can find,
 Are, that they did their work, and din'd.

The books of which I'm chiefly fond,
 Are such, as you have whilom con'd;
 That treat of *China's* civil law,
 And subjects rights in *Golconda*;
 Of high-way elephants at *Ceylan*,
 That rob in clans, like men o'th' *Highland*;
 Of apes, that storm, or keep a town,
 As well almost as Count *Lauzune*;
 Of unicorns and alligators,
 Elks, mermaids, mummies, witches, satyrs,
 And twenty other stranger matters;
 Which, tho' they're things I've no concern in,
 Make all our grooms admire my learning.

Criticks I read on other men,
 And *Hypers* upon them again;
 From whose remarks I give opinion
 On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one.

Then all your wits, that fleer and sham,
 Down from *Don Quixote* to *Tom Tram*;

From

From whom I jests and puns purloin,
 And slyly put them off for mine :
 Fond to be thought a country wit :
 The rest, ——when fate and you think fit.
 Sometimes I climb my mare and kick her
 To bottl'd Ale and neighbouring vicar ;
 Sometime at *Stamford* take a quart,
 'Squire *Shepherd's* health, ——with all my heart.
 Thus without much delight or grief,
 I fool away an idle life ;
 'Till *Shadwell* from the town retires,
 (Choak'd up with fame and sea-coal-fires,)
 To bless the wood with peaceful *Lyric* ;
 Then hey for praise and panegyric ;
 Justice restor'd, and nations freed,
 And wreaths round *William's* glorious head.

To the Countess of *DORSET*.

Written in her Milton.

By Mr. *B R A D B U R Y*.

SEE here how bright the first born virgin shone,
 And how the first fond lover was undone.
 Such charming words our beauteous mother spoke,
 As *Milton* wrote, and such as yours her look.
 Yours, the best copy of th' original face,
 Whose beauty was to furnish all the race :
 Such chains no author cou'd escape, but he ;
 There's no way to be safe, but not to see.

To the Lady *DURSLY*, on the same
Subject.

HERE reading how fond *Adam* was betray'd,
 And how by sin *Eve's* blasted charms decay'd ;

Our

Our common loss unjustly you complain ;
So small that part of it, which you sustain.

You still, fair mother, in your off-spring trace
The stock of beauty destin'd for the race :
Kind nature, forming them, the pattern took
From heav'n's first work, and *Eve's* original look.

You, happy faint, the serpent's power controul :
Scarce any actual guilt defiles your soul :
And hell does o'er that mind vain triumph boast,
Which gains a heav'n, for earthly *Eden* lost.

With virtue strong as yours had *Eve* been arm'd ;
In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd :
Nor had our blifs by penitence been bought ;
Nor had frail *Adam* fall'n, nor *Milton* wrote.

To my Lord *BUCKHURST*, very
young, playing with a CAT.

THE am'rous youth, whose tender breast
Was by his darling cat possess'd,
Obtain'd of *Venus* his desire,
Howe'er irregular his fire :
Nature the pow'r of love obey'd :
The cat became a blushing maid ;
And, on the happy change, the boy
Imploy'd his wonder and his joy.

Take care, O beauteous child, take care,
Lest thou prefer so rash a pray'r :
Nor vainly hope, the queen of love
Will e'er thy fav'rite's charms improve,
O quickly from her shrine retreat ;
Or tremble for thy darling's fate.

The queen of love, who soon will see
Her own *Adonis* live in thee,
Will lightly her first loss deplore ;
Will easily forgive the boar :
Her eyes with tears no more will flow ;
With jealous rage her breast will glow :

And

And on her tabby rival's face,
She deep will mark her new disgrace.

An O D E.

WHile from our looks, fair Nymph, you guess
The secret passions of our mind ;
My heavy eyes, you say, confess
A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

There needs, alas ! but little art,
To have this fatal secret found :
With the same ease you threw the dart,
'Tis certain you may show the wound.

How can I see you, and not love,
While you as op'ning east are fair ?
While cold as northern blasts you prove ;
How can I love, and not despair ?

The wretch in double fetters bound
Your potent mercy may release :
Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
Fair prophets, my grief would cease.

A S O N G.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,
You wish fair winds may waft him over.
Alas ! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love ?
Alas ! what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain,
From slighted vows, and cold disdain ?
Be gentle and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempest loose,
That thrown again upon the coast,
Where first my shipwreckt heart was lost,

I may once more repeat my pain ;
 Once more in dying notes complain,
 Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

The despairing Shepherd.

A *Lexis* shun'd his fellow-swains,
 Their rural sports, and jocund strains :
 (Heav'n guard us all from *Cupid's* bow !)
 He lost his crook, he left his flocks ;
 And wandring thro' the lonely rocks,
 He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came :
 His grief some pity, others blame ;
 The fatal cause all kindly seek :
 He mingled his concern with theirs ;
 He gave them back their friendly tears ;
 He sigh'd, but would not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest ;
 And she too kind concern exprest,
 And ask'd the reason of his woe ;
 She ask'd, but with an air and mein
 That made it easily foreseen,
 She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head ;
 And will you pardon me, he said,
 While I the cruel truth reveal ?
 Which nothing from my breast shou'd tear ;
 Which never shou'd offend your ear,
 But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
 Since you appear'd upon the plain ;
 You are the cause of all my care :
 Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart :
 Ten thousand torments vex my heart :
 I love and I despair.

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard :
 'Tis what I thought ; 'tis what I fear'd :
 And yet I pardon you, she cry'd :
 But you shall promise ne'er again
 To breathe your vows, or speak your pain :
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

To the Honourable

Charles Montague, Esq;

I.

HOwe'er, 'tis well, that while mankind
 Thro' fate's perverse *Maander* errs,
 He can imagin'd Pleasures find,
 To combat against real cares.

II.

Fancies and notions he pursues,
 Which ne'er had being but in thought :
 Each, like the *Græcian* artist, woo's
 The image he himself has wrought.

III.

Against experience he believes ;
 He argues against demonstration ;
 Pleas'd, when his reason he deceives ;
 And sets his judgment by his passion.

IV.

The hoary fool, who many days
 Has struggled with continu'd sorrow,
 Renews his hope, and blindly lays
 The desp'rate bett upon to-morrow.

V.

To-morrow comes ; 'tis noon, 'tis night,
 This day like all the former flies :
 Yet on he runs, to seek delight
 To-morrow, 'till to-night he dies.

VI.

Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height :
The little pleasure of the game
Is from a-far to view the flight.

VII.

Our anxious pains we, all the day,
In search of what we like, employ :
Scorning at night the worthless prey,
We find the labour gave the joy.

VIII.

At distance thro' an artful glass,
To the mind's eye things well appear :
They lose their forms, and make a mass
Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

IX.

If we see right, we see our woes ;
Then what avails it to have eyes ?
From ignorance our comfort flows :
The only wretched are the wise.

X.

We weary'd should lye down in death :
This cheat of life would take no more ;
If you thought fame but empty breath ;
I, *Phyllis* but a perjur'd whore.

H Y M N to the S U N

Set by Dr. *PURCELL* ;

*And sung before their Majesties
on New-Years-Day, 1694.*

I.

Light of the world, and ruler of the year,
With happy speed begin thy great career ;
And, as thou dost thy radiant journeys run,
Through every distant climate, own,

That

That in fair *Albion* thou hast seen,
The greatest prince, the brightest queen,
That ever fav'd a land, or blest a throne,
Since first thy beams were spread, or genial pow'r was

II.

[known.

So may thy godhead be confest,
So the returning year be blest,
As its infant months bestow
Springing wreaths for *William's* brow ;
As its summer's youth shall shed
Eternal sweets around *Maria's* head :
From the blessings they bestow,
Our times are dated, and our *Æra's* move :
They govern, and enlighten all below,
As thou dost all above,

III.

Let our hero in the war
Active and fierce, like thee, appear :
Like thee, great son of *Jove*, like thee,
when clad in rising Majesty,
Thou marchest down o'er *Delos'* hills confest,
With all thy arrows arm'd, in all thy glory drest.
Like thee, the hero does his arms employ,
The raging *Python* to destroy,
And give the injur'd nations peace and joy.

IV.

From fairest years, and time's more happy stores,
Gather all the smiling hours ;
Such as with friendly care have guarded
Patriots and kings in rightful wars ;
Such as with conquest have rewarded
Triumphant victors happy cares ;
Such a Story has recorded
Sacred to *Nassau's* long renown,
For countries fav'd, and battles won.

V.

March then again in fair array,
And bid them form the happy day,
The happy day design'd to wait
On *William's* fame, and *Europe's* fate.

C

Let

Let the happy day be crown'd
 With great event, and fair success;
 No brighter in the year be found,
 But that which brings the Victor home in peace.

VI.

Again thy godhead we implore,
 Great in Wisdom as in power.
 Again, for good *Maria's* sake, and ours,
 Chuse out other smiling hours,
 Such as with joyous wings have fled,
 When happy counsels were advising;
 Such as have lucky omens shed
 O'er forming laws, and empires rising;
 Such as many courses ran,
 Hand in hand a goodly train,
 To bless the great *Eli's* reign;
 And in the typic glory show,
 What fuller bliss *Maria* shall bestow.

VII.

As the solemn hours advance,
 Mingled send into the dance
 Many fraught with all the Treasures,
 Which thy eastern travel views;
 Many wing'd with all the pleasures,
 Man can ask, or heav'n diffuse:
 That great *Maria* all those joys may know,
 Which, from her cares upon her subjects flow.

VIII.

For thy own glory sing our sov'rain's praise
 God of verses and of days:
 Let all thy tuneful sons adorn
 Their lasting work with *William's* name;
 Let chosen muses yet unborn
 Take great *Maria* for their future theam:
 Eternal structures let them raise,
 On *William's* and *Maria's* praise:
 Nor want new subject for the song:
 Nor fear they can exhaust the store,
 Till nature's musick lies unstrung;
 Till thou, great God, shalt lose thy double pow'r;
 And touch thy lyre, and shoot thy beams no more.

The

The *L A D Y's* Looking-Glass.

*C*elia and I the other day
Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea :
The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost :
And, on the surface of the deep,
The winds lay only not asleep :
The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair :
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say,
That she wou'd never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, oh the change ! the winds grow high ;
Impending tempests charge the sky ;
The light'ning flies, the thunder roars ;
And big waves lash the frighten'd shoars.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight ;
And trembling vows, she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.

Once more at least look back, said I ;
Thy self in that large glass descry :
When thou art in good humour drest ;
When gentle reason rules thy breast ;
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee :
'Tis then, that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love :
I bless my chain ; I hand my oar ;
Nor think on all I left on shoar.

But when vain doubt and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear ;
When the big lip and wat'ry eye
Tell me, the rising storm is nigh :

'Tis then thou art yon' angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain ;
And the poor sailer, that must try
It's fury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make ;
While love and fate still drive me back ;
Forc'd to dote on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vex'd, when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

LOVE *and* FRIENDSHIP:

A

PASTORAL.

By Mrs. *Elizabeth Singer*.

A M A R Y L L I S.

WHILE from the skies the ruddy sun descends ;
And rising night the ev'ning shade extends :
While pearly dews o'erspread the fruitful field ;
And closing flowers reviving odours yield :
Let us, beneath these spreading trees, recite
What from our hearts our muses may indite.
Nor need we, in this close retirement, fear,
Lest any swain our am'rous secrets hear.

S I L V I A.

To ev'ry shepherd I would mine proclaim ;
Since fair *Aminta* is my softest theme :
A stranger to the loose delights of love,
My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendship prove :
And, while its pure and sacred fire I sing,
Chaste goddess of the groves, thy succour bring.

A M A R Y L L I S.

Propitious god of love, my breast inspire
With all thy charms, with all thy pleasing fire :

Pro-

Propitious god of love, thy succour bring ;
 Whilst I thy darling, thy *Alexis* sing.
Alexis, as the op'ning blossoms fair,
 Lovely as light, and soft as yielding air.
 For him each virgin sighs ; and on the plains
 The happy youth above each rival reigns.
 Nor to the echoing groves, and whisp'ring spring,
 In sweeter strains does artful *Canon* sing ;
 When loud applauses fill the crowded groves ;
 And *Phæbus* the superior song approves.

S I L V I A.

Beauteous *Aminta* is as early light,
 Breaking the melancholy shades of night
 When she is near, all anxious trouble flies ;
 And our reviving hearts confess her eyes.
 Young love, and blooming joy, and gay desires,
 In ev'ry breast the beauteous nymph inspires :
 And on the plain when she no more appears ;
 The plain a dark and gloomy prospect wears.
 In vain the streams roll on, the eastern breeze
 Dances in vain among the trembling trees.
 In vain the birds begin their ev'ning song ;
 And to the silent night their notes prolong :
 Nor groves, nor crystal streams, nor verdant field
 Does wonted pleasures in her absence yield.

A M A R Y L L I S.

And in his absence, all the pensive day,
 In some obscure retreat I lonely stray ;
 All day to the repeating caves complain,
 In mournful accents, and a dying strain.
 Dear lovely youth, I cry to all around :
 Dear lovely youth, the flattering vales resound.

S I L V I A.

On flow'ry banks, by ev'ry murm'ring stream,
Aminta is my muse's softest theme :
 'Tis she that does my artful notes refine :
 With fair *Aminta*'s name my noblest verse shall shine.

A M A R Y L L I S.

I'll twine fresh garlands for *Alexis*' brows,
 And consecrate to him eternal vows :

The

The charming youth shall my *Apollo* prove :
He shall adorn my songs, and tune my voice to love.

To the Author of the foregoing

P A S T O R A L.

BY *Silvia*, if thy charming self be meant ;
If friendship be thy virgin vows extant ;
O ! let me in *Aminta's* praises join :
Her's my esteem shall be, my passion thine.
When for thy head the garland I prepare ;
A second wreath shall bind *Aminta's* hair :
And when my choicest songs thy worth proclaim ;
Alternate verse shall bless *Aminta's* name :
My heart shall own the justice of her cause ;
And love himself submit to friendship's laws.

But, if beneath thy numbers soft disguise,
Some favour'd swain, some true *Alexis* lyes ;
If *Amaryllis* breaths thy secret pains ;
And thy fond heart beats measure to thy strains :
May'st thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The flame propitious, and the lover kind :
May *Venus* long exert her happy pow'r,
And make thy beauty, like thy verse endure ;
May ev'ry god his friendly aid afford ;
Pan guard thy flock, and *Ceres* bless thy board.

But, if by chance the series of thy joys
Permit one thought less chearful to arise ;
Piteous transfer it to the mournful swain,
Who loving much, who not belov'd again,
Feels an ill fated passion's last excess ;
And dies in woe, that thou may'st live in peace.

To a L A D Y:

*She refusing to continue a Dispute with me, and leaving
me in the Argument.*

An O D E.

Spare, gen'rous victor, spare the slave,
Who did unequal war pursue;
That more than triumph he might have,
In being overcome by you.

II.

In the dispute whate'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue bely'd;
And in my looks you might have read,
How much I argu'd on your side.

III.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustain'd an open fight:
For seldom your opinions err;
Your eyes are always in the right.

IV.

Why, fair-one, wou'd you not rely
On reason's force with beauty's join'd?
Cou'd I their prevalence deny,
I must at once be deaf and blind.

V.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspir'd:
To keep the beauteous foe in View
Was all the glory I desir'd.

VI.

But she, howe'er of vict'ry sure,
Contemns the wreath too long delay'd;

And arm'd with more immediate pow'r,
Calls cruel silence to her aid.

VII.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight ;
She drops her arms, to gain the field :
Secures her conquest by her flight ;
And triumphs, when she seems to yield.

VIII.

So when the *Parthian* turn'd his steed,
And from the hostile camp withdrew ;
With cruel skill the backward reed
He sent ; and as he fled, he flew.

Seeing the DUKE of ORMOND's
Picture at Sir Godfrey Kneller's.

OUT from the injur'd canvas, *Kneller*, strike
These lines too faint ; the picture is not like :
Exalt thy thought, and try thy toil again :
Dreadful in arms, on *Landen's* glorious plain
Place *Ormond's* Duke ; impendent in the air
Let his keen sabre, comet-like, appear,
Where-e'er it points, denouncing death : below
Draw routed squadrons, and the num'rous foe
Falling beneath, or flying from his blow.
'Till weak with wounds, and cover'd o'er with blood,
Which from the patriot's breast in torrents flow'd,
He faints ; his steed no longer hears the rein ;
But stumbles o'er the heap, his hand had slain.
And now exhausted, bleeding, pale he lyes ;
Lovely, sad object ! in his half clos'd eyes
Stern vengeance yet, and hostile terror stand :
His front yet threatens, and his frowns command :
The *Gallic* chiefs their troops around him call ;
Fear to approach him, tho' they see him fall.

O Kneller, cou'd thy shades and lights exprefs
 The perfect Hero in that glorious drefs ;
 Ages to come might Ormond's picture know ;
 And palms for thee beneath his laurels grow :
 In spite of time thy work might ever shine ;
 Nor Homer's colours laft fo long as thine.

CELIA to DAMON.

*Atque in amore mala hæc proprio, summeque secundo
 Inveniuntur.* Lucret. Lib. IV.

What can I fay, what arguments can prove
 My truth, what colours can describe my love ;
 If its excefs and fury be not known
 In what thy *Celia* has already done ?
 Thy infant flames, whilst yet they were conceal'd
 In tim'rous doubts, with pity I beheld ;
 With eafy smiles difpell'd the filent fear,
 That durft not tell me, what I dy'd to hear :
 In vain I ftrove to check my growing flame,
 Or shelter Paflion under friendship's name :
 You faw my heart, how it my tongue bely'd ;
 And when you prefs'd, how faintly I deny'd——
 E'er, guardian thought cou'd bring it's fcatter'd aid ;
 E'er, reason cou'd fupport the doubting maid ;
 My foul surpriz'd, and from her felf difjoin'd,
 Left all referv'd, and all the fex behind :
 From your command her motions ſhe receiv'd ;
 And not for me, but you, ſhe breath'd and liv'd.
 But ever bleft be *Cytherea's* ſhrine ;
 And fires eternal on her altars ſhine ;
 Since thy dear breaſt has felt an equal wound ;
 Since in thy kindnefs my defires are crown'd.
 By thy each look, and thought, and care 'tis ſhown,
 Thy joys are center'd all in me alone ;

And sure I am, thou wou'dst not change this hour
For all the white ones, fate has in its pow'r. —

Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to excess,
Yet thus receiving and returning blifs,
In this great moment, in this golden *Now* ;
When ev'ry trace of what, or when, or how
Shou'd from my soul by raging love be torn,
And far on swelling seas of rapture born ;
A melancholy tear afflicts my eye ;
And my heart labours with a sudden sigh :
Invading fears repel my coward joy,
And ills foreseen the present blifs destroy.

Poor as it is, this beauty was the cause,
That with first sighs your panting bosom rose :
But with no owner beauty long will stay,
Upon the wings of time born swift away :
Pass but some fleeting years, and these poor eyes,
(Where now without a boast some lustre lyes),
No longer shall their little honours keep ;
Shall only be of use to read, or weep :
And on this forehead, where your verse has said,
The *Loves* delighted, and the *Graces* play'd ;
Insulting age will trace his cruel way,
And leave sad marks of his destructive sway.

Mov'd by my charms, with them your love may cease,
And as the fuel sinks, the flame decrease :
Or angry heav'n may quicker darts prepare ;
And sickness strike what time a while wou'd spare.
Then will my swain his glowing vows renew ;
Then will his throbbing heart to mine beat true ;
When my own face deters me from my glass ;
And *Kneller* only shows what *Celia* was ?

Fantastick *Fame* may sound her wild alarms :
Your country, as you think, may want your arms.
You may neglect, or quench, or hate the flame,
Whose smoke too long obscur'd your rising name :
And quickly cold indifference will ensue ;
When you love's joys thro' honour's optic view.

Then *Celia*'s loudest pray'r will prove too weak,
To this abandon'd breast to bring you back ;

When

When my lost lover the tall ship ascends,
 With musick gay, and wet with jovial friends :
 The tender accents of a woman's cry
 Will pass unheard, will unregarded die ;
 When the rough seaman's louder shouts prevail ;
 When fair occasion shows the springing gale ;
 And int'rest guides the helm, and honour swells the
 sail.

Some wretched lines from this neglected hand,
 May find my hero on the foreign strand,
 Warm with new fires, and pleas'd with new command :
 While she who wrote 'em, of all joy bereft,
 To the rude censure of the world is left ;
 Her mangl'd fame in barb'rous pastime lost,
 The coxcomb's novel, and the drunkard's toast.

But nearer care (O pardon it) supplies
 Sighs to my breast, and sorrow to my eyes.
 Love, love himself (the only friend I have,)
 May scorn his triumph, having bound his slave :
 That tyrant god, that restless conqueror
 May quit his pleasure, to assert his pow'r ;
 Forfake the provinces that bless his sway,
 To vanquish those which will not yet obey.

Another nymph with fatal pow'r may rise,
 To damp the sinking beams of *Celia's* eyes ;
 With haughty pride may hear her charms confest ;
 And scorn the ardent vows that I have blest :
 You ev'ry night may sigh for her in vain ;
 And rise each morning to some fresh disdain :
 While *Celia's* softest look may cease to charm ;
 And her embraces want the pow'r to warm :
 While these fond arms, thus circling you may prove
 More heavy chains, than those of hopeless love.

Just gods ! all other things their like produce :
 The vine arises from her mother's juice :
 When feeble plants, or tender flowers decay,
 They to their seed their images convey :
 Where the old myrtle her good influence sheds ;
 Sprigs of like leaf erect their filial heads :

And

And when the parent rose decays, and dyes ;
 With a resembling face the daughter-buds arise.
 That product only which our passions bear,
 Eludes the planter's miserable care :
 While blooming love assures us golden fruit ;
 Some inborn poison taints the secret root :
 Soon fall the flow'rs of joy ; soon seeds of hatred shoot.

Say, Shepherd, say, are these reflections true ?
 Or was it but the woman's fear that drew
 This cruel scene, unjust to love and you ?
 Will you be only, and for ever mine ?
 Shall neither time, nor age our souls disjoin ?
 From this dear bosom shall I ne'er be torn ?
 Or you grow cold, respectful, and forsworn ?
 And can you not for her you love do more,
 Than any youth, for any nymph before ?

An O D E,

Presented to the KING,
 On His Majesty's Arrival in *Holland*, after the
 QUEEN's Death. 1695.

*Quis desiderio fit pudor aut modus
 Tam cari capitis ? præcipe lugubres
 Cantus, Melpomene.*

I.

AT *Mary's* tomb, (sad, sacred place !)
 The virtues shall their vigils keep ;
 And every muse and ev'ry grace,
 In solemn state shall ever weep.

II.

The future, pious, mournful fair,
 Oft as the rolling years return,
 With fragrant wreaths, and flowing hair,
 Shall visit her distinguish'd urn.

III.

For her the wise and great shall mourn ;
When late records her deeds repeat ;
Ages to come, and men unborn
Shall bless her name, and sigh her fate.

IV.

Fair Albion shall, with faithful trust,
Her holy queen's sad reliques guard ;
'Till heav'n awakes the precious dust,
And gives the faint her full reward.

V.

But let the King dismiss his woes,
Reflecting on his fair renown ;
And take the cypress from his brows,
To put his wonted laurels on.

VI.

If prest by grief our Monarch stoops ;
In vain the *British* lions roar :
If he, whose hand sustain'd them, droops ;
The *Belgic* darts will wound no more.

VII.

Embattl'd princes wait the chief,
Whose voice should rule, whose arm should lead ;
And, in kind murmurs, chide that grief,
Which hinders *Europe* being freed.

VIII.

The great example they demand,
Who still to conquest led the way ;
Wishing him present to command,
As they stand ready to obey.

IX.

They seek that joy which us'd to glow,
Expanded on the hero's face ;
When the thick squadrons prest the foe,
And *William* led the glorious chace.

X.

To give the mourning nations joy,
Restore them thy auspicious light,
Great sun : with radiant beams destroy
Those clouds, which keep thee from our sight.

XI.

Let thy sublime meridian course
 For *Mary's* setting rays atone :
 Our lustre, with redoubl'd force,
 Must now proceed from thee alone.

XII.

See, pious king, with different strife
 Thy struggling *Albion's* bosom torn :
 So much she fears for *William's* life,
 That *Mary's* fate she dare not mourn.

XIII.

Her beauty, in thy softer half
 Bury'd and lost, she ought to grieve :
 But let her strength in thee be safe :
 And let her weep, but let her live.

XIV.

Thou, guardian angel, save the land
 From thy own grief, her fiercest foe ;
 Left *Britain*, rescu'd by thy hand,
 Should bend and sink beneath thy woe.

XV.

Her former triumphs all are vain,
 Unless new trophies still be fought ;
 And hoary majesty sustain
 The battles, which thy youth has fought.

XVI

Where now is all that fearful love,
 Which made her hate the war's alarms ?
 That soft excess, with which she strove
 To keep her hero in her arms ?

XVII.

While still she chid the coming spring,
 Which call'd him o'er his subjects seas :
 While, for the safety of the king,
 She wish'd the victor's glory less.

XVIII.

'Tis chang'd, 'tis gone : sad *Britain* now
 Hastens her lord to foreign wars :
 Happy, if toils may break his woe ;
 Or danger may divert his cares.

XIX.

In martial din she drowns her sighs,
Lest he the rising grief should hear :
She pulls her helmet o'er her eyes,
Lest he should see the falling tear.

XX.

Go, mighty prince, let *France* be taught,
How constant minds by grief are try'd ;
How great the land, that wept and fought
When *William* led, and *Mary* dy'd.

XXI.

Fierce in the battle make it known,
Where death with all his darts is seen,
That he can touch thy heart with none,
But that, which struck the beauteous queen.

XXII.

Belgia indulg'd her open grief,
While yet her master was not near ;
With fullen pride refus'd relief,
And sat obdurate in despair.

XXIII.

As waters from her sluices flow'd
Unbounded sorrow from her eyes :
To earth her bended front she bow'd,
And sent her wailings to the skies.

XXIV.

But when her anxious Lord return'd,
Rais'd is her head ; her eyes are dry'd :
She smiles, as *William* ne'er had mourn'd :
She looks, as *Mary* ne'er had dy'd.

XXV.

That freedom, which all sorrows claim,
She does for thy content resign :
Her piety itself would blame,
If her regrets should weaken thine.

XXVI.

To cure thy woe, she shews thy fame ;
Lest the great mourner should forget,
That all the race, whence *Orange* came,
Made virtue triumph over fate.

William

XXVII.

William his country's cause could fight,
 And with his blood her freedom seal :
Maurice and *Henry* guard that right,
 For which their pious parents fell.

XXVIII.

How heroes rise, how patriots set,
 Thy father's bloom and death may tell :
 Excelling others these were great :
 Thou, greater still, must these excell.

XXIX.

The last fair instance thou must give,
 Whence *Nassau's* virtue can be try'd ;
 And shew the world, that thou can'st live
 Intrepid, as thy consort dy'd .

XXX.

Thy virtue, whose resistless force
 No dire event could ever stay,
 Must carry on it's destin'd course,
 Tho' death and envy stop the way.

XXXI.

For *Britain's* sake, for *Belgia's*, live,
 Pierc'd by their grief, forget thy own :
 New toils endure ; new conquests give ;
 And bring them ease, tho' thou hast none.

XXXII.

Vanquish again ; tho' she be gone,
 Whose garland crown'd the victor's hair :
 And reign ; tho' she has left the throne,
 Who made thy glory worth thy care.

XXXIII.

Fair *Britain* never yet before,
 Breath'd to her king an useless pray'r :
 Fond *Belgia* never did implore,
 While *William* turn'd averse his ear.

XXXIV.

But should the weeping hero now
 Relentless to their wishes prove ;
 Should he recall, with pleasing woe,
 The object of his grief and love ;

XXXV.

Her face with thousand beauties blest,
Her mind with thousand virtues stor'd,
Her pow'r with boundless joy confest,
Her person only not ador'd :

XXXVI.

Yet ought his sorrow to be checkt ;
Yet ought his passions to abate :
If the great mourner would reflect,
Her glory in her death compleat.

XXXVII.

She was instructed to command,
Great king, by long obeying thee :
Her sceptre, guided by thy hand,
Preserv'd the isles, and rul'd the sea.

XXXVIII.

But, oh ! 'twas little, that her life
O'er earth and water bears thy fame :
In death, 'twas worthy *William's* wife,
Amidst the stars to fix his name.

XXXIX.

Beyond where matter moves, or place
Receives it's forms, thy virtues rowl :
From *Mary's* glory, angels trace
The beauty of her part'ner's soul.

XL.

Wife fate, which does it's heav'n decree
To heroes, when they yield their breath,
Hastens thy triumph ; half of thee
Is deify'd before thy death.

XLI.

Alone to thy renown 'tis giv'n,
Unbounded thro' all worlds to go :
While she great saint rejoices heav'n ;
And thou sustain'st the orb below.

I N

Imitation of *ANACREON*.

Let 'em censure, what care I?
 The herd of criticks I despise.
 Let the wretches know I write,
 Regardless of their grace, or spite.
 No, no: the fair, the gay, the young
 Govern the numbers of my song:
 All that they approve is sweet:
 And all is sense that they repeat.
 Bid the warbling nine retire;
Venus, string thy servant's lyre:
 Love shall be my endless theme:
 Pleasure shall triumph o'er fame:
 And when these maxims I decline,
Apollo, may thy fate be mine:
 May I grasp at empty praise;
 And lose the nymph, to gain the bays.

An ODE.

I.

THe merchant, to secure his treasure,
 Conveys it in a borrow'd name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
 But *Chloe* is my real flame.

II.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
 Upon *Euphelia*'s toylet lay;
 When *Chloe* noted her desire,
 That I should sing, that I should play.

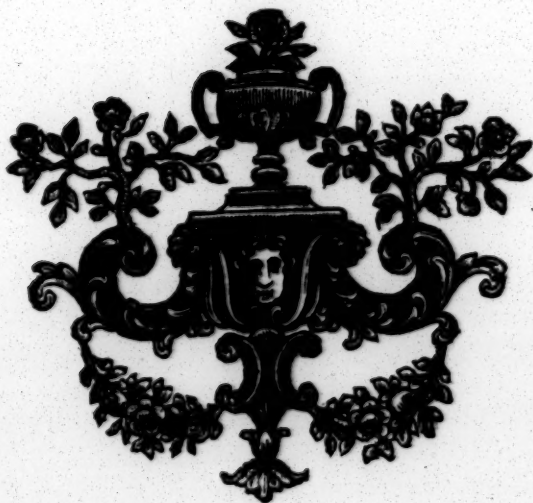
My

III.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise;
 But with my numbers mix my sighs :
 And whilst I sing *Euphelia's* praise,
 I fix my soul on *Chloe's* eyes.

IV.

Fair *Chloe* blush'd : *Euphelia* frown'd ;
 I sung and gaz'd : I play'd and trembl'd :
 And *Venus* to the *Loves* around
 Remark'd, how ill we all dissembl'd.



O D E,

Sur la Prise de *NAMUR*Par les *ARMES* du *ROY*,

L' Année 1692.

Par Monsieur *Boileau Despreaux*.

I.

*Q*uelle docte & sainte yvresse
 Aujourd' huy me fait la loy ?
 Chastes nymphes du Permesse,
 N'est-ce pas vous que je voy ?
 Accourez, troupe sçavante :
 Des sons que ma lyre enfante ;
 Ces arbres sont réjouis :
 Marquez-en bein la cadence :
 Et vous, vents, faites silence :
 Je vais parler de Louis.

II.

Dans ses chansons immortelles,
 Comme un aigle audacieux,
 Pindare étendant ses aîsles,
 Fuit loin des vulgaires yeux.
 Mais, ô ma fidele lyre,
 Si, dans l'ardeur qui m'inspire,
 Tu peux suivre mes transports ;
 Les chesnes de monts de Thrace
 N'ont rien ouï, que n'efface
 La douceur de tes accords.

III.

Est-ce Apollon & Neptune
 Qui sur ces rocs forcilleux,

An *English* BALLAD,

On the taking of *N A M U R*

By the KING of GREAT BRITAIN,

1695.

Dulce est desipere in loco.

I.

SOME folks are drunk, yet do not know it :
 So might not *Bacchus* give you law ?
 Was it a muse, O lofty poet,
 Or virgin of St. Cyr, you saw ?
 Why all this fury ? what's the matter,
 That oaks must come from *Thrace* to dance ?
 Must stupid stocks be taught to flatter ?
 And is there no such wood in *France* ?
 Why must the winds all hold their tongue ?
 If they a little breath should raise ;
 Would that have spoil'd the poet's song ;
 Or puff'd away the monarch's praise ?

II.

Pindar, that eagle, mounts the skies ;
 While virtue leads the noble way :
 Too like a vultur *Boileau* flies,
 Where sordid int'rest shows the prey.
 When once the poet's honour ceases,
 From reason far his transports rove :
 And *Boileau*, for eight hundred pieces,
 Makes *Louis* take the wall of *Jove*.

III.

Neptune and *Sol* came from above,
 Shap'd like *Megrigny* and *Vauban* ;

They

*Ont, compagnons de fortune,
 Bâti ces murs orgueilleux ?
 De leur enceinte fameuse
 La Sambre unie à la Meuse,
 Deffend le fatal abord ;
 Et par cent bouches horribles
 L'airain sur ces monts terribles
 Vomit le fer, & la mort.*

IV.

*Dix mille vaillans Alcides
 Les bordant de toutes parts,
 D'éclairs, aut loin homicides,
 Font petiller leurs remparts :
 Et dans son sein infidèle
 Par tout la terre y recele
 Un feu prêt à s'élancer,
 Qui soudain perçant son goufre,
 Ouvre un sepulchre de soufre
 A quiconque ose avancer.*

V.

*Namur, devant tes murailles
 Jadis la Grece eût vingt ans,
 Sans fruit veu les funeraillles
 De ses plus fiers combattans.
 Quelle effroyable puissance
 Aujourd-huy pourtant s'avance
 Prête à fondroyer tes monts ?
 Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne ?
 C'est Jupiter en personne ;
 Ou c'est le vainqueur de Mons.*

VI.

*N'en doute point, c'est luy-même.
 Tout brille en luy ; tout est roy.
 Dans Bruxelles Nassau blême
 Commence à trembler pour toy.
 En vain il voit le Batave,
 Deormais docile esclâve,
 Rangé sous ses étendars :*

They arm'd these rocks; then show'd old *Jove*
 Of *Marli* wood, the wondrous plan.
 Such walls, these three wise gods agreed,
 By human force cou'd ne'er be shaken:
 But you and I in *Homer* read
 Of gods, as well as men, mistaken.
Sambre and *Maeſe* their waves may joyn;
 But ne'er can *William's* force restrain:
 He'll paſs them both, who paſs'd the *Boyne*:
 Remember this, and arm the *Sein*.

IV.

Full fifteen thousand luſty fellows
 With fire and ſword the fort maintain:
 Each was a *Hercules*, you tell us;
 Yet out they march'd like common men.
 Cannons above, and mines below
 Did death and tombs for foes contrive:
 Yet matters have been order'd ſo,
 That moſt of us are ſtill alive.

V.

If *Namur* be compar'd to *Troy*;
 Then *Britain's* boys excell'd the *Greeks*:
 Their ſeige did ten long years employ:
 We've done our buſ'neſs in ten weeks.
 What godhead does ſo faſt advance,
 With dreadful pow'r thoſe hills to gain;
 'Tis little *Will*, the ſcourge of *France*;
 No godhead, but the firſt of men.
 His mortal arm exerts the pow'r,
 To keep ev'n *Mons's* victor under:
 And that ſame *Jupiter* no more
 Shall fright the world with impious thunder.

VI.

Our king thus trembles at *Namur*,
 Whilſt *Villeroy*, who ne'er afraid is,
 To *Bruxelles* marches on ſecure,
 To bomb the monks, and ſcare the ladies.
 After this glorious expedition
 One battle makes the Maſhal great;
 He muſt perform the king's commiſſion;
 Who knows but *Orange* may retreat?

*En vain au lion Belgique
Il voit l'aigle Germanique
Uni sous les leopards.*

VII.

*Plein de la frayeur nouvelle,
Dont ses jens sont agités,
A son secours il appelle
Les peuples le plus vantéz.
Ceux-là viennent du rivage,
Où s'enorgueillit le Tage
De l'or, qui roule en ses eaux ;
Ceux-ci des champs, où la neige
Des marais de la Norvège
Neuf mois couvre les roseaux.*

VIII.

*Mais qui fait enfler la Sambre ?
Sous les Jumeaux effrayéz,
Des froids torrens de Decembre
Les champs par tout sont noyéx.
Cérès s'esuit éplorée,
De voir en proie à Boree
Ses guerets d'epics chargéz,
Et sous les urnes fanzeuses
Des Hyades orageuses
Tous les trésors submergéz.*

IX.

*Déployez toutes vos rages,
Princes, vents, peuples, frimats ;
Ramassez tous vos nuages ;
Rassemblez tous vos soldats.
Malgré vous Namur en poudre
S'en va tomber sous la foudre
Qui domta Lille, Courtray,
Gand la superbe espagnole,*

Saint

Kings are allow'd to feign the gout,
Or be prevail'd with not to fight :
And mighty *Louis* hop'd, no doubt,
That *William* wou'd preserve that right.

VII.

From *Seyn* and *Loyre*, to *Rhone* and *Po*,
See ev'ry mother's son appear :
In such a case ne'er blame a foe
If he betrays some little fear :
He comes, the mighty *Vill'roy* comes ;
Finds a small river in his way :
So waves his colours, beats his drums ;
And thinks it prudent there to stay .
The *Gallic* troops breath blood and war :
The marshal cares not to march faster ;
Poor *Vill'roy* moves so slowly here,
We fancy'd all, it was his master.

VIII.

Will no kind flood, no friendly rain,
Disguise the marshal's plain disgrace ?
No torrents swell the low *Mehayne* ?
The world will say, he durst not pass.
Why will no *Hyades* appear,
Dear poet, on the banks of *Sambre* ?
Just as they did that mighty year,
When you turn'd *June* into *December*.
The water-*Nymphs* are too unkind
To *Vill'roy* ; are the land-nymphs so ?
And fly they all, at once combin'd
To shame a general, and a beau ?

IX.

Truth, justice, sense, religion, fame
May joyn to finish *William's* story ;
Nations set free may bless his name ;
And *France* in secret own his glory .
But *Ipres*, *Mastricht* and *Cambray*,
Besançon, *Ghent*, *St. Omer*, *Lisle*,
Courtray and *Dole*—ye criticks, say,
How poor to this was *Pindar's* style ?
With *eke's* and *also's* tack thy strain,
Great bard ; and sing the deathless prince,

Saint Omer, Bezançon, Dole,
Ypres, Mastricht, & Cambray.

X.

*Mes présages s'accomplissent :
Il commence à chanceler :
Sous les coups qui retentissent
Ses murs s'en vont s'écrouler.
Mars en feu, qui les domine,
Souste à grand bruit leur ruine ;
Et les Bombes dans les airs
Allant chercher le tonnere,
Semblent tombant sur la Terre,
Vouloir s'ouvrir les Enfers.*

XI.

*Accourez, Nassau, Baviere,
De ces murs l'unique espoir :
A couvert d'une riviere
Venez : Vous pouvez tout voir.
Considerez ces approches :
Voyez grimper sur ces roches
Ces Athletes belliqueux ;
Et dans les eaux, dans la flame,
Louis à tout donnant l'ame,
Marcher, courir avecque eux.*

XII.

*Contemplez dans la tempeste,
Qui sort de ces boulevars,
La plume qui sur sa teste
Attire tous les regards.
A cet astre redoutable
Toujours un sort favorable
S'attache dans les combats :
Et toujours avec la gloire
Mars amenant la victoire
Vo'le, & le suit à grands pas.*

XIII.

*Grands defenseurs de l'Espagne,
Montrez-vous : il est temps :
Courage ; vers la Mehagne
Voilà vos drapeaux flottans.*

Jamais

Who lost *Namur* the same campaign,
He bought *Dixmude*, and plunder'd *Deynse*.

X.

I'll hold ten pound, my dream is out :
I'd tell it you, but for the rattle
Of those confounded drums : no doubt
Yon' bloody rogues intend a battle.
Dear me ! a hundred thousand *French*,
With terror fill the neighb'ring field ;
While *William* carries on the trench,
'Till both the town and castle yield.
Vill'roy to *Boufflers* should advance,
Says *Mars*, thro' cannons mouths in fire ;
Id est, one mareschal of *France*
Tells t'other, he can come no nigher.

XI.

Regain the lines the shortest way,
Vill'roy ; or to *Versailles* take post :
For, having seen it, thou can'st say
The steps, by which *Namur* was lost.
The smoke and flame may vex thy sight :
Look not once back : but, as thou goest,
Quicken the squadrons in their flight ;
And bid the d----l take the slowest.
Think not what reason to produce,
From *Louis* to conceal thy fear :
He'll own the strength of thy excuse ;
Tell him that *William* was but there.

XII.

Now let us look for *Louis*' feather,
That us'd to shine so like a star :
The gen'als could not get together,
Wanting that influence, great in war.
O poet ! thou hadst been discreeter,
Hanging the monarch's hat so high ;
If thou had'st dubb'd thy star, a meteor ;
That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

XIII.

To animate the doubtful fight,
Namur in vain expects that ray :

*Jamais ses ondes craintives
 N'ont veü sur leurs foibles rives
 Tant de guerriers s'amasser.
 Courez donc : Qui vous retarde ?
 Tout l'univers vous regarde.
 N'osez-vous la traverser ?*

XIV.

*Loin de fermer le passage
 A vos nombreux bataillons,
 Luxembourg a du rivage
 Reculé ses pavillons.
 Quoy ? leur seul aspect vous glace ?
 Où sont ces chefs pleins d'audace,
 Jadis si prompts à marcher,
 Qui devoient de la Tamise,
 Et de la Drave soumise
 Jusqu' à Paris nous chercher ?*

XV.

*Cependant l'effroy redouble
 Sur les remparts de Namur.
 Son gouverneur, qui se trouble
 S'ensuit sous son dernier mur.
 Déjà jusques à ses portes
 Je voy monter nos cohortes,
 La flamme & le fer en main :
 Et sur les monceaux de piques,
 De corps morts, de rocs, de briques,
 S'ouvrir un large chemin.*

XVI.

*C'en est fait. Je viens d'entendre
 Sur ces rochers éperdus
 Battre un signal pour se rendre :
 Le feu cesse. Ils sont rendus.
 Dépouillez vótre arroyance,
 Fiers ennemis de la France,
 Et deormais gracieux,
 Allez à Liege, à Bruxelles,
 Porter les humbles nouvelles
 De Namur pris à vos yeux.*

In vain *France* hopes, the sickly light
 Shou'd shine near *William's* fuller day.
 It knows *Versailles*, its proper station;
 Nor cares for any foreign sphere:
 Where you see *Boileau's* constellation,
 Be sure no danger can be near.

XIV.

The *French* had gather'd all their force;
 And *William* met them in their way:
 Yet off they brush'd, both foot and horse.
 What has friend *Boileau* left to say?
 When his high muse is bent upon't
 To sing her king, that great commander,
 Or on the shores of *Hellepont*,
 Or in the valleys near *Scamander*;
 Wou'd it not spoil his noble task,
 If any foolish *Phrygian* there is
 Impertinent enough to ask,
 How far *Namur* may be from *Paris*?

XV.

Two stanza's more before we end,
 Of death, pikes, rocks, arms, bricks, and fire:
 Leave 'em behind you, honest friend;
 And with your country-men retire.
 Your ode is spoilt, *Namur* is freed;
 For *Dixmuyd* something yet is due;
 So good Count *Guiscard* may proceed;
 But *Boufflers*, Sir, one word with you. ----

XVI.

'Tis done. In fight of these Commanders,
 Who neither fight nor raise the siege;
 The foes of *France* march safe thro' *Flanders*;
 Divide to *Bruxelles* or to *Liege*.
 Send, *Fame*, this news to *Trianon*;
 That *Boufflers* may new honours gain:
 He the same play by land has shown,
 As *Tourville* did upon the main.
 Yet is the mar'shal made a peer:
 O *William*, may thy arms advance;
 That he may lose *Dinant* next year,
 and so be constable of *France*.

Presented to the *KING*,

At his Arrival in *HOLLAND*, after the
Discovery of the Conspiracy, 1696.

*Serus in cælum redeas : diuque
Lætus interfis populo Quirini :
Nec te nostris vitiiis iniquum*

Tollat ————— *Ocyor aura*
Hor. ad Augustum.

YE careful angels, whom eternal fate
Ordains, on earth and human acts to wait ;
Who turn with secret pow'r this restless ball,
And bid predestin'd empires rise and fall :
Your sacred aid religious monarchs own,
When first they merit, then ascend the throne :
But tyrants dread ye, lest your just decree
'Transfer the pow'r, and set the people free :
See rescu'd *Britain* at your altars bow :
And hear her hymns your happy care avow :
That still her axes and her rods support
The judge's frown, and grace the awful court :
That law with all her pompous terror stands,
To wrest the dagger from the traitor's hands ;
And rigid justice reads the fatal word,
Poises the ballance first, then draws the sword.

Britain her safety to your guidance owns,
That she can sep'rate parricides from sons ;
That impious rage disarm'd, she lives and reigns,
Her freedom kept by him, who broke her chains.

And thou great minister, above the rest
Of guardian spirits, be thou for ever blest :

Thou,

Thou, who of old wert sent to *Israel's* court,
 With secret aid great *David's* strong support ;
 To mock the frantick rage of cruel *Saul* ;
 And strike the uselefs jav'lin to the wall.
 Thy later care o'er *William's* temples held ;
 On *Boyn's* propitious banks, the heav'nly shield ;
 When pow'r divine did sov'reign right declare ;
 And cannons mark'd, whom they were bid to spare.

Still, blessed angel, be thy care the same ;
 Be *William's* life untouch'd, as is his fame :
 Let him own thine, as *Britain* owns his hand :
 Save thou the king, as he has sav'd the land.

We angels forms in pious monarchs view :
 We rev'rence *William* ; for he acts like you ;
 Like you, commission'd to chastise and bless,
 He must avenge the world, and give it peace.

Indulgent fate our potent pray'r receives ;
 And still *Britannia* smiles, and *William* lives :
 The hero dear to earth, by heav'n below'd,
 By troubles must be vex'd, by dangers prov'd :
 His foes must aid to make his fame compleat,
 And fix his throne secure on their defeat.

So, tho' with sudden rage the tempest comes ;
 Tho' the winds roar, and tho' the water foams ;
 Imperial *Britain* on the sea looks down,
 And smiling sees her rebel subject frown :
 Striking her cliff, the storm confirms her pow'r ;
 The waves but whiten her triumphant shore :
 In vain they wou'd advance, in vain retreat :
 Broken they dash, and perish at her feet.

For *William* still new wonders shall be shown :
 The pow'rs that rescu'd shall preserve the throne.
 Safe on his darling *Britain's* joyful sea,
 Behold, the monarch plows his liquid way :
 His fleets in thunder thro' the world declare,
 Whose empire they obey, whose arms they bear.
 Bless'd by aspiring winds he finds the strand
 Blacken'd with crowds ; he sees the nations stand
 Blessing his safety, proud of his command.
 In various tongues he hears the captains dwell
 On their great leader's praise : by turns they tell,

And listen, each with em'lous glory fir'd,
 How *William* conquer'd, and how *France* retir'd;
 How *Belgia* freed the hero's arm confests'd,
 But trembl'd for the courage which she blest'd.

O *Louis*, from this great example know,
 To be at once a hero, and a foe:
 By sounding trumpets, here, and rat'ling drums,
 When *William* to the open vengeance comes:
 And see the soldier plead the monarch's right,
 Heading his troops, and foremost in the fight.
 Hence then, close ambush and perfidious war,
 Down to your native seats of night repair.
 And thou, *Bellona*, weep thy cruel pride
 Restrain'd, behind the victor's chariot ty'd
 In brazen knots, and everlasting chains.
 (So *Europe's* peace, so *William's* fate ordains:)
 While on the iv'ry chair, in happy state
 He sits, secure in innocence, and great
 In reg'al clemency; and views beneath
 Averted darts of rage, and pointless arms of death.

To CHLOE Weeping.

SEE, whilst thou weep'st, fair *Chloe*, see
 The world in sympathy with thee.
 The chearful birds no longer sing,
 Each droops his head, and hangs his wing.
 The clouds have bent their bosom lower,
 And shed their sorrows in a show'r.
 The brooks beyond their limits flow;
 And louder murmurs speak their woe:
 The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares:
 They heave thy sighs, and weep thy tears.
 Fantastick nymph! that grief should move
 Thy heart obdurate against love.
 Strange tears! whose pow'r can soften all,
 But that dear breast on which they fall.

To

To Mr. *HOWARD*:

An O D E.

I.

DEar *Howard*, from the soft assaults of love,
Poets and painters never are secure :
Can I untouch'd the fair one's passions move?
Or thou draw beauty, and not feel it's pow'r ?

II.

To great *Apelles*, when young *Ammon* brought
The darling idol of his captive heart ;
And the pleas'd nymph with kind attention sat,
To have her charms recorded by his art :

III.

The am'rous master own'd her potent eyes ;
Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembl'd as he drew :
Each flowing line confirm'd his first surprize ;
And as the piece advanc'd, the passion grew.

IV.

While *Philip*'s son, while *Venus*' son was near,
What different tortures does his bosom feel ?
Great was the rival, and the god severe :
Nor could he hide his flame, nor durst reveal.

V.

The prince, renown'd in bounty as in arms,
With pity saw the ill-conceal'd distress ;
Quitted his title to *Campaspe*'s charms ;
And gave the fair one to the friend's embrace.

VI.

Thus the more beauteous *Chloe* sat to thee,
Good *Howard*, em'lous of the *Grecian* art ;
But happy thou from *Cupid*'s arrow free,
And flames that pierc'd thy predecessor's heart.

VII.

Had thy poor breast receiv'd an equal pain ;
 Had I been vested with the monarch's pow'r ;
 Thou must have sigh'd, unlucky youth in vain ;
 Nor from my bounty had'st thou found a cure.

VIII.

Tho' to convince thee, that the friend did feel
 A kind concern for thy ill-fated care,
 I would have sooth'd the flame, I could not heal ;
 Giv'n thee the world, tho' I with-held the fair.

LOVE DISARM'D.

Beneath a myrtle's verdant shade
 As *Chloe* half asleep was laid,
Cupid perch'd lightly on her breast,
 And in that heav'n desir'd to rest :
 Over her paps his wings he spread ;
 Between he found a downy bed,
 And nestl'd in his little head.

Still lay the god : the nymph surpriz'd,
 Yet mistress of her self, devis'd
 How she the vagrant might intrall,
 And captive him, who captives all.
 Her bodice half way she unlac'd :
 About his arms she sily cast
 The silken bond, and held him fast.

The god awak'd ; and thrice in vain
 He strove to break the cruel chain ;
 And thrice in vain he shook his wing,
 Incumber'd in the silken string.

Flutt'ring the god, and weeping said,
 Pity poor *Cupid*, generous maid,
 Who happen'd, being blind, to stray,
 And on thy bosom lost his way :
 Who stray'd, alas ! but knew too well,
 He never there must hope to dwell.

Set an unhappy pris'ner free,
Who ne'er intended harm to thee.

To me pertains not, she replies,
To know or care where *Cupid* flies;
What are his haunts, or which his way;
Where he would dwell, or whither stray:
Yet will I never set thee free:
For harm was meant, and harm to me.

Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart!
I'll give thee up my bow and dart:
Untangle but this cruel chain,
And freely let me fly again.

Agreed: secure my virgin heart:
Instant give up thy bow and dart:
The chain I'll in return untie;
And freely thou again shalt fly.
Thus she the captive did deliver:
The captive thus gave up his quiver.

The god disar'm'd, e'er since that day
Passes his life in harmless play;
Flies round or sits upon her breast;
A little, flutt'ring, idle guest.

E'er since that day the beauteous maid
Governs the world in *Cupid's* stead;
Directs his arrow as she wills;
Gives grief, or pleasure, spares, or kills.

CHLOE Hunting.

BEhind her neck her comely tresses ty'd,
Her iv'ry quiver graceful by her side,
A hunting *Chloe* went: she lost her way,
And thro' the woods uncertain chanc'd to stray.
Apollo passing by beheld the maid;
And, sister dear, bright *Cynthia* turn, he said:
The hunted hind lyes close in yonder brake.
Loud *Cupid* laugh'd, to see the god's mistake;
And laughing cry'd, learn better, great divine,
To know thy kindred, and to honour mine.

Rightly

Rightly advis'd, far hence thy sister seek,
 Or on *Mæander's* bank, or *Latmus'* peak :
 But in this nymph, my friend, my sister know :
 She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow :
 Fair *Thames* she haunts, and ev'ry neighb'ring grove
 Sacred to soft recess, and gentle love.
 Go, with thy *Cynthia*, hurl the pointed spear
 At the rough boar ; or chace the flying deer :
 I and my *Chloe* take a nobler aim :
 At human hearts we fling, nor ever miss the game.

CUPID and GANYMEDE.

IN heav'n, one holy-day, you read
 In wise *Anacreon*, *Ganymede*
 Drew heedless *Cupid* in to throw
 A main, to pass an hour, or so.
 The little *Trojan*, by the way,
 By *Hermes* taught, play'd all the play.
 The god unhappily engag'd,
 By nature rash, by play enrag'd,
 Complain'd, and sigh'd, and cry'd, and fretted ;
 Lost ev'ry earthly thing he betted :
 In ready money, all the store
 Pick'd up long since from *Danae's* show'r :
 A snuff-box, set with bleeding hearts,
 Rubies, all pierc'd with diamond darts ;
 His nine-pins made of myrtle wood ;
 (The tree in *Ida's* forest stood :)
 His bowl pure gold, the very same
 Which *Paris* gave the *Cyprian* dame ;
 Two table-books in shagreen covers ;
 Fill'd with good verse from real lovers ;
 Merchandise rare ! a billet-doux,
 It's matter passionate, yet true :
 Heaps of hair rings, and cypher'd seals ;
 Rich trifles ; serious bagatelles.

What

What sad disorders play begets !
 Desp'rate and mad, at length he sets
 Those darts, whose points make gods adore
 His might, and deprecate his pow'r :
 Those darts, whence all our joy and pain
 Arise : those darts—come, seven's the main,
 Cries *Ganymede* : the usual trick :
 Seven, slur a six ; eleven : a nick.

Ill news goes fast : 'Twas quickly known,
 That simple *Cupid* was undone.
 Swifter than lightning *Venus* flew :
 Too late she found the thing too true.
 Guess how the goddess greets her son :
 Come hither, Sirrah ; no, begone ;
 And, hark ye, is it so indeed ?
 A comrade you for *Ganymede* ?
 An imp as wicked, for his age,
 As any earthly lady's page ;
 A scandal and a scourge to *Troy* :
 A prince's son ? a black-guard boy :
 A sharper, that with box and dice
 Draws in young deities to vice.
 All heav'n is by the ears together,
 Since first that little rogue came hither :
Juno her self has had no peace :
 And truly I've been favour'd less :
 For *Jove*, as *Fame* reports, (but *Fame*
 Says things not fit for me to name)
 Has acted ill for such a god,
 And taken ways extreamly odd.

And thou, unhappy child, she said
 (Her anger by her grief allay'd)
 Unhappy child, who thus hast lost
 All the estate we e'er could boast ;
 Whither, O whither wilt thou run,
 Thy name despis'd, thy weakness known ?
 Nor shall thy shrine on earth be crown'd :
 Nor shall thy pow'r in heav'n be own'd ;
 When thou, nor man, nor god canst wound.

Obedient *Cupid* kneeling cry'd,
 Cease, dearest mother, cease to chide :
Gany's a cheat, and I'm a bubble :
 Yet why this great excess of trouble ?
 The dice were false : the darts are gone :
 Yet how are you or I undone ?

The loss of these I can supply
 With keener shafts from *Chloe's* eye :
 Fear not we e'er can be disgrac'd,
 While that bright magazine shall last :
 Your crowded altars still shall smoke ;
 And man your friendly aid invoke :
Jove shall again revere your pow'r,
 And rise a swan, or fall a show'r.

C U P I D *Mistaken.*

I.

AS after noon one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river ;
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
 New strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.

II.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart ;
 With all his might his bow he drew :
 Swift to his beauteous parent's heart :
 The too well guided arrow flew.

III.

I faint ! I die ! the goddess cry'd :
 O cruel, could'st thou find none other
 To wreck thy spleen on ? Parricide !
 Like *Nero*, thou hast slain thy mother.

IV.

Poor *Cupid* sobbing, scarce could speak ;
 Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye :
 Alas ! how easy my mistake ?
 I took you for your likeness, *Chloe*.

V E N U S Mistaken.

I.

W H E N *Chloe's* picture was to *Venus* shown ;
Surpriz'd, the goddess took it for her own.
And what, said she, does this bold painter mean ?
When was I bathing thus, and naked seen ?

II.

Pleas'd *Cupid* heard, and check'd his mother's pride :
And who's blind now, mamma ? the urchin cry'd.
'Tis *Chloe's* eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast :
Friend *Howard's* genius fancy'd all the rest.

A S O N G.

I F wine and musick have the pow'r,
To ease the sickness of the soul ;
Let *Phæbus* ev'ry string explore ;
And *Bacchus* fill the sprightly bowl.
Let them their friendly aid imploy,
To make my *Chloe's* absence light ;
And seek for pleasure, to destroy
The sorrows of this live-long night.
But, she to-morrow will return :
Venus be thou to-morrow great ;
Thy myrtles strow, thy odours burn ;
And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state.
Kind goddess, to no other pow'rs
Let us to-morrow's blessing own :
Thy darling *Loves* shall guide the hours ;
And all the day be thine alone.

P A L L A S

PALLAS and VENUS.

AN EPIGRAM.

THe *Trojan* swain had judg'd the great dispute ;
 And beauty's pow'r obtain'd the golden fruit ;
 When *Venus* loose in all her naked charms,
 Met *Jove's* great daughter clad in shining arms,
 The wanton goddess view'd the warlike maid
 From head to foot, and tauntingly she said.
 Yield, sister ; rival, yield : naked, you see,
 I vanquish ; guess, how potent I should be ;
 If to the field I came in armour drest ;
 Dreadful, like thine, my shield, and terrible my crest.
 The warrior goddess, with disdain, reply'd ;
 Thy folly, child, is equal to thy pride :
 Let a brave enemy for once advise,
 And *Venus* (if tis possible) be wise.
 Thou to be strong must put off ev'ry drest :
 Thy only armour is thy nakedness :
 And more than once, or thou art much bely'd,
 By *Mars* himself, that armour has been try'd.

To a young Gentleman in Love.

A T A L E.

From publick noise and factious strife
 From all the busy ills of life,
 Take me, my *Celia*, to thy breast ;
 And lull my wearied soul to rest.
 For ever, in this humble cell,
 Let thee and I, my fair one dwell ;
 None enter else, but *Jove* — and he
 Shall bar the door, and keep the key.

To

To painted roofs and shining spires,
 (Uneasie seats of high desires)
 Let the unthinking many croud :
 That dare be covetous and proud :
 In golden bondage let them wait,
 And barter happiness for state :
 But oh ! my *Celia*, when thy swain
 Desires to see a court again ;
 May heav'n around this destin'd head
 The choicest of its curses shed.
 To sum up all the rage of fate
 In the two things I dread and hate ;
 May'st thou be false, and I be great.

Thus on his *Celia*'s panting breast,
 Fond *Celadon* his soul express'd ;
 While with delight the lov'ly maid
 Receiv'd the vows, she thus repaid.

Hope of my age, joy of my youth,
 Blest miracle of love and truth !
 All that cou'd e'er be counted mine,
 My love and life, long since are thine.
 A real Joy I never knew ;
 'Till I believ'd thy passion true :
 A real grief I ne'er can find ;
 'Till thou prov'st perjur'd or unkind.
 Contempt, and poverty, and care,
 All we abhor, and all we fear,
 Blest with thy presence, I can bear.
 Thro' waters and thro' flames I'll go,
 Suff'rer and solace of thy woe :
 Trace me some yet unheard-of way,
 That I thy ardour may repay ;
 And make my constant passion known,
 By more than woman yet has done.

Had I a wish that did not bear
 The stamp and image of my dear,
 I'd pierce my heart thro' ev'ry vein,
 And die to let it out again.
 No : *Venus* shall my witness be,
 (If *Venus* ever lov'd like me)

That

That for one hour I wou'd not quit
 My shepherd's arms and this retreat,
 To be the *Persian* Monarch's bride,
 Partner of all his pow'r and pride ;
 Or rule in regal state above,
 Mother of gods, and wife of *Jove*.

Oh happy these of human race !

But soon, alas ! our pleasures pass.
 He thank'd her on his bended knee ;
 Then drank a quart of milk and tea :
 And leaving her ador'd embrace,
 Hasten'd to court, to beg a place.
 While she, his absence to bemoan,
 The very moment he was gone,
 Call'd *Thyrsis* from beneath the bed,
 Where all this time he had been hid.

M O R A L.

While men have these ambitious fancies ;
 And wanton wenches read romances ;
 Our sex will----- what ? out with it. Lye;
 And their's in equal strains reply.
 The moral of the tale I sing,
 (A posy for a wedding ring)
 In this short verse will be confin'd :
 Love is a jest and vows are wind.

AN *ENGLISH* PADLOCK.

M Ifs *Danae*, when fair and young,
 (As *Horace* has divinely sung)
 Cou'd not be kept from *Jove*'s embrace
 By doors of steel, and walls of brass.
 The reason of the thing is clear ;
 Wou'd *Jove* the naked truth averr.

Cupid

Cupid was with him of the party ;
 And shew'd himself sincere and hearty :
 Forgive that whipster but his errand,
 He takes my lord chief-justice' warrant ;
 Dauntless as death away he walks ;
 Breaks the doors open, snaps the locks ;
 Searches the parlour, chamber, study ;
 Nor stops, 'till he has *Culprit's* body.

Since this has been authentic truth,
 By age deliver'd down to youth ;
 Tell us, mistaken husband, tell us,
 Why so mysterious, why so jealous ?
 Does the restraint, the bolt, the bar
 Make us less curious, her less fair ?
 The spy, which does this treasure keep,
 Does she ne'er say her pray'rs, nor sleep ?
 Does she to no excess incline ?
 Does she fly musick, mirth, and wine ?
 Or have not gold and flatt'ry pow'r,
 To purchase one unguarded hour ?

Your care does further yet extend :
 That spy is guarded by your friend. —
 But has this friend nor eye, nor heart ?
 May he not feel the cruel dart,
 Which, soon or late, all mortals feel ?
 May he not, with too tender zeal,
 Give the fair pris'ner cause to see,
 How much she wishes she were free ?
 May he not craftily infer
 'The rules of friendship too severe,
 Which chain him to a hated trust ;
 Which make him wretched to be just ?
 And may not she, this darling she,

Youthful and healthy, flesh and blood,
 Ease with him, ill-us'd by thee,

Allow this logic to be good ;

Sir, will your questions never end ?
 I trust to neither spy nor friend.
 In short, I keep her from the sight
 Of ev'ry human face,-----she'll write.----

From

From pen and paper she's debar'd.----
 Has she a bodkin and a card ?
 She'll prick her mind.-- ---she will, you say ;
 But how shall she that mind convey ?
 I keep her in one room : I lock it ;
 The key (look here) is in this pocket.
 The key-hole, is that left ? most certain.
 She'll thrust her letter thro'-----fir *Martin*.

Dear angry friend, what must be done ?
 Is there no way ?----- -there is but one.
 Send her abroad ; and let her see,
 That all this mingled mass, which she
 Being forbidden longs to know,
 Is a dull farce, an empty show,
 Powder, and pocket-glass, and beau ;
 A staple of romance and lies,
 False tears, and real perjuries :
 Where sighs and looks are bought and sold ;
 And love is made but to be told :
 Where the fat bawd and lavish heir
 The spoils of ruin'd beauty share ;
 And youth seduc'd from friends and fame,
 Must give up age to want and shame.
 Let her behold the frantick scene,
 The women wretched, false the men :
 And when, these certain ills to shun,
 She would to thy embraces run :
 Receive her with extended arms :
 Seem more delighted with her charms :
 Wait on her to the park and play :
 Put on good humour ; make her gay :
 Be to her virtues very kind :
 Be to her faults a little blind :
 Let all her ways be unconfin'd :
 And clap your *Padlock* ----- on her mind.

H A N S

HANS CARVEL.

H*Ans Carvel*, impotent and old,
Married a lass of *London* mould :
Handsome enough ; extremely gay :
Lov'd musick, company and play :
High flights she had, and wit at will :
And so her tongue lay seldom still :
For in all visits who but she,
To argue, or to repartée.
She made it plain that human passion
Was order'd by predestination ;
That, if weak women went astray,
Their stars were more in fault than they :
Whole tragedies she had by heart ;
Enter'd into *Roxana's* part :
To triumph in her rival's blood,
The action certainly was good.
How like a vine young *Ammon* curl'd ?
Oh that dear conqu'ror of the world !
She pity'd *Betterton* in age,
That ridicul'd the godlike rage.
She first of all the town was told,
Where newest *India* things were sold :
So in a morning without bodice,
Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. *Thody's* ;
To cheapen tea, to buy a Screen :
What else cou'd so much virtue mean ?
For to prevent the least reproach,
Betty went with her, in the coach.

But when no very great affair
Excited her peculiar care,
She without fail was wak'd at ten ;
Drank chocolate ; then slept again :
At twelve she rose, with much ado
Her cloaths were huddl'd on by two :

Then

Then, does my lady dine at home ?
 Yes sure ;----- But is the colonel come ?
 Next how to spend the afternoon,
 And not come home again too soon ;
 The change, the city, or the play,
 As each was proper for the day ;
 A turn, in summer, to *Hyde-park*,
 When it grew tolerably dark.

Wife's pleasure causes husband's pain ;
 Strange fancies come in *Hans's* brain :
 He thought of what he did not name ;
 And wou'd reform, but durst not blame.
 At first he therefore preach'd his wife
 The comforts of a pious life :
 Told her, how transient beauty was ;
 That all must die, and flesh was grass :
 He bought her sermons, psalms, and graces ;
 And doubled down the useful places.
 But still the weight of worldly care
 Allow'd her little time for pray'r :
 And *Cleopatra* was read o'er,
 Whilst *Scot*, and *Wake*, and twenty more,
 That teach one to deny one's self,
 Stood unmolested on the shelf.
 An untouch'd bible grac'd her toilet :
 No fear that thumb of her's should spoil it.
 In short, the trade was still the same :
 The dame went out, the colonel came.

What's to be done ? poor *Carvel* cry'd :
 Another batt'ry must be try'd :
 What if to spells I had recourse ?
 'Tis but to hinder something worse.
 The end must justify the means :
 He only sins, who ill intends :
 Since therefore 'tis to combat evil ;
 'Tis lawful to employ the devil.

Forthwith the devil did appear
 (For name him and he's always near)

Not in the shape in which he plies
 At miss's elbow when she lies ;
 Or stands before the nurs'ry doors,
 To take the naughty boy that roars :
 But without sawcer eye or claw,
 Like a grave barister at law.

Hans Carvel, lay aside your grief,
 The devil says, I bring relief :
 Relief ! says *Hans* : pray let me crave
 Your name, Sir, -----*Satan*----- Sir, your slave :
 I did not look upon your feet :
 You'll pardon me : ----- ay, now I see't :
 And pray, Sir, when came you from hell ?
 Our friends there, did you leave them well ?
 All well : but pr'ythee, honest *Hans*,
 (Says *Satan*) leave your complaisance :
 The truth is this : I cannot stay
 Flaring in sun-shine all the day :
 For, *entre nous*, we hellish sprites,
 Love more the fresco of the nights ;
 And oft'ner our receipts convey
 In dreams, than any other way.
 I tell you therefore as a friend,
 E're morning dawns, your fears shall end :
 Go then this ev'ning, master *Carvel*,
 Lay down your Fowls, and broach your barrel ;
 Let friends and wine dissolve your care ;
 Whilst I the great receipt prepare :
 To night I'll bring it by my faith ;
 Believe, for once, what *Satan* saith.

Away went *Hans*, glad not a little ;
 Obey'd the devil to a tittle ;
 Invited friends some half a dozen,
 The colonel and my lady's cousin.
 The meat was serv'd ; the bowls were crown'd ;
 Catches were sung ; and healths went round :
Barbadoes waters for the close ;
 'Till *Hans* had fairly got his dose :
 The colonel toasted to the best :
 The dame mov'd off to be undrest.

The chimes went twelve : the guests withdrew :
 But when, or how, *Hans* hardly knew.
 Some modern anecdotes aver,
 He nodded in his elbow chair ;
 From thence was carried off to bed ;
John held his heels, and *Nan* his head.
 My lady was disturb'd : new sorrow !
 Which *Hans* must answer for to-morrow.

In bed then view this happy pair ;
 And think how *Hymen* triumph'd there.
Hans, fast asleep, as soon as laid ;
 The duty of the night unpaid :
 The waking dame, with thoughts opprest,
 That made her hate both him and rest :
 By such a husband, such a wife !
 'Twas *Acme's* and *Septimius'* life.
 The lady sigh'd : the lover snor'd :
 The punctual devil kept his word :
 Appear'd to honest *Hans* again ;
 But not at all by madam seen :
 And giving him a magick ring,
 Fit for the finger of a King ;
 Dear *Hans*, said he, this jewel take,
 And wear it long for *Satan's* sake :
 'Twill do your business to a hair :
 For long as you this ring shall wear,
 As sure as I look over *Lincoln*,
 That ne'er shall happen which you think on.

Hans took the ring with joy extream ;
 (All this was only in a dream)
 And thrusting it beyond his joint,
 'Tis done he cry'd : I've gain'd my point.-----
 What point, said she, you ugly beast ;
 You neither give me joy, nor rest :
 'Tis done.-----What's done, you drunken bear ?
 You've thrust your finger G---d knows where.

A Dutch Proverb.

Fire, water, woman, are man's ruin ;
Says wise professor *Vander Brün*.
By flames a house I hir'd was lost
Last year : and I must pay the Cost.
This spring the rains o'erflow'd my ground :
And my best *Flanders* mare was drown'd.
A slave I am to *Clara's* eyes :
The Gipsy knows her pow'r, and flies.
Fire, water, woman, are my ruin ;
And great thy wisdom, *Vander Brün*.

PAULO PURGANTI

And his W I F E,

An honest, but a Simple pair.

*Est enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni Virtute, quod
deceat : quod cogitatione magis à Virtute potest quam Re
separari.*

Cic. de Officiis. Lib. 1.

Beyond the fix'd and settl'd rules
Of vice and virtue in the schools,
Beyond the letter of the law,
Which keeps our men and maids in awe ;
The better sort shou'd set before 'em
A grace, a manner, a decorum ;
Something that gives their acts a light ;
Makes 'em not only just, but bright ;
And sets 'em in th t open fame,
Which witty malice cannot blame.

E

For

For 'tis in life, as 'tis in painting :
 Much may be right, yet much be wanting :
 From lines drawn true, our eye may trace
 A foot, a knee, a hand, a face :
 May justly own the picture wrought
 Exact to rule, exempt from fault :
 Yet, if the colouring be not there,
 The *Titian* stroke, the *Guido* air ;
 To nicest judgment show the piece,
 At best 'twill only not displease :
 It would not gain on *Jersey's* eye :
Bradford would frown, and set it by.

Thus in the picture of our mind,
 The action may be well design'd ;
 Guided by law, and bound by duty ;
 Yet want this *Je ne sçai quoy* of beauty :
 And tho' it's error may be such,
 As *Knags* and *Burgefs* cannot hit ;
 It yet may feel the nicer touch
 Of *Wicherly's* or *Congreve's* wit.

What is this talk ? replies a friend :
 And where will this dry moral end ?
 The truth of what you here lay down
 By some example should be shown. ---
 With all my heart, --- for once ; --- read on.
 An honest, but a simple pair,
 (And twenty other I forbear)
 May serve to make this *Thesis* clear.

A doctor of great skill and fame,
Paulo Purganti was his name,
 Had a good, comely, virtuous wife ;
 No woman led a better life :
 She to intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted :
 She chuck'd when a bawd was carted :
 And thought the nation ne'er wou'd thrive,
 'Till all the whores were burnt alive.

On marry'd men, that dare be bad,
 She thought no mercy shou'd be had ;
 They should be hang'd, or starv'd, or flead,
 Or serv'd like *Romish* priests in *Swede*.-----

In short ; all lewdness she defy'd :
And stiff was her parochial pride.

Yet, in an honest way, the dame
Was a great lover of that same ;
And could from scripture take her cue,
That husbands should give wives their due.

Her prudence did so justly steer
Between the gay and the severe,
That, if in some regards she chose
To curb poor *Paulo* in too close ;
In others she relax'd again,
And govern'd with a looser rein.

Thus, tho' she strictly did confine
The doctor from excess of wine ;
With oysters, eggs, and vermicelli,
She let him almost burst his belly :
Thus drying coffee was deny'd ;
But chocolate that loss supply'd :
And for tobacco, (who could bear it ?)
Filthy concomitant of claret !
(Blest revolution ! one might see
Eringo roots, and bohé tea.

She often set the doctor's band,
And strok'd his beard, and squeez'd his hand :
Kindly complain'd, that after-noon
He went to pore on books to soon ;
She held it wholesomer by much
To rest a little on the couch :---
About his waist in bed a-nights
She clung so close----for fear of sprites.

The doctor understood the call ;
But had not always wherewithal.

The lion's skin too short, you know,
(As *Plutrach's* morals finely show)
Was lengthen'd by the Fox's tail :
And art supplies, where strength may fail.

Unwilling then in arms to meet
The enemy, he could not beat ;
He strove to lengthen the campaign,
And save his forces by chicane.

Fabius, the *Roman* chief, who thus
By fair retreat grew *Maximus*,
Shows us, that all, that warrior can do
With force inferior, is *cunctando*.

One day then, as the foe drew near,
With love, and joy, and life, and dear ;
Our don, who knew this tittle-tattle
Did, sure as trumpet, call to battle ;
Thought it extremely *à propos*,
To ward against the coming blow :
To ward, but how ? ay, there's the question :
Fierce the assault ; unarm'd the bastion.

The doctor feign'd a strange surprise :
Hefelt her pulse, he view'd her eyes :
That beat too fast, these rowl'd too quick :
She was, he said, or would be sick :
He judg'd it absolutely good,
That she should purge and cleanse her blood.
Sparw Waters for that end were got:
If they past easily or not,
What matters it ? the lady's fever
Continu'd violent as ever.

For a distemper of this kind,
(*Blackmore* and *Hans* are of my mind)
If once it youthful blood infects,
And chiefly of the female Sex ;
Is scarce remov'd by pill or potion ;
What-e'er might be our doctor's notion.

One luckleis night then, as in bed
The doctor and the dame were laid ;
Again this cruel fever came,
High pulse, short breath, and blood in flame.
What measures shall poor *Paulo* keep
With madam, in this piteous taking ?
She, like *Macbeth*, has murder'd sleep ;
And won't allow him rest, tho' waking.
Sad state of Matters, when we dare
Nor ask for peace ! nor offer war :
Nor *Livynor Comines* have shown,
What in this juncture may be done.

Grotius might own, that *Paulo's* case is
Harder, than any which he places
Amongst his *Belli* and his *Pacis*.

He strove, alas! but strove in vain,
By dint of logic to maintain,
That all the sex was born to grieve,
Down to her ladyship from *Eve*.
He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd up patience;
Back'd his opinion with quotations,
Divines, and moralists; and run ye on
Quite thro' from *Seneca* to *Bunyan*.
As much in vain he bid her try
To fold her arms, to close her eye;
Telling her, rest would do her good,
If any thing in nature cou'd:
So held the *Greeks* quite down from *Galen*,
Masters and princes of the calling:
So all our modern friends maintain,
(Tho' no great *Greeks*) in *Warwick-lane*.

Reduce, my muse, the wand'ring song:
A tale should never be too long.

The more he talk'd, the more she burn'd,
And sigh'd, and toft, and groan'd, and turn'd:
At last, I wish, said she, my dear---
(And whisper'd something in his ear.)

You wish! wish on, the doctor cries:
Lord! when will womankind be wise?
What, in your waters? are you mad?
Why poison is not half so bad.
I'll do it---but I give you warning:
You'll die before to-morrow morning.---

'Tis kind, my dear, what you advise;
The lady with a sigh replies:
But life, you know, at best is pain:
And death is what we should disdain.
So do it therefore, and adieu:
For I will die, for love of you:-----
Let wanton wives by death be scar'd:
But to my comfort, I'm prepar'd.

The LADLE.

THE sceptics think 'twas long ago,
 Since gods came down *incognito*,
 To see who were their friends or foes,
 And how our actions fell or rose :
 That, since they gave things their beginning ;
 And set this whirligig a spinning ;
 Supine they in their Heav'n remain,
 Exempt from passion, and from pain :
 And frankly leave us human elves,
 To cut and shuffle for our selves :
 To stand, or walk, to rise, or tumble,
 As matter, and as motion jumble.

The poets now, and painters hold
 This *Thesis* both absurd and bold :
 And year good-natur'd gods, they say,
 Descend some twice or thrice a day :
 Else all these things we toil so hard in,
 Would not avail one single farthing :
 For when the hero we rehearse,
 To grace his actions, and our verse ;
 'Tis not by dint of human thought,
 That to his *Latium* he is brought :
Iris descends, by fate's commands,
 To guide his steps through foreign lands :
 And *Amphitrite* clears his way
 From rocks and quick-sands in the sea.

And if you see him in a sketch ;
 (Tho' drawn by *Paulo* or *Carache*)
 He shows not half his force and strength,
 Strutting in armour, and at length ;
 That he may make his proper figure,
 The piece must yet be four yards bigger :
 The *Nymphs* conduct him to the field :
 One holds his sword and one his shield :

Mars standing by asserts his quarrel :
And *Fame* flies after with a laurel.

These points, I say, of speculation ;
(As 'twere to save or sink the nation)
Men idly learned will dispute,
Assert, object, confirm, refute :
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal arms sustains the fight,
'Till now no umpire can agree 'em :
So both draw off, and sing *Te Deum*.

Is it in *Æquilibrio*,
If deities descend or no ?
Then let th' affirmative prevail,
As requisite to form my tale :
For by all parties 'tis confest,
That those opinions are the best,
Which, in their nature, most conduce
To present ends, and private use.

Two gods came therefore, from above,
One *Mercury*, the other, *Jove* :
The humour was (it seems) to know,
If all the favours they bestow,
Could from our own perverseness ease us,
And If our wish enjoy'd wou'd please us.

Discourfing largely on this theme,
O'er hills and dales their godships came ;
'Till well nigh tir'd at almost night,
They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in disguise, a god, or goddess
Exerts no supernat'ral powers ;
But acts on maxims much like ours.

They spy'd at last a country farm,
Where all was snug, and clean, and warm ;
For woods before, and hills behind
Secur'd it both from rain and wind :
Large oxen in the fields were lowing :
Good grain was sow'd : good fruit was growing .
Of last year's corn in barns great store ;
Fat turkeys gobbling at the door :

And wealth (in short) with peace contented,
That people here should live contented :
But did they in effect do so ?
Have patience, friend ; and thou shalt know.

The honest farmer, and his wife,
To years declin'd from prime of life,
Had struggl'd with the marriage noose ;
As almost ev'ry couple does :
Sometimes, my plague ! sometimes, my darling !
Kissing to day, to morrow snarling :
Jointly submitting to endure
That evil, which admits no cure.

Our gods the outward gate unbarr'd :
Our farmer met 'em in the yard ;
Thought they were folks that lost their way ;
And ask'd them civilly to stay :
Told them, for supper, or for bed
They might go on, and be worse sped. —

So said, so done : the gods consent :
All three into the parlour went :
They compliment : they sit : they chat :
Fight o'er the wars ; reform the state :
A thousand knotty points they clear ;
'Till supper and my wife appear.

Jove made his leg, and kiss'd the dame :
Obsequious *Hermes* did the same.

Jove kiss'd the farmer's wife, you say.
He did — but in an honest way :
Oh ! not with half that warmth and life,
With which he kiss'd *Amphitryon's* wife.-----

Well then, things handsomly were serv'd :
My mistress for the strangers carv'd,
How strong the beer, how good the meat,
How loud they laught, how much they eat ;
In epic sumptuous would appear ;
Yet shall be pass'd in silence here :
For I should grieve to have it said,
That by a fine description led,
I made my episode too long ;
Or tir'd my friend to grace my song.

The grace-cup serv'd, the cloth away,
Jove thought it time to show his play :
 Landlord and landlady, he cry'd,
 Folly and jesting laid aside,
 That ye thus hospitably live,
 And strangers with good-cheer receive,
 Is mighty grateful to your betters,
 And makes ev'n gods themselves your debtors.
 To give this *Theſis* plainer proof,
 You have to night beneath your roof
 A pair of gods : ----- (nay, never wonder)
 This youth can fly, and I can thunder.
 I'm *Jupiter*, and he *Mercurius*,
 My page, my son indeed, but spurious.
 Form then three wishes, you and madam,
 And sure, as you already had 'em,
 The things desir'd, in half an hour
 Shall all be here, and in your pow'r.

Thank ye, great gods, the woman says :
 Oh ! may your altars ever blaze.

A ladle for our silver dish
 Is what I want, is what I wish. -----
 A ladle ! cries the man, a ladle !
 'Odzooks, *Corisca*, you have pray'd ill :
 What shou'd be great, you turn to farce,
 I wish the ladle in your a-----.

With equal grief, and shame, my muse
 The sequel of the tale pursues :
 The ladle fell into the room,
 And stuck in old *Corisca's* bum.
 Our couple weep two wishes past,
 And kindly join to form the last,
 To ease the woman's awkward pain,
 And get the ladle out again.

M O R A L.

THis commoner has worth and parts,
 Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts.

His head akes for a coronet ;

And who is blest'd, that is not great ?

Some sense, and more estate, kind heav'n

To this well-lotted peer has giv'n :

What then ? he must have rule and sway :

And all is wrong, 'till he's in play.

The miser must make up his plumb ;

And dares not touch the hoarded sum :

The sickly dotard wants a wife,

To draw off his last dregs of life.

Against our peace we arm our will :

Amidst our plenty, *Something* still

For horses, houses, pictures, planting,

To thee, to me, to him is wanting.

That cruel *Something* unpossess'd

Corrodes, and leuens all the rest.

That *Something*, if we could obtain,

Would soon create a future pain :

And to the coffin, from the cradle,

'Tis all a *Wish*, and all a *Ladle*.

Written in Mezeray's HISTORY of FRANCE.

I.

WHat-e'er thy countrymen have done,

By law and wit, by sword and gun,

In thee is faithfully recited :

And all the living world, that view

Thy work, give thee the praises due,

At once instructed, and delighted.

II.

Yet for the fame of all these deeds,

What beggar in the *Invalides*,

With lameness broke, with blindness smitten,

Wish'd ever decently to die,

To have been either *Mezeray*,

Or any monarch he has written ?

III.

It's strange, dear author, yet it true is,
That down from *Pharamond* to *Louis*,
All covet life, yet call it pain :
All feel the ill, yet shun the cure :
Can sense this paradox endure ?
Resolve me, *Cambray*, or *Fontaine*.

VI.

The man in graver tragic known,
(Tho' his best part long since was done)
Still on the stage desires to tarry :
And he who play'd the *Harlequin*,
After the jest still loads the scene,
Unwilling to retire, tho' weary.

Written in the BOOK called
*Nouveaux Interêts des Princes de
l'Europe.*

BLeft be the princes, who have fought
For pompous names, or wide dominion ;
Since by their error we are taught,
That happiness is but opinion.

ADRIANI MORIENTIS

Ad Animam suam.

A *Nimula, vagula, blandula,*
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula ?
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca.

By

By Monsieur Fontenelle.

MA petite ame, ma mignonne,
 Tu t'en vas donc, ma fille, & dieu sçache où tu vas :
 Tu pars seulette, nue & tremblotante, hélas !
 Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne ?
 Que deviendront tant de jolis ebats ?

I M I T A T E D.

POor little, pretty, flutt'ring thing,
 Must we no longer live together ?
 And dost thou prune thy trembling wing,
 To take thy flight thou know'st not whither ?
 Thy humourous vein, thy pleasing folly
 Lyes all neglected, all forgot ;
 And pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,
 'Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

To Dr. S H E R L O C K,

On his practical Discourse concerning DEATH.

Forgive the muse, who in unhallow'd strains
 The faint one moment from his God detains :
 For sure, whate'er you do, where-e'er you are,
 'Tis all but one good work, one constant pray'r :
 Forgive her ; and intreat that God, to whom
 Thy favour'd vows with kind acceptance come,
 To raise her notes to that sublime degree,
 Which suits a song of piety and thee.

Won-

Wondrous good man ! whose labours may repel
The force of sin, may stop the rage of hell :
Thou, like the *Baptist*, from thy God wast sent
The crying voice, to bid the World repent.

Thee youth shall study ; and no more engage
Their flatt'ring wishes for uncertain age ;
No more, with fruitless care and cheated strife,
Chace fleeting pleasure thro' this maze of life ;
Finding the wretched *All* they here can have,
But present food, and but a future grave :
Each, great as *Philip's* victor son, shall view
This abject world, and weeping, ask a new.

Decrepit age shall read thee, and confess,
Thy labours can assuage, where med'cines cease :
Shall bless thy words, their wounded soul's relief,
The drops that sweeten their last dregs of life :
Shall look to heav'n, and laugh at all beneath ;
On riches gather'd, trouble ; fame, a breath ;
And life, an ill, whose only cure is death.

Thy even thoughts with so much plainness flow ;
Their sense untutor'd infancy may know ;
Yet to such height is all that plainness wrought,
Wit may admire, and letter'd pride be taught :
Easie in words thy style, in sense sublime :

On its blest steps each age and sex may rise :
'Tis like the ladder in the patriarch's dream :

It's foot on earth, it's height above the skies.
Diffus'd it's virtue, boundless is it's pow'r :
'Tis publick health, and universal cure :
Of heav'nly manna, 'tis a second feast,
A nation's food, and *All* to ev'ry taste.

To it's last height mad *Britain's* guilt was rear'd :
And various death for various crimes she fear'd :
With your kind work her drooping hopes revive :
You bid her read, repent, adore, and live :
You wrest the bolt from heav'n's avenging hand ;
Stop ready death, and save a sinking land.

O ! save us still ; still bless us with thy stay :
O ! want thy heav'n, 'till we have learnt the way :

Refuse

Refuse to leave thy destin'd charge too soon :
 And for the church's good, defer thy own.
 O! live ; and let thy works urge our belief ;
 Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life ;
 'Till future *Infancy*, baptiz'd by thee,
 Grow ripe in years, and old in piety ;
 'Till *Christians*, yet unborn, be taught to die.

Then in full age, and hoary holiness
 Retire, great teacher, to thy promis'd bliss :
 Untouch'd thy tomb, uninjur'd be thy dust,
 As thy own fame among the future just ;
 'Till in last sounds the dreadful trumpet speaks :
 'Till *Judgment* calls ; and quick'ned *Nature* wakes :
 'Till, through the utmost earth, and deepest sea,
 Our scattered *Atoms* find their destin'd way,
 In haste to cloath their kindred souls again ;
 Perfect our state and build immortal man :
 Then fearless thou, who well sustain'dst the fight,
 To paths of joy, and tracts of endless light
 Lead up all those, who heard thee, and believ'd :
 'Midst thy own flock, great shepherd, be receiv'd ;
 And glad all heav'n, with millions thou hast sav'd.



CARMEN

C A R M E N

SECULARE.

C A R E

CARMEN SECULARE,

Latinè redditum.

Per Tho: Dibben, è Trin: Col: Cant:

———Ego Dîs amicum,
 Seculo festas referente luces,
 Reddidi carmen———

Hor.

*F*ane bifrons, priscos à tergo respice lapsi
 Annales ævi, felicesque ordine longo
 Evolvās fastos, quos cætera tempora supra
 Conspicuous albo, sec'lis monumenta futuris,
 Urbes fundatæ, & parti posuere triumpho.
 Aggredere insignes spoliis, laroque decoros
 Enumerare duces, quos nobilis ira gementem
 Impulit ulcisci populum; qui sacra cruore
 Jura patrum sanxere suo; sceptrisque potiti
 Miserunt lætum placidis sub legibus orbem.

Agmine perpetuo series ornata laborum
 Procedat; suus omnis honos, sua debita quemque
 Laus inscripta notet: tum nostra ad tempora casus
 Insignes ducas, famamque & fata parentum
 Mirac'lis oppone novis, Regique Britanno.
 Dumque fide, curâque pari per singula curris;
 Dum varios recolis populos, variosque labores;
 Et studia, & leges, pugnataque prælia seris
 Temporibus mandas; tute ipse fatebere, Jane,
 Omnium in Auriaco cumulari nomine famam:
 Et dices orbi attonito; nil sæcula tale
 Prima tulere hominum, nil majus postera reddent.

Vertice

CARMEN SECULARE,

For the Year 1700.

To the KING

Aspice, venturo latentur ut omnia Sec'lo :
Omibi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
Spiritus, & quantum sat erit tua dicere facta !
 Virg. Eclog. 4.

THy elder look, great *Janus*, cast,
 Into the long records of ages past ;
 Review the years in fairest action drest,
 With noted white superior to the rest ;
Æra's deriv'd, and chronicles begun 5
 From empires founded, and from battles won :
 Show all the spoils by valiant kings atchiev'd ;
 And groaning nations by their arms reliev'd ;
 The wounds of patriots in their country's cause,
 And happy pow'r sustain'd by wholesome laws. 10
 In comely rank call every merit forth :
 Imprint on ev'ry act its standard worth :
 The glorious parallels then downward bring,
 To modern wonders, and to *Britain's* king :
 With equal justice and historic care 15
 Their laws, their toils, their arms with his compare :
 Confess the various attributes of fame
 Collected and compleat in *William's* name :
 To all the list'ning world relate,
 (As thou dost his story read) 20
 That nothing went before so great ;
 And nothing greater can succeed.

Thy

*Vertice sublimi surgat, tua maxima cura,
 Bello & pace potens Latium : fortissima corda,
 Egregios rerum dominos dabat Itala tellus,
 Felix prole virum; sæcundam hanc aspice gentem,
 Romanosque tuos ; huc vertere, & altius omnem
 Nascentis primâ repetens ab origine regni
 Expedias famam ; pulchro in certamine pubem
 Oppone Aufoniam, & cedat sua palma merenti.*

*Si potuit ferro Latii turbare colonos
 Palantes Mavorte jatus, si rustica latè
 Regna domare armis ; raptæ sine more Sabinæ
 Surgenti famæ, cæptisque ingentibus obstant.
 Sacra deum, sanctasque aras, & templa tueri
 Cura Numam subiit ; sed frigida dextera bello,
 Non hastam torquere sciens, enseque rotare
 Fulmineum, juvenumquem manus armare frementum
 Consiliis, esto, Fabii romana vigeant
 Arma: at res omnes gelidè tardèque ministrans,
 Dilator nimium sapiens ingrata trahebat
 Bella. quid immani patrem pietate cruentum
 Ulterior Brutum referam ? fortesque sub armis
 Æmilium, Decium, Curium ? tot magna animorum
 Nos exempla monent, quâ possit lege libido
 Frænari, & quantum cedat virtutibus aurum :
 Hos quoque sed nimium gaudens popularibus auris,
 Hos rapit ambitio, tumidoque superbia fastu
 Ostentans humilesque casas, parvosque penates.
 Sit quanquam illustris, primos inglorius annos
 Scipiades egit : nec mens invicta Catonis
 Semper erat, tunc fassa metum, vel visa fateri,
 Cum cessit fato, & lucem indignata refugit.
 Julius externos si ustrâ domat, omnia Romæ
 Subjiciens, Romam que sibi ; surgitque triumphans
 Afflictos cives super, oppressumque senatum
 Imperium lene Augustus, patriamque subactam
 Mollia vinc'la pati jussit: sed vincula passa est,
 Purpureum cultu insolito venerata tyrannum.*

Thy native *Latium* was thy darling care,
 Prudent in peace, and terrible in war :
 The boldest virtues that have govern'd earth 25
 From *Latium*'s fruitful womb derive their birth.
 Then turn to her fair-written page :
 From dawning childhood to establish'd age,
 The glories of her empire trace :
 Confront the heroes of thy *Roman* race : 30
 And let the justest palm the victor's temples grace. }

The son of *Mars* reduc'd, the trembling swains,
 And spread his empire o'er the distant plains :
 But yet the *Sabins* violated charms
 Obscur'd the glory of his rising arms. 35
Numa the rites of strict religion knew ;
 On ev'ry altar laid the incense due ;
 Unskill'd to dart the pointed spear,
 Or lead the forward youth to noble war.
 Stern *Brutus* was with too much horror good, 40
 Holding his *Fasces* stain'd with filial blood.
Fabius was wise, but with excess of care :
 He sav'd his country ; but prolong'd the war :
 While *Decius*, *Paulus*, *Curius*, greatly fought ;
 And by their strict examples taught, 45
 How wild desires should be controll'd ;
 And how much brighter virtue was, than gold ;
 They scarce their swelling thirst of fame could hide ;
 And boasted poverty with too much pride. 50
 Excess in youth made *Scipio* less rever'd :
 And *Cato* dying seem'd to own, he fear'd.
Julius with honour tam'd *Rome*'s foreign foes :
 But patriots fell, e're the dictator rose.
 And while with clemency *Augustus* reign'd.
 The monarch was ador'd, the city chain'd. 55

With

*Fas veterum laudes justis celebrare triumphis :
 Fas etiam errores, atque omnia ferre sub auras.
 Stare loco impatiens magnâ sese impete versat
 Vivida vis animi, patrii ceu Tybridis unda,
 Cui nunc lene fluens rigat agros dulcis aquæ fons ;
 Vortice nunc rapido volvit se turbidus amnis ;
 Et limo castas obscæno polluit undas :
 Diis quanquam geniti, atque invicti viribus essent,
 Mortalem infecto fassi sunt sanguine matrem.*

*Decolor ex illo vitiiis dominantibus ætas
 Degenerare causa est : rumpit vinc' la omnia miles
 Acer, acerba fremens ; majestatemque verendam
 Effrænis violat rabies : jam segnior annis,
 Deficit illa olim rerum pulcherrima Roma ;
 Heu ! vix agnosces veteris vestigia formæ :
 Donec gens divûm, nati venientibus annis,
 Heroum novus ordo datur, nova lumina jurgunt ;
 Hesperioque dies melior procedit olympo.*

*Aspice ut insignis spoliis Pharamondus opimis
 Ingreditur, magnusque aquilis qui lilia junxit
 Carolus ; inde alii, quos Gallica terra triumphis
 Dives alit, genus acre virum, spectataque bello
 Peçora. sed major nunc rerum apparei imago :
 Sanguinæ en lauri, victriciaque arma Wilhelmi
 Normanni : viden' externis quanta intonet oris
 Teudorum manus armipotens, & nomina magna,
 Plantagenûm metuenda domus ? quid plurima virtus
 Amborum potuit, te victrix Anglia, testor,
 Quam labor heroûm imperio maria omnia circum
 Afferuit, fundansque armis, & legibus ornans :
 Felix, si nunquam regnandi dira cupido
 Cognatas acies paribus concurrere telis
 Egisset, patriæque in viscera vertere vires :
 Illa afflicta sedet, variisque incerta triumphis,
 Cui det colla jugo, quem sit passura tyrannum.*

*Quò Desideri soboles quò Cæsar Adolphus,
 Nassovii que alii rapiunt, celeberrima proles ?*

Omnes

With justest honour be their merits drest :
 But be their failings too confest :
 Their virtue, like their *Tyber's* flood,
 Rolling, its course design'd the country's good :
 But oft the torrent's too impetuous speed
 From the low earth tore some polluting weed :
 And with the blood of *Jove* there always ran
 Some viler part, some tincture of the man.

60

Few virtues after these so far prevail,
 But that their vices more than turn the scale :
 Valour grown wild by pride, and pow'r by rage,
 Did the true charms of majesty impair ;
Rome by degrees advancing more in age,
 Show'd sad remains of what had once been fair :
 'Till heav'n a better race of men supplies ;
 And glory shoots new beams from western skies.

65

}

70

Turn then to *Pharamond*, and *Charlemain*,
 And the long heroes of *Gallic* strain ;
 Experienc'd chiefs, for hardy prowess known,
 And bloody wreaths in vent'rous battles won.
 From the first *William*, our great *Norman* king,
 The bold *Plantagenets*, and *Tudors* bring ;
 Illustrious virtues, who by turns have rose,
 In foreign fields to check *Britannia's* foes ;
 With happy laws her empire to sustain ;
 And with full power assert her ambient main :
 But sometimes too industrious to be great,
 Nor patient to expect the turns of fate,
 They open'd camps deform'd by civil fight :
 And made proud conquests trample over right :
 Disparted *Britain* mourn'd their doubtful way ;
 And dreaded both, when neither would obey.

80

From *Didier*, and imperial *Adolph*. trace
 The glorious offspring of the *Nassau* race,

90

Devoted

*Omnes illustres, omnes in utrumque parati,
 Aut patriam tutari, aut certæ occumbere morti.
 Hos juxta Auriacus pleno fluit agmine sanguis,
 Immortale genus: primusque en! martius auctor
 Corniger; inde heros qui bello à corpore nomen
 Obtinuit; nosco crines, frontemque venustum
 Francigenæ juvenis; domus hinc Chalonia mixta est
 Nassoviis; sedesque novas, Rhenumque bicornem
 Inde petit, linquens Rhodanum, ripamque sonantem.*

*Jamque Stuartiadum series longissima regum
 Emicat. illa diu magnâ ditione tenebat
 Effrænem populum & duris regna horrida glebis:
 Donec fata Deum, & lustris labentibus ætas
 Scotorum manibus transcribe sceptrâ jubebant
 Anglica; feceruntque omnes uno ore Britannos.*

*Atque hic, magne deus, cum res scrutabere nostris,
 Sis bonus O! passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti
 Si quid forte tibi occurrat de gente Stuartum
 Infelix; (utcunque ferent ea fata minores)
 Pro patriâ, obtestor, pro majestate Britanni
 Imperii nihil ingratum, nihil acré dolores
 Obductos vulgare sinas: preme, Jane, tenebris,
 Quæ laudare nequis; teque ad meliora reserves.
 Utque erit ad * Nomen ventum, quod flebile semper
 Semper honoratum (Sic Dî voluistis) habemus
 Supprime singultus, Submissâ & voce dolores
 Hos compeſce, tuo ne docta Britannia luctu
 Ire iterum in lachrymas, iterum gemebunda querelam
 Integret infandam; stilletque cruore recenti
 Æternum crudele patens sub pectore vulnus.*

*Quò jam raptus abis? Nassovi, Jane, labores
 Aggredere O! magnos, atque amplum claude volumen.
 En! infans victor nutu dum temperat iras
 Turbati populi: jacet en! Tirynthius alter;
 Ardentesque hostes, & sibila colla tumentes
 Sternit; & in cunis infans se vindicat heros.*

* Mariæ.

En!

Devoted lives to publick liberty ;
 The chief still dying or the country free.
 Then see the kindred blood of *Orange* flow,
 From warlike *Cornet*, thro' the loins of *Beau* ;
 Thro' *Chalon* next ; and there with *Nassau* joyn, 95
 From *Rhône's* fair banks transplanted to the *Rhine*.

Bring next the royal list of *Stuart's* forth,
 Undaunted minds that rul'd the rugged north ;
 'Till heav'n's decrees by rip'ning times are shown ; }
 'Till *Scotland's* kings ascend the *English* throne ; 101 }
 And the fair rivals live for ever one.

Janus, mighty deity,
 Be kind ; and as thy searching eye
 Does our modern story trace, 106
 Finding some of *Stuart's* race
 Unhappy, pass their annals by ;
 No harsh reflection let remembrance raise ;
 Forbear to mention, what thou can'st not praise.
 But as thou dwell'st upon that heav'nly * *Name*,
 To grief for ever sacred as to fame ; 111
 Oh ! read it to thy self ; in silence weep ;
 And thy convulsive sorrows inward keep :
 Lest *Britain's* grief should waken at the sound ;
 And blood gush fresh from her eternal wound.
 Whither would'st thou further look ?
 Read *William's* acts, and close the ample book :
 Peruse the wonders of his dawning life ;
 How, like *Alcides*, he began ; }
 With infant patience calm'd seditious strife ; }
 And quell'd the snakes which round his cradle ran. }

En!

* Mary.

Describe

En! quantis tollit se rebus firmior ætas?
 Quales primitiæ juvenis, bellique ferocis
 Dura rudimenta, & primis nova gloria in armis?
 Sublimis Marte adverso, mitisque secundo,
 Eventus omnes, & ineluctabile fatum
 Subjecti pedibus: non mens elata triumphis,
 Non depressa malis: sed in omnia pectus honestum
 Fertur idem, fatis contraria fata rependens.
 Dum curas hominum, dum spes contemnit inanes,
 Fortunæque vices cæcas; quocunque cadat res,
 Hoc animo fixum sedet, æternumque sedebit,
 "Parcere subiectis, & debellare superbos.

En! totum heroem, maturum, & sceptrâ tenentem
 Contemplare virum: en! ut justâ fulminet irâ
 Terrarum egregius vindex; placidusque volentes
 Per populos det jura; infesto & leniat hosti
 Pectora flexanimus victor; mitisque jacentum
 Dat vitam lachrymis! quo pectora fida suorum
 Amplecti studio properat? quàm totus in illis?
 Quàm curas pater indulgens descendit in omnes?
 Nec regem pudet officio certare priorem.
 Hâc arte, ô bellis ingens, ingentior almâ
 Morum temperie, devincis corda benignis
 Assueta imperiis: longos hâc arte triumphos
 Maxime victor agis, cum teque animosque tuorum,
 Pacatumque regas æquis virtutibus orbem.

Per varias vitæque vices, operumque colores
 Idem cautus honos, metuens & gratia culpæ,
 Puraque simplicitas totâ descripta tabellâ
 Effulget; constansque sibi servatur ad imum.
 Victores castra ingrederis? Certamina nulla
 Cum victis, belli nulla horrida signa cruenti
 Apparent infixâ agris: non militis ardor
 Turbarit pectus; nec purpura picta superbos
 Induxit regum fastus; sed fama peric'lo
 Explorata, (velut fulvum fornacibus aurum,
 Emicat innocuo: frustra vulcania pestis
 Circum immanè fremit: contemptorique minatur
 Flammasuo: cæco contra dominata furori

Ardens

Describe his youth, attentive to alarms,
 By dangers form'd, and perfected in arms;
 When conqu'ring mild, when conquer'd not disgrac'd;
 By wrongs not lessen'd, nor by triumphs rais'd: 125
 Superior to the blind events
 Of little human accidents;
 And constant to his first decree,
 To curb the proud, to set the injur'd free;
 To bow the haughty neck, and raile the suppliant }
 knee.

His opening years to riper manhood bring; 131
 And see the hero perfect in the king:
 Imperious arms by manly reason sway'd,
 And power supreme by free consent obey'd:
 With how much haste his mercy meets his foes;
 And how unbounded his forgiveness flows:
 With what desire he makes his subjects blest'd,
 His favours granted e're his throne address'd:
 What trophies o'er our captiv'd hearts he rears,
 By arts of peace more potent, than by wars: 140
 How o'er himself, as o'er the world, he reigns,
 His morals strength'ning what his law ordains.

Thro' all his thread of life already spun,
 Becoming grace and proper action run:
 The piece by virtue's equal hand is wrought,
 Mix'd with no crime, and shaded with no fault:

No footsteps of the victor's rage
 Left in the camp, where *William* did engage:
 No tincture of the monarch's pride
 Upon the royal purple spy'd:

His fame, like gold, the more 'tis try'd,
 The more shall it's intrinsic worth proclaim;
 Shall pass the combat of the searching flame,
 And triumph o'er the vanquish'd heat;

150 }

*Ardens spectatur virtus, pondusque nitoremque
Illæsum servans; & amico vivit in igne.*

Unum, Jane, oro (quando nos nostraque morti
Debemur) magni saltem mirac'la Wilhelmi
Exuperare, virumque finas volitare per ora;
Ut nati natorum, & qui nascentur ab illis
Virtutem ex illo moniti, pulchrumque laborem
Cognoscant, & sancta procul vestigia adorent.
Exoriare aliquis, regis qui gesta Britanni,
Fataque fortunasque docens, moresque manusque
(Argumentum ingens!) vivis committere chartis
Ausis, & serum producere nomen in ævum:
Cum statuæ, multo cum victum tempore marmor,
Æraque labentur; cum bello sævior omni,
Invidiosa dies famæ monumenta Britannæ,
Delebit: tardis cum Sabis flexibus ibit
Per terras mutata novas; serique nepotes
Quærent, quâ stabant immania saxa Namurcæ.

En! urbem, dicent, quæ quondam condidit astris
Ambitiosa caput; toties quæ pertulit omnem
Irrisi nubem belli: sed non ita sensit
Armatos Britonas; non irrita tela Wilhelmi
Experta est; vastis dum victor turribus instans,
Cum populo, & signis victricibus, & magnis diis,
Fundamenta quatit: mortaliaque agmina frustra
Contra Nassovium atque Jovem, contraque Minervam
Tela tenent: medio discrimine cædis & ignis,
Ceu Perseus per aperta volans, ipse arduus arces
Oppositas scandit; frustra que objecta retardant
Flumina, flammæque globi, scopulique minaces.
En! tandem summis insultans arcibus heros;
Atque Angli juxtâ, fulgentia signa, leones.

Et jam finis erat, cum victor vertice ab alto
Despexit Gallum attonitum, & tum libera vinc'lo
Littoraque, & latos populos; pacemque silenti
Indulset felicem orbi: longè audiit æther,
Et terræ, & fluvii; jamque ibat molior undis

Mosa

For ever coming out the same,
And losing nor it's lustre, nor it's weight.

155

Janus be to *William* just ;
To faithful history his actions trust :
Command her, with peculiar care
To trace each toil, and comment ev'ry war :
His saving wonders bid her write, 161
In characters distinctly bright ;
That each revolving age may read
The patriot's piety, the hero's deed :
And still the fire inculcate to his son,
Transmissive lessons of the king's renown :
That *William's* glory still may live
When all that present art can give,
The pillar'd marble, and the tablet brass,
Mould'ring, drop the victor's praise : 170
When the great Monuments of his pow'r
Shall now be visible no more :
When *Sambre* shall have chang'd her winding flood ;
And children ask, where *Namur* stood.

Namur, proud city, how her tow'rs were arm'd !
How she contemn'd th' approaching foe ! 176
Till she by *William's* trumpets was alarm'd ;
And shook, and sunk, and fell beneath his blow.
Jove and *Pallas*, mighty pow'rs,
Guided the hero to the hostile tow'rs.
Perseus seem'd less swift in war, 181
When wing'd with speed, he flew thro' air.
Embattl'd nations strive in vain,
The hero's glory to restrain :
Streams arm'd with rocks, and mountains red with fire,
In vain against his force conspire.
Behold him from the dreadful height appear !
And lo, *Britannia's* lions waving there !

Europe freed, and *France* repell'd,
The hero from the height beheld : 190
He spake the word, that war and rage should cease :

Mosa ; ferusque suas Rhēnus compefcuit iras.
 Continuo leges æternaque fœdera certis
 Impofuit manus æqua locis ; quam fingula metam,
 Et quem quæque ferat dominum, quem quæque recuset
 Gens, femel edixit ; mirantemque admonet orbem,
 Quantus amor populi, quanta & reverentia mitem
 Profequitur regem : comes indivifus amico
 Adftat honos lateri : fupra caput explicat alas
 Libertas firmata novas ; pulchræque fiores
 Et virtus & fama, pari difcrimine certant,
 Utrum ornare magis regemne, virumne deceret.

*Quid loquor ? aut ubi fum ? quis me per opaca viarum
 Ire furor fuadet ? quos Mufa affurgit in ausus ?
 Dum vatis furias Thebani concipit (ignes
 O fi conciperet fimiles !) Te Jane relinquit,
 Teque arasque tuas, ut cælum & fidera tentet ;
 Demens ! quæ nimbos & non imitabile fulmen
 Pindaricum fimulare aufa eft. Da, Jane, furenti,
 Da veniam Mufæ, fua quam rapit ampla volantem
 Materia ; & tollit volvens fub naribus ignem
 Pegasus ardua in aftra ; neque audit anhelus habenas.
 Cum latos campos, immenſumque afpicit æquor,
 Expatiat equus ; vix hæret Mufa frementi,
 Nec fcit, quâ fi iter ; nec fi fciat, imperet illi.
 Saxa per, & fcopulos, & depreffas convalles
 Infequitur regem ; tellusque fub ungue tonanti
 Iffa gemit ; reboant fylvæque, & magnus Olympus.*

*Nunc cafus Mufa antiquos, annosque reducit
 Præteritos, patriiſque virum meditat in arvis.
 Hic Britonum motus curâ, lachrymiſque fuorum
 Confilium vultu tegit ; & fecum ante peractum
 Belli & regnorum volvit fub peftore fatum :
 Et mox armatas hyberno fydere claſſes
 Molitur ; contraque iras cœlique, mariſque,*

Impa-

Poems on several Occasions.

95

He bid the *Maese* and *Rhine* in safety flow ;
And dictated a lasting peace
To the rejoicing world below.

To rescu'd states, and vindicated crowns,
His equal hand prescrib'd their ancient bounds ;
Ordain'd whom ev'ry province should obey ;
How far each monarch should extend his sway :
Taught 'em how clemency made pow'r rever'd ;
And that the prince belov'd was truly fear'd.

195

Firm by his side unspotted honour stood,
Pleas'd to confess him, not so great as good :
His head with brighter beams fair virtue deckt,
Than those which all his num'rous crowns reflect :
Establish'd freedom clap'd her joyful wings ;
Proclaim'd the first of men, and best of kings.

201

Whither would the muse aspire
With *Pindar's* rage without his fire ?
Pardon me, *Janus*, 'twas a fault,
Created by too great a thought :
Mindless of the God and day,
I from thy altars, *Janus*, stray,
From thee, and from my self, born far away.

3

The fiery *Pegasus* disdains
To mind the rider's voice, or hear the reins :
When glorious fields and opening camps he views ;
He runs with an unbounded loose ;
Hardly the muse can fit the headstrong horse ;
Nor would she, if she could, check his impetuous force :
With the glad noise the cliffs and vallies ring ;
While she, thro' earth and air, pursues the king.

215

She now beholds him on the *Belgic* shore,
Whilst *Britain's* tears his ready help implore,
Dissembling for her sake his rising cares,
And with wise silence pond'ring vengeful wars.

223

She thro' the raging ocean now
Views him advancing his auspicious prow ;
Combating adverse winds, and winter seas,
Sighing the moments that defer our ease ;

*Impavidus grande urget iter : tum sanguine multo
Tutandas Anglorum arces, oblataque regna
Occupat ; amisso fluitantem errare magistro
Sensit ; Et ipse ratem turbatis rexit in undis.
Jamque alias hinc in lacrymas, alia horrida bella,
Per desolatæ regna infelicia Iernes
Divæ virum sequitur ; fluctusque irrumpit in altos
Bovindæ bello undantis ; tum Næïdas ad se
Impatiens trepidas vocat ; hortaturque sorores
Maturare fugam, quantusque emerferat heros,
Oceano narrare patri : vanum ille timorem
Ridet ; eamque manum victis agnoscit in undis,
Imperio dignam Pelagi, sævoque tridente.*

*Hinc pleno Britonum victor subit ostia velo,
Stans celsâ in puppi : pueri, innuptæque puellæ,
Effusique patres, resonantia littora circum
Sacra canunt reduci : sed reppulit ille molestum
Officium ; poscitque animos, laudeque recusat.
Mox charos iterum Belgas, sedesque suorum,
Et patriam, Et toties raptos ex hoste penates
Hospes adit ; varii populi, diversaque signa,
Externique duces omnes socia arma ferentes
Communem celebrare ducem ; quàm tardus ad iram,
Quàm placidus victor, fortunatusque laborum
Securus palmæ, dum prædam rejicit heros !*

*Nunc versæ scenæ discedunt ; altera rerum
Nunc surgit facies : aliâ sub luce videri
Heros grandis amat ; successuque altior ipso
Innumeris belli spoliis, partisque trophæis
Pacem lætus emit : jam virgo reddita terras
Pacatas visit ; jamque aurea tempora circum
Felicis securæ quatit concordia pennas.*

*Mox ad Danubium, raucæque Propontidis undam,
Eoasque plagas, alis audacibus ardens
Musa volat ; lethi quâ jam discrimine parvo
Stant acies, utrinque necem lugubro minantes :
Hi motus animorum, iræ, infandique paratus,
Compressâ belli rabie, suspensa tenentur ;*

Donec

Daring to wield the sceptre's dang'rous weight,
And taking the command, to save the state :
Tho' ere the doubtful gift can be secur'd,
New wars must be sustain'd, new wounds endur'd.

Thro' rough *Ierne's* camp she found alarms,
And kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by arms ;
In the dank marshes finds her glorious theme :
And plunges after him thro' *Boyn's* fierce stream.
She bids the *Nereids* run with trembling haste,
To tell old *Ocean* how the hero past. 240
The God rebukes their fear, and owns the praise
Worthy that arm, whose empire he obeys.

Back to his *Albion* she delights to bring
The humblest victor, and the kindest king.
Albion, with open triumph, would receive 245

Her hero, nor obtains his leave :
Firm he rejects the Altars, she would raise ;
And thanks the zeal, while she declines the praise.
Again she follows him thro' *Belgia's* land,
And countries often sav'd by *William's* hand : 250
Hears joyful nations bless those happy toils,
Which freed the people, but return'd the spoils.
In various views she tries her constant theme ;
Finds him in councils, and in arms, the same :
When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to save ;
Tardy to vengeance, and with mercy, brave.

Sudden, another scene employs her sight ;
She sets her hero in another light :
Paints his great mind superior to success,
Declining conquest, to establish Peace : 260
She brings *Afræa* down to earth again,
And quiet, brooding o'er his future reign.

Then with unweary'd wing the goddess soars
East over *Danube* and *Propontis* shoars ;
Where jarring empires, ready to engage, 265
Retard their Armies, and suspend their rage ;
Till

*Donec confilia ingentis spectata Wilhelmi
Ostendant, pacemne colant, an in arma ferantur.
Quæ regio in terris, ubi regis fœdera sancta,
Aut leges placidæ ignotæ? quæ regna per orbem
(Qualemunque fidem, dominum quemcunque fatentur)
Communem Auriaco dubitent submittere causam?*

*Hinc ad hyperboream glaciem, montesque nivales
Urget diva viam, quâ Muscoviticus altum
Fulminat ad Tanaim Cæsar; nutuque tremendo
Jura quaterdenis juvenis dat gentibus unus:
Hic tamen, hic Cæsar perculsus nomine regis
Majoris, non legatis, neque dulce ministris
Officium impatiens cessit; se, se ipse, suumque
Objecit caput, infidi maris omnia vincens
Tædia, dimidiumque orbis post terga relinquens,
Tangeret ut sanctam, per quam stetit Anglia, dextram.
Hujus in imperio tumidum, magnumque fluentem
Cernere erat Volgam; multâ cui spumeus undâ,
Saxosumque sonans, obstantia pondera torrens
Aut secum rapit, aut immiti gurgite mergit.
Sed nostrum, sed Musa suum tibi, Tame, tuisque
Rivis assimulat regem: non amnis abundans,
Sed plenus per opima virum sortem absque furore
Fundit aquam, tardoque procul longuore serenam:
Quoscunque ô! Britonum lambis pulcherrimus agros,
Omnia ibi ridere facis: tibi candida Nais
Purpureas inter violas, & suavè rubentes
Vota facit resoluta rosas: te lentus in umbrâ
Labentem expectat pastor: te mollia prata,
Te sitiunt croceis halantes floribus horti.*

*Quo feror? unde abii? tuque, audacissima Musa,
Quo peritura ruis? si formidabile littus,
Si Lycios temnas saltus, fataliaque arva,
Bellerophontæi quæ signavère furores;
I, sequere infidos ventos, nova nomina lapsu
Subjectis positura undis: ea surda monenti
Ardet in astra magis; perque inconcessa diei*

Till *William's* word, like that of fate, declares,
 If they shall study peace, or lengthen wars.
 How sacred his renown for equal laws,
 To whom the world defers it's common cause!
 How fair his friendships, and his leagues how just,
 Whom ev'ry nation courts, whom all religions trust!

From the *Maotis*, to the northern sea,
 The goddess wings her desp'rate way;
 Sees the young *Muscovite*, the mighty head, 275
 Whose sov'reign terror forty nations dread,
 Inamour'd with a greater monarch's praise;
 And passing half the earth, to his embrace:
 She in his rule beholds his *Volga's* force,
 O'er precipices, with impetuous sway 280
 Breaking, and as he rowls his rapid course,
 Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his way.
 But her own king she likens to his *Thames*,
 With gentle course devolving fruitful streams;
 Serene yet strong, majestic yet sedate, 285
 Swift, without violence, without terror, great.
 Each ardent nymph the rising current craves:
 Each shepherd's pray'r retards the parting waves:
 The vales along the bank their sweets disclose:
 Fresh flowers for ever rise, and fruitful harvest grows.

Yet whither would th' advent'rous goddess go? 291
 Sees she not clouds, and earth, and main below?
 Minds she the dangers of the *Lycian* coast,
 And fields, where mad *Bellerophon* was lost?
 Or is her tow'ring flight reclaim'd 295
 By seas, from *Icarus's* downfal nam'd?
 Vain is the call, and useless the advice:
 To wise persuasion deaf, and human cries.

*Luxurians spatia æterni, petit intima divum
 Sacra, Jovem, similemque Jovis, dictura Wilhelmum :
 Indefessa illi maturos poscit honores ;
 Illi ut olympiæ referantur præmia palmæ,
 Quam velox Theron, quam vastis viribus ingens.
 Sperabat nunquam Chromius : Musam illius ergo
 Per nitidos orbes lucis, camposque patentes
 Dulcis raptat amor : juvat explorare priorum
 Curæ iter ignotum : sed inextricabilis error,
 Et cæcæ ambages, quas una resolvere virtus
 Nassovii novit, securam, & vana tumentem
 Exuperant longè divam ; jamque æthere toto
 Præcipitata agitur ; jam torti fulminis instar
 Fertur ; & horrificis tonat exanimata ruinis.
 O captum sublime ! infælix exitus ausi
 Nobilis ! ô Musa, & vires pro nomine tanto
 Exiguæ ! sed sic potius cecidisse juvabit
 Audentem, quàm venâ humili inferiora secutam
 Radere iter medium, tutasque extendere pennas.*

*Nunc ad te, & tua sacra, pater, turbamque sonantem.
 (Matres atque viros) quæ circum plurima clausas
 Fusa fores, pacem Britonum, vitamque Wilhelmi
 Ardens implorat, nunc ambitiosa vagantes
 Musa modos revocet ! tuque ô ! quâ sæcula fronte
 Jane vides ventura, Rheæ genetricis in alvum
 Descendas, partus ubi semina prima futuri,
 Et teneræ species, simulachraque carcere clauso
 Mixta jacent ; donec magnum per inane coacta
 Mox durare jubes & rerum sumere formas.
 Tum tua vox, divine autor, tua cæca relaxat
 Spiramenta manus ; justis emissæ figuris
 Dum vestit junctura decens & amabilis ordo.
 Sed nimium brevis hora fugam meditata perennem
 Transfit & æternam repetunt nascentia noctem.*

*Non de navali surgentes ære triumpho,
 Captivi currus, ereptaque ab hoste tropæa ;
 Non civilis honos quercus, non umbra coronæ
 Muralis, laurique novum decus addere regi*

Yet upward she incessant flies ;
 Resolv'd to reach the high empyrean sphere, 300
 And tell great *Jove*, she sings his image here ;
 To ask for *William* an olympic crown,
 To *Chromius*' strength, and *Theron*'s speed unknown :
 'Till lost in trackless fields of shining day,

Unable to discern the way, 305
 Which *Nassau*'s virtue only could explore,
 Untouch'd, unknown, to any muse before,
 She, from the noble precipices thrown,
 Comes rushing with uncommon ruin down.

Glorious attempt ! unhappy fate ! 310
 The song too daring, and the theme too great !

Yet rather thus she wills to die,
 Than in continu'd annals live, to sing,
 A second hero, or a vulgar king ;
 And with ignoble safety fly, 315
 In sight of earth, along a middle sky.

To *Janus*' altars, and the numerous throng,
 That round his mystic temple press,
 For *William*'s life and *Albion*'s peace,
 Ambitious muse, reduce the roving song.

Janus, cast thy forward eye
 Future, into great *Rhea*'s pregnant womb ;
 Where young Ideas brooding lye,
 And tender images of things to come :
 'Till by thy high commands releas'd ; 325
 'Till by thy hand in proper atoms dress'd,
 In decent order they advance to light ;
 Yet then too swiftly fleet by human sight ;
 And meditate too soon their everlasting flight. }

Nor beaks of ships in naval triumph born, 330
 Nor standards from the hostile ramparts torn,
 Nor trophies brought from battles won,
 Nor oaken wreath, nor mural crown
 Can any future honours give
 To the victorious monarch's name : 335

Angliaco possunt ; satis illum conscia virtus,
 Gestaque sublimem tollunt : ad sidera raptim
 Vi propriâ nituntur, opisque haud indiga nostræ.
 Nunc ergo, ut populus felix cum rege potenti
 Fortunis paribus surgat ; compagibus arctis
 Claudantur belli portæ : et jam, mystice custos,
 Mititor ô ! jam, diæ, precor, melioribus orbis
 Auspiciis, aliosque dies, aliumque tenorem
 Tandem habeat, jubeas : hic ferrea desinat ætas
 (Magna, esto, sed ferrea erat) fassusque metallum
 Pulchrius annorum se gratior explicet ordo.
 Haud iterum pavidos bellum turbabit agrestes ;
 At secunda quies, at mollis somnus, amores
 Jucundi, suavesque joci cum dulcibus horis
 Perpetuum ducant orbem : hoc à cardinerum
 Paulatim incipiant magni procedere menses :
 Atque his flava Ceres, his formosissima Flora
 Aspiret ; surgatque novogens aurea sæclo.

Immunis belli, dextræque innixa Wilhelmi
 Terra Britanna sui, sedeat ; spectetque ruinas,
 Et cladem, & lachrymas, quarum pars nulla futura est,
 Externas ; iræque hominum miseretur inanis.
 Illa inter motas fatum immutabile gentes
 Dispenjet ; vincantque illæ quas vincere mavult
 Sic roto celsos tuti sub matribus agni
 Balatu implebunt colles : sic vallibus imis,
 Irriguos amnes inter, seges aurea in Altum
 Surget ; & ipsa suas mirabitur Anglia messes.
 Delicias diva æternas dum pectore pleno
 Fundet ; & ambrosios spirabit vertice odores.

Aulæ antiquæ cæcis exorta ruinis
 (Quæ turres albas, veterum penetralia regum
 Wolfei fabricata manu, Henricique labores,
 Cernere erat) juvenile caput phœnicis ad instar
 Regia sublimis tollat, melioribus, oro,
 Auspiciis ; & quæ fuerit minus obvia flammis.
 Alta, augusta, ingens, dominoque simillima magno,

Pardat

The plenitude of *William's* fame
 Can no accumulated stores receive.
 Shut then, auspicious god, thy sacred gate,
 And make us happy, as our king is great.
 Be kind, and with a milder hand,
 Closing the volume of the finish'd age,
 (Tho' noble, 'twas an iron page)
 A more delightful leaf expand,
 Free from alarms, and fierce *Bellona's* rage :
 Bid the great months begin their joyful round,
 By *Flora* some, and some by *Ceres* crown'd :
 Teach the glad hours to scatter, as they fly,
 Soft quiet, gentle love, and endless joy :
 Lead forth the years for peace and plenty fam'd,
 From *Saturn's* rule, and better metal nam'd.

340

350

Secure by *William's* care let *Britain* stand ;
 Nor dread the bold invader's hand :
 From adverse shoars in safety let her hear
 Foreign calamity, and distant war ;
 Of which let her, great heav'n, no portion bear.
 Betwixt the nations let her hold the scale ;
 And as she wills, let either part prevail :
 Let her glad vallies smile with wavy corn :
 Let fleecy flocks her rising hills adorn :
 Around her coast let strong defence be spread :
 Let fair abundance on her breast be shed :
 And heav'nly sweets bloom round the goddess' head.

3

359

3

Where the white towers and ancient roofs did stand,
 Remains of *Wolsey's*, or great *Henry's* hand,
 To age now yielding, or devour'd by flame ;
 Let a young *Phœnix* raise her tow'ring head :
 Her wings with lengthen'd honour let her spread ;
 And by her greatness show her builder's fame.
 August and open, as the hero's mind,
 Be her capacious courts design'd :

370

Let

Pandat se veneranda domus : captiva columnæ
 Arma ferant sacræ, belli monumenta cruenti,
 Spiculaque clypeosque atque horrida sanguine signa :
 Stabunt & parii lapides, mediusque Wilhelmus
 En spirans : humerusque recens à vulnere vivis
 Rorabit guttis : metuens pro vindice mundi
 A tergo apparet Genius, capitique minacem
 Avertit mortem : jacet illa innoxia, inermis,
 (Nam sic consuluit Jovis indulgentia terris)
 Intrepidi ante pedes heroïs : tu quoque magnam
 Partem opere in tanto, viridi Bovinda reclinans
 Lecto, habeas, imo senior de gurgite visus
 Lauriferum quassare caput : saxum evomit undas ;
 Eternique cadunt cæso de marmore rivus.

Tuque ô ! quæ jamæ servas monumenta Britannæ,
 Regis opus, regumque decus, cape dona tuorum,
 Incluta Winsoriæ turris. Tu stellifer æther,
 Signa geris, quibus ipse suum & delecta suorum
 Pectora distinguit divisque accedere jussit
 Nassovius, proprioque pater decoravit honore.

Tu circum Ormondi robustum mystica nectens
 Vinc' la genu, potuisti equitem socium addere regi :
 Redditus his victor terris, spoliisque potitus,
 Suppliciter venerans divi sub militis aram
 Vota facit : veterum juxta decora alta parentum,
 Botleros inter, victriciaque arma Bohuni
 Ipse suum clypeum, suaque æmula signa superbis
 Postibus aptavit, tanti non immemor hæres
 Nominis, aut proavum dubitans extendere famam ;
 Utcunque illa novi secum grave pondus honoris
 Attulit Ofloridæ mater Nassovia genti.

Sacvilli tu, diva, latus, tu lumine pectus
 Sanctum ornas, ubi dulcis honos, ubi mille placendi
 Conjurant artes ; labor unus & una voluptas,
 Tollere depressos, & sustentare jacentes.
 Hos brevis informet fragiles dum spiritus artus,
 Indictus nunquam nostris Sacvillus abibit

Let ev'ry sacred pillar bear
 Trophies of arms, and monuments of war:
 The king shall there in *Parian* marble breathe,
 His shoulder bleeding fresh : and at his feet
 Disarm'd shall lie the threat'ning *Death* :
 (For so was saving *Jove's* decree compleat.)
 Behind, that angel shall be plac'd, whose shield
 Sav'd *Europe*, in the blow repell'd :
 On the firm basis, from his oozy bed
 Boyne shall raise his laurell'd head ;
 And his immortal stream be known,
 Artfully waving thro' the wounded stone.

380

And thou, imperial *Windfor*, stand enlarg'd,
 With all the monarch's trophies charg'd :
 Thou, the fair heav'n, that dost the stars inclose,
 Which *William's* bosom wears or hand bestows
 On the great champions, who support his throne,
 And virtues nearest to his own:

388

Round *Ormond's* knee thou ty'st the mystic string,
 That makes the knight companion to the king.
 From glorious camps return'd, and foreign fields
 Bowing before thy fainted warrior's shrine,
 Fast by his great forefathers coats, and shields
 Blazon'd from *Bobun's*, or from *Butler's* line,
 He hangs his arms ; nor fears those arms

should
 [shine]

With an unequal ray ; or that his deed
 With paler glory should recede,
 Eclips'd by theirs ; or lessen'd by the fame
 Ev'n of his own maternal *Nassau's* name.

399

Thou smiling see'st great *Dorset's* Worth confess,
 The ray distinguishing the patriot's breast ;
 Born to protect and love, to help and please ;
 Sov'raign of wit, and ornament of peace.
 O ! long as breath informs this fleeting frame,
 Ne'er let me pass in silence *Dorset's* name ;

405

Ne'er

*Carminibus ; nunquam labetur pectore chari
Officium capitis : munus quia maximus ille
Confert ; collatique olim meminisse recusat.*

*Jura fidemque patrum, liberatamque Cavendos
Afferere audentes, tuus amplo vestit honore
Divæ, favor : stabit longum fortuna per ævum
Alta domus ; patrioque nitebunt fidere nati.*

*Per te Sanctimauro, per te Talbotia proles,
Felices ambo, vestigia magna parentum
Ambo lustrantes, saxum hoc immobile dum tu
Servas, nomina erunt, tuque, ô pars maxima musæ,
O decus, ô nostrum, cui pulchro in corpore virtus
Emicat, & sincera fides, & gratia morum,
Has Jersæe, (preces valeant si vatis amici
Si deus hoc carmen, deus hoc inspiret Apollo ;)
Has tanges aras ; hinc cingula sacra decoro
Aptabis lateri, veterisque insignia famæ
Villeriis fueta & tibi non indebita fumes.*

*Artibus intentum melior tum cura vocabit
Herôa Angliacum ; mirantem annalibus orbem
Exornare suis, serosque docere nepotes
Imperii arcana, & magna exemplaria belli.
Hinc, ut virtutem dociles, verumque laborem
Cognoscant, laudisque animi accendantur amore ;
Regis ad exemplum portis se prima juvenus
Effundens, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent ;
Per saltus, gelidumque nemus, præruptaque saxa,
Nunc cervos turbabit agens ; nunc ardua in armis,
Et vigil ad vocem, quâ fictum buccina signum
Bellica dat, grave martis opus, sub imagine lusus,
Paulatim ex tanto assuecat tolerare magistro ;
Et nunc altus eques spatii magna atria circum
Curvatis fertur ; luctantia nunc premit ora
Bellatoris equi ; nunc torto verbere pronus
Dat lora, & medio fervens in pulvere, strictum
Aut ensen quatit, aut certam jacies impiger hastam.*

Pacis.

Ne'er cease to mention the continu'd debt,
Which the great patron only would forget,
And duty, long as life, must study to acquit.

Renown'd in thy records shall *Ca'ndish* stand,
Asserting legal pow'r, and just command : 410
To the great house thy favour shall be shown,
The father's star transmissive to the son.

From thee the *Talbot's* and the *Seymour's* race
Inform'd, their fire's immortal steps shall trace :
Happy may their sons receive 415

The bright reward, which thou alone canst give.

And if a god these lucky numbers guide ;
If sure *Apollo* o'er the verse preside ;

Jersey, belov'd by all : (for all must feel
The influence of a form and mind, 420

Where comely grace, and constant virtue dwell,
Like mingl'd streams, more forcible when join'd.)

Jersey shall at thy altars stand ;

Shall there receive the azure band,
The fairest mark of favour and of fame,
Familiar to the *Villiers'* name.

Science to raise, and knowledge to enlarge,

Be our great master's future charge ;
To write his own memoirs, and leave his heirs
High schemes of government, and plans of wars ;

By fair rewards our noble youth to raise
To em'lous merit, and to thirst of praise ;

To lead them out from ease ere op'ning dawn,
Through the thick forest and the distant lawn,

Where the fleet stag employs their ardent care ;
And chafes give them images of war. 436

To teach them vigilance by false alarms ;

Inure them in feign'd camps to real arms ;

Practise them now to curb the turning steed,

Mocking the foe ; now to his rapid speed

To give the rein ; and in the full career,

To draw the certain sword, or send the pointed spear

*Pacis amans, studiisque favens, socia agmina jungant
 Sancta corona senum, exemplis monitura minores,
 Qui virtutis honos, & quid sapientia possit.
 Hos rerum juvet obscuros penetrare recessus,
 Et varias causas, naturæ arcana modestæ,
 Indiciis aperire novis clarisque repertis.
 Illos degeneri audentes succurrere sec'lo,
 Cura gravis maneat morum; & labor Hercule dignus
 Exonerare repletum immundâ forde theatrum.
 Sermones alii patrios, incertaque verba
 Ad leges fixas revocent, veneresque decoras;
 Ut latè Angliacis instructa annalibus orbis
 Gaudeat, & nostram resonet gens singula linguam,
 Vindictis ante pedes quæcunque effusa Britanni,
 Miserat aut oppressa preces, aut libera grates.*

*Neglectum in primis carmen, Musamque jacentem
 Tollat amica manus: nam respondere labori
 Musa pio novit, regisque rependere amores.
 Illa patrum cineres sanctos, venerandaque busta
 Vulgari secernit humo, famamque silenti
 Vindicat à tumulo: per Musam notus Ulysses
 Spirat adhuc; coramque virum jam cernere fas est:
 Musæ Agamemnonias palmas, semperque recentes
 Conservare datur lauros: eadem illa Wilhelmi,
 (Cum statuæ, solidoque arcus de marmore ficti
 Deficient) longo nomen sacrum asseret ævo,
 Haud verò par officium, partesque premamus
 Ingrati alternas; cum nil sine Cæsare pulchrum,
 Nil altum musæ labor inchoat; altera junctam
 Alterius sic poscit opem, & conjurat amicè.
 Igneus hinc numeris vigor, & cælestis origo;
 Hinc effulgentes æternâ luce Camænæ,
 Informi cedente situ, tenebrisque fugatis,
 Invida squallentis vincent oblivia noctis.*

*Securos Britonum commercia libera portus
 Omni ex parte petent; totum demissa per orbem
 Pulchrior hinc Argo, meliori & vellere divæ*

Annua

Let him unite his subjects hearts,
Planting societies for peaceful arts -
Some that in nature shall true knowledge found,
And by experiment make precept sound;
Some that to morals shall recall the age,
And purge from vitious dross the sinking stage:
Some that with care true eloquence shall teach;
And to just idioms fix our doubtful speech:
That from our writers distant realms may know,
The thanks we to our monarch owe;
And schools profess our tongue tho' ev'ry land,
That has invok'd his aid, or blest his hand.

444

Let his high pow'r the drooping *Muses* rear.
The *Muses* only can reward his care:
'Tis they that guard the great *Atrides*' spoils:
'Tis they that still renew *Ulysses*' toils:
To them by smiling *Jove* 'twas given to save
Distinguish'd patriots from the common grave;
To them, great *William*'s glory to recall,
When statues moulder, and when arches fall.
Nor let the muses, with ungrateful pride,
The sources of their treasure hide:
The hero's virtue does the string inspire,
When with big joy they strike the living lyre:
On *William*'s fame their fate depends:
With him the song begins: with him it ends:
From the bright effluence of his deed
They borrow that reflected light,
With which the lasting lamp they feed,
Whose beams dispel the damps of envious night.

455

461

470.

Thro' various climes, and to each distant pole,
In happy tides let active commerce rowl:
Let *Britain*'s ships export an annual fleece,
Richer then *Argos* brought to ancient *Greece*;

Return.

*Annua dona feret, spoliisque redibit onusta,
 Indiam in Europam portans, gazamque nitentem,
 Quæ diffusa jacet, quæ sol utrumque recurrens
 Aspicit oceanum, quascunque Britannica pinus
 Ingreditur sublimis aquas, submittat honores
 Navita quisque suos; puppesque insigne superbum
 Inclinent, fassæ, quem Tethys omnibus undis
 Elegit, dominum; quem vasto immobile fatum
 Destinât imperio, terræque marique potentem.*

*Audi vere preces divi: jamque Anglica classis,
 Quæ dabit aura viam, tutum per aperta profundî
 Curret iter, nova regna petens, nova littora visens,
 Ignotumque suis mittens sub legibus orbem.
 Alter tum Ganges, atque altera, quæ feret aurum
 India Nassovio cedit: populique feroces
 Arma, artes, moresque scient, nomenque Wilhelmi.*

*Suppliciter venerans, demisso lumine stabit
 Agmen agreste virum; miramque loquentis ab ore
 Historiam eripiens, nunc famam & fata Wilhelmi,
 Vulnera, sudorem, palmasque, periclaque discet,
 Quæ quibus anteferat dubitans; nunc quantus in armis,
 Qualis in hoste fuit; quos bello & pace triumphos
 Erexit: matres, ut cælo decedit heros,
 Tum natis referent; & vox, quam proferet infans
 Prima Wilhelmus erit: tenebris inhonesta tyranni
 Indecores capita abscondent, tum dira suorum
 Supplicia, indignos gemitus, justasque querelas
 Ferre indignantes; cum conscia fama, pudorque
 Provocat ad meliora animos; cum bella Wilhelmi,
 Bella quaterdenos læsis pro gentibus annos
 Confecta audierint, tandemque silentibus armis,
 (Majus opus) partos felici pace triumphos.*

*Non dehinc hos miseros mysteria dira docebit
 Barbara religio: nulla horrida numina finget
 Vana superstitio, divumque immania monstra:
 Nassovii virtus cum se mirantibus offert,*

Præsentem

Returning loaden with the shining stores,
Which lye profuse on either *India's* shores.
As our high vessels pass their wat'ry way,
Let all the naval world due homage pay ; 480
With hasty reverence their top-honours lower,
Confessing the asserting power,
To whom by fate 'twas given with happy sway,
To calm the earth, and vindicate the sea.

Our pray'rs are heard, our master's fleet shall go
As far as winds can bear, or waters flow,
New lands to make, new *Indies* to explore,
In worlds unknown to plant *Britannia's* pow'r ;
Nations yet wild by precept to reclaim, 489
And teach 'em arms, and arts, in *William's* name.

With humble joy, and with respectful fear,
The list'ning people shall his story hear,
The wounds he bore, the dangers he sustain'd,
How far he conquer'd, and how well he reign'd ;
Shall own his mercy equal to his fame ; 495
And form their children's accents to his name,
Enquiring how and when from heav'n he came.
Their regal tyrants shall with blushes hide
Their little lusts of arbitrary pride,
Nor bear to see their vassals ty'd : 500
When *William's* virtues raise their op'ning thought,
His forty years for publick freedom fought,
Europe by his hand sustain'd,
His conquest by his piety restrain'd, }
And o'er himself the last great triumph gain'd.

No longer shall their wretched zeal adore
Ideas of destructive power, }
Spirits that hurt, and godheads that devour :
New incense they shall bring, new altars raise ;
And fill their temples with a stranger's praise ; 510
When the great father's character they find
Visibly stamp'd upon the hero's mind ;

And

*Præsentem confessa deum ; cum signa decoris
Divini, æternæque patent vestigia mentis
Heröis descripta animis, & vindice dextrâ.*

*Scilicet horrendi justa sine lege cometæ
Incertam lucem quatiunt, & crine minaces
Sanguineo lugubre rubent, tristesque trementi
Indicunt iras orbi ; nisi publica vota
Avertant lævum miseris mortalibus omen.
At verò justis mundum qui temperat horis,
Vera Jovis proles, cælo purissimus ignis,
Non errore vago, cæcâque libidine fertur ;
Certus iter fixum peragit ; cursusque diurnos
Observant homines, & sanctum sydus adorant.*

*O Jane, ô divûm si flectere fata liceret ;
Si parcæ Anglorum precibus mitescere scirent ;
Sol iste ante suum cessaret currere cælum,
Quam Rex Nassovius terræ se substrabet orbæ
Addendus superis : sed inexorabile numen
Omne premit mortale : aderit, volventibus annis,
Dira futura dies, & ineluctabile tempus,
Cum pars semidei mæsto materna sepulchro
Condetur ; dominusque suis plorabitur absens
At vos, ô divi, si quid pia vota valebunt,
Vos precor æterni, quorum hæc sub numine tellus,
Tuque ô sancte, tuis, bifrons, cælestia firma
Pectora consiliis ; sociique per æthera divi
Dic in amicitiam coeant, tecumque Britannam
Conjurent servare domum : cummunibus omnium
Orati precibus, magno procul omine tristem
Dii remove te diem ; multosque benignius annos
Accumulate sacro capiti : da Jane senectam
Immunem curis, placidâque quiete potitam :
Sat bello Europæque datum est : satis arma juvenus
Sensit : & ingentes testatur terra triumphos.
Canitiem novus ornet honos ; dum tempora circum
Victrices inter lauros affurgat oliva.*

En !

And own a present deity confess'd,
 In valour that preserv'd, and power that bless'd.
 Through the large convex of the azure sky 515
 (For thither nature casts our common eye)
 Fierce meteors shoot their arbitrary light;
 And comets march with lawless horror bright:
 These hear no rule, no righteous order own;
 Their influence dreaded, as their ways unknown:
 Thro' threatned lands they wild destruction throw;
 'Till ardent prayer averts the publick woe:
 But the bright orb that blesses all above,
 The sacred fire, the real son of *Jove*,
 Rules not his actions by capricious will; 525
 Nor by ungovern'd pow'r declines to ill:
 Fix'd by just laws he goes for ever right:
 Man knows his course, and thence adores his light.

O *Janus*! would intreated fate conspire,
 To grant what *Britain's* wishes could require;
 Above, that sun should cease his way to go,
 Ere *William* cease to rule, and bless below:
 But a relentless destiny
 Urges all that e'er was born:
 Snatch'd from her arms, *Britannia* once must mourn
 The demi-god: the earthly half must die.
 Yet if our incense can your wrath remove;
 If human pray'rs avail on minds above;
 Exert, great god, thy interest in the sky;
 Gain each kind pow'r, each guardian deity: 540
 That, conquer'd by the publick vow,
 They bear the dismal mischief far away:
 O! long as utmost nature may allow,
 Let them retard the threatned day:
 Still be our master's life thy happy care:
 Still let his blessings with his years increase:
 To his laborious youth consum'd in war,
 Add lasting age, adorn'd and crown'd with Peace: }
 Let twisted olive bind those laurels fast,
 Whose verdure must for ever last.

Long

En! hujus, Jane, auspiciis nascentia longum
Sec'la habeant omen pacis; lætique nepotes
Seros jucundis agitent sub legibus annos;
Ante ferat quàm cælo animam Jovis armiger alto:
Nobile onus, patrioque heros poscatur olympo;
Ambo ubi Ledaï, ceu qui pedes ibat in hostem,
Ceu luctantis equi spumantia qui regit ora;
Magnus ubi Alcides fato & Junonis iniquæ
Sævis ereptus jussis; ubi grande Maronis
Argumentum, auctor Latii, regnique Britanni
Otia agunt: ubi tot radiantia nomina toto
Æthere nota satis, quos omnes æquus amavit
Jupiter, & meritis homines donavimus aris:
Serò, Jane pater, cælo decus adde patenti
Nassovium sydus, quod amicâ luce coruscum
Fulgeat, & dubiis ostendat littora nautis.



Long let this growing *Æra* bless his sway.
And let our sons his present rule obey :
On his sure virtue long let earth rely :
And late let the imperial eagle fly,
To bear the hero thro' his father's sky,
To *Leda's* twins ; or he whose glorious speed
On foot prevail'd ; or he who tam'd the steed ;
To *Hercules*, at length absolv'd by fate
From earthly toil, and above envy great ;
To *Virgil's* theme, bright *Cytherea's* son,
Sire of the *Latain*, and the *British* throne ;
To all the Radiant names above,
Rever'd by men, and dear to *Jove*.
Late, *Janus*, let the *Nassaw* star,
New born, in rising majesty appear,
To triumph over vanquish'd night,
And guide the prosp'rous mariner
With everlasting beams of friendly light.



An O D E ;

Inscrib'd to the Memory of the

Honourable Col. *George Villiers*,

Drown'd in the River *Piava*, in the Country of
Friuli. 1703.

In Imitation of Horace, Ode. 28 Lib. 1.

*Te Maris & terræ, numeroque carentis arenæ
Mensorem cohibent, archyta, &c.*

SAY, dearest *Villiers*, poor departed friend,
(Since fleeting life thus suddenly must end)
Say, what did all thy busie hopes avail,
That anxious thou from pole to pole didst fail;
E'er on thy chin the springing beard began
To spread a doubtful down, and promise man?
What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,
In vigor more confirm'd, and riper years?
To wake 'ere morning-dawn to loud Alarms,
And march 'till close of night in heavy arms?
To scorn the summer suns and winter snows,
And search thro' every clime thy country's foes?
That thou might'st fortune to thy side engage;
That gentle peace might quell *Bellona's* rage;
And *Anna's* bounty crown her soldier's hoary age?

In vain we think the free-will'd man has pow'r,
To hasten or protract th' appointed hour.
Our term of life depends not on our deed:
Before our death our fun'ral was decreed.
Nor aw'd by foresight, nor mis-led by chance,
Imperious death directs his ebon lance; [dance.
Peoples great *Henry's* tombs, and leads up *Holben's* }
Alike

Alike must ev'ry state, and ev'ry age
 Sustain the universal tyrant's rage :
 For neither *William's* pow'r, nor *Mary's* charms
 Could or repel, or pacifie his arms :
 Young *Churchill* fell, as life began to bloom :
 And *Bradford's* trembling age expects the tomb.
 Wisdom and eloquence in vain would plead
 One moment's respite for the learned head :
 Judges of writings and of men have dy'd :
Mecænas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde :
 And in their various turns the sons must tread
 Those gloomy journeys, which their fires have led.

The ancient sage, who did so long maintain,
 That bodies die, but souls return again,
 With all the births and deaths he had in store,
 Went out *Pythagoras*, and came no more.
 And modern *Af—!*, whose capricious thought
 Is yet with stores of wilder notions fraught ;
 Too soon convinc'd, shall yield that fleeting breath,
 Which play'd so idly with the darts of death.

Some from the stranded vessel force their way ;
 Fearful of fate, they meet it in the sea :
 Some who escape the fury of the wave,
 Sicken on earth, and sink into a grave :
 In journeys, or at home, in war, or peace,
 By hardships many, many fall by ease.
 Each canging season does it's poison bring ;
 Rheums chill the winter, agues blast the spring :
 Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,
 All act subservient to the tyrant's pow'r :
 And when obedient nature knows his will,
 A fly, a grape-stone, or a hair can kill.

For restless *Proserpine* for ever treads
 In paths unseen, o'er our devoted heads ;
 And on the spacious land, and liquid main
 Spreads slow disease, or darts afflictive pain :
 Variety of deaths confirms her endless reign.

On curst *Piava's* banks the goddess stood,
 Shew'd her dire warrant to the rising flood ;

When, what I long must love, and long must mourn,
 With fatal speed was urging his return ;
 In his dear country to disperse his care,
 And arm himself by rest for future war ;
 To chide his anxious friend's officious fears,
 And promise to their joys his elder years.

Oh ! destin'd head ; and oh ! severe decree ;
 Nor native country thou nor friend shall see ;
 Nor war hast thou to wage, nor year to come :
 Impending death is thine, and instant doom.

Hark ! the imperious goddess is obey'd :
 Winds murmur ; snows descend ; and waters spread :
 Oh ! kinsman, friend, ----oh ! vain are all the cries
 Of human voice ; strong destiny replies ;
 Weep you on earth ; for he shall sleep below :
 Thence none return ; and thither all must go.

Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or business leads
 To this sad river, or the neighb'ring meads ;
 If thou may'st happen on the dreary shoars
 To find the object which this verse deplores ;
 Cleanse the pale corps with a religious hand,
 From the polluting weed and common sand :
 Lay the dead hero graceful in a grave,
 (The only honour he can now receive)
 And fragrant mould upon his body throw ;
 And plant the warrior laurel o'er his brow :
 Light lye the earth ; and flourish green the bough.

So may just heav'n secure thy future life
 From foreign dangers, and domestick strife :
 And when th' infernal judges dismal pow'r
 From the dark urn shall throw thy destin'd hour ;
 When yielding to the sentence breathless thou
 And pale shalt lye, as what thou buriest now ;
 May some kind friend the piteous object see,
 And equal rites perform to that which once was thee.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken at COURT before the

QUEEN;

On Her Majesty's Birth-Day, 1704.

SHine forth, ye planets, with distinguish'd light,
As when ye hallow'd first this happy night :
Again transmit your friendly beams to earth,
As when *Britannia* joy'd for *Anna's* birth :
And thou, propitious star, whose sacred pow'r
Presided o'er the monarch's natal hour,
Thy radiant voyages for ever run,
Yielding to none but *Cynthia*, and the sun :
With thy fair aspect still illustrate heav'n :
Kindly preserve what thou hast greatly giv'n :
Thy Influence for thy *Anna* we implore :
Prolong one life ; and *Britain* asks no more.
For virtue can no ampler power express,
Than to be great in war, and good in peace :
For thought no higher wish of bliss can frame,
Than to enjoy that virtue still the same.
Entire and sure the monarch's rule must prove,
Who founds her greatness on her subjects love ;
Who does our homage for our good require ;
And orders that which we should first desire :
Our vanish'd wills that pleasing force obey :
Her goodness takes our liberty away ;
And haughty *Britain* yields to arbitrary sway.

Let the young *Austrian* then her terrors bear,
 Great as he is, her delegate in war :
 Let him in thunder speak to both his *Spains*,
 That in these dreadful isles a woman reigns.
 While the bright queen does on her subjects show'r
 The gentle blessings of her softer pow'r ;
 Gives sacred morals to a vicious age,
 To temples zeal, and manners to the stage,
 Bids the chaste muse without a blush appear,
 And wit be that which heav'n and she may hear.

Minerva thus to *Perseus* lent her shield ;
 Secure of conquest, sent him to the field :
 The hero acted what the queen ordain'd :
 So was his fame compleat, and *Andromede* unchain'd.

Mean time, amidst her native temples fate
 The goddess, studious of her *Grecian's* fate.
 Taught 'em in laws and letters to excell,
 In acting justly, and in writing well.
 Thus whilst she did her various pow'r dispose ;
 The world was free'd from tyrants, wars, and woes :
 Virtue was taught in verse, and *Athen's* glory rose. }

A L E T T E R

To *Monf. Boileau Despreaux*.

Occasion'd by the Victory at *Blenheim*, 1704.

———*Cupidum, pater optime, vires*
Deficiunt : neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspide gallos———

Hor. Sat. 1. L. 2.

Since hir'd for life, thy servile muse must sing
 Successive conquests, and a glorious king ;
 Must of a man immortal vainly boast ;
 And bring him laurels, whatsoe'er they cost :
 What turn wilt thou employ, what colours lay
 On the event of that superior day,

In

In which one *English* subject's prosp'rous hands,
(So *Jove* did will, so *Anna* did command :)
Broke the proud column of thy master's praise,
Which sixty winters had conspir'd to raise ?

From the lost field a hundred standards brought
Must be the work of chance, and fortune's fault :
Bavaria's stars must be accus'd, which shone
That fatal day the mighty work was done, }
With rays oblique upon the *Gallic* sun.
Some *Dæmon* envying *France* mis-led the fight :
And *Mars* mistook, tho' *Louis* order'd right.
When thy * young muse invok'd the tuneful nine,
To say how *Louis* did not pass the *Rhine*,
What work had we with *Wageningen Arnheim*,
Places that could not be reduc'd to Rhime ?
And tho' the poet made his last efforts,
Wurts---who could mention in heroic---*Wurts* ?
But, tell me, hast thou reason to complain
Of the rough triumphs of the last campaign ?
The *Danube* rescu'd, and the empire sav'd,
Say, is the majesty of verse retriev'd ?
And would it prejudice thy softer vein,
To sing the princes, *Louis* and *Eugene* ?
Is it too hard in happy verse to place
The *Vans* and *Vanders* of the *Rhine* and *Maes* ?
Her warriors *Anna* sends from *Tweed* and *Thames*,
That *France* may fall by more harmonious names.
Canst thou not *Hamilton* or *Lumly* bear ;
Would *Ingoldsby* or *Palmer* offend thy ear ?
And is there not a sound in *Malbro's* name,
Which thou and all thy brethren ought to claim, }
Sacred to verse, and sure of endless fame ?
Cutts is in metre something harsh to read :
Place me the valiant *Gouram* in his stead .
Let the intention make the number good :
Let generous *Sylvius* speak for honest *Wood*.

* Epistre 4. du Sr. Boileau Desperaux au Roy
En vain, pour Te louer, &c.

And tho' rough *Churchill* scarce in verse will stand,
 So as to have one rhyme at his command ;
 With ease the bard reciting *Blenheim's* plain,
 May close the verse, remembring but the *Dane*.

I grant, old friend, old foe (for such we are
 Alternate, as the chance of peace and war,)
 That we poetic folks, who must restrain
 Our measur'd sayings in an equal chain,
 Have troubles utterly unknown to those,
 Who let their fancy loose in rambling prose.
 For instance now, how hard it is for me
 To make my matter and my verse agree ?
In one great day on Hochstet's fatal plain
French and Bavarians twenty thousand slain ;
Push'd thro' the Danube to the shoars of Styx
Squadrons eighteen, battalions twenty six :
Officers captive made, and private men,
Of these twelve hundred, of those thousands ten.
Tents, ammunition, colours, carriages,
Cannons, and kettle-drums----sweet numbers these.
 But is it thus you *English* bards compose ?
 With *Runick* lays thus tag insipid prose ?
 And when you should your heroes deeds rehearse,
 Give us a commissary's list in verse ?

Why faith *Despreaux* there's sense in what you say ;
 I told you where my difficulty lay.
 So vast, so num'rous were great *Blenheim's* spoils,
 They scorn the bounds of verse, and mock the muses
 toils.

To make the rough recital aptly chime,
 Or bring the sum of *Gallia's* loss to rhyme,
 'Tis mighty hard : what poet would essay
 To count the streamers of my lord mayor's day ?
 To number all the several dishes drest
 By honest *Lamb*, last coronation feast ?
 Or make arithmetic and epic meet ;
 And *Newton's* thoughts in *Dryden's* style repeat ;
 O poet, had it been *Apollo's* will,
 That I had shar'd a portion of thy skill ;

Had

Had this poor breast receiv'd the heav'nly beam ;
 Or could I hope my verse might reach my theme ;
 Yet *Boileau*, yet the lab'ring muse should strive,
 Beneath the shades of *Malbrô's* wreaths to live :
 Should call aspiring gods to bless her choice ;
 And to their fav'rite strain exalt her voice,
 Arms and a queen to sing ; who, great and good,
 From peaceful *Thames* to *Danube's* wond'ring flood
 Sent forth the terror of her high commands,
 To save the nations from invading hands ;
 To prop fair liberty's declining cause,
 And fix the jarring world with equal laws.

The queen should sit in *Windſor's* sacred grove,
 Attended by the gods of war and love :
 Both should with equal zeal her smiles implore,
 To fix her joys, or to extend her pow'r.
 Sudden, the *Nymphs* and *Tritons* should appear ;
 And, as great *Anna's* smiles, dispel their fear ;
 With active dance should her observance claim ;
 With vocal shell should sound her happy name.
 Their master *Thames* should leave the neighb'ring shoar,
 By his strong anchor known, and silver oar ;
 Should lay his ensigns at his sov'raign's feet,
 And audience mild with humble grace intreat.

To her his dear defence he should complain,
 That whilst he blesses her indulgent reign ;
 Whilst furthest seas are by his fleets survey'd,
 And on his happy banks each *India* laid ;
 His brethren *Maes*, and *Waal*, and *Rhine*, and *Saar*
 Feel the hard burthen of oppressive war :
 That *Danube* scarce retains his rightful course,
 Against two rebel armies neighb'ring force :
 And all must weep sad captives to the *Sein*,
 Unless unchain'd and freed by *Britain's* queen.

The valiant sov'raign calls her gen'ral forth :
 Neither recites her bounty, nor his worth ;
 She tells him he must *Europe's* fate redeem,
 And by that labour merit her esteem :
 She bids him wait her to the sacred hall ;
 Shows him prince *Edward*, and the conquer'd *Gaul*.

Fixing the bloody cross upon his breast,
 Says he must die, or succour the distress'd :
 Placing the faint an emblem by his side,
 She tells him, virtue arm'd must conquer lawless pride.
 The hero bows obedient, and retires :
 The queen's commands exalt the warrior's fires.
 His steps are to the silent woods inclin'd,
 The great design revolving in his mind :
 When to his sight a heav'nly form appears :
 Her hand a palm, her head a laurel wears.

Me, she begins, the fairest child of *Jove*,
 Below for ever, fought, and blest'd above ;
 Me, the bright source of wealth, and power, and fame ;
 (Nor need I say *Victoria* is my name :)
 Me, the great father down to thee has sent :
 He bids me wait at thy distinguish'd tent,
 To execute what *Anna's* wish would have :
 Her subject thou, I only am her slave.

Dare then, thou much belov'd by smiling fate :
 For *Anna's* sake, and in her name, be great :
 Go forth, and be to distant nations known,
 My future fav'rite, and my darling son.
 At *Schellenberg* I'll manifest sustain
 Thy glorious cause ; and spread my wings again,
 Conspicuous o'er thy helm, in *Blenheim's* plain.
 The goddess said, nor would admit reply ;
 But cut the liquid air, and gain'd the sky.
 His high commission is thro' *Britain* known :
 And thronging armies to his standard run.
 He marches thoughtful, and he speedy sails :
 (Bless him, ye seas ! and prosper him, ye gales !)
Belgia receives him welcome to her shoars ;
 And *William's* death with lessen'd grief deplores.
 His presence only must retrieve that loss :
Marlbrô to her must be what *William* was.
 So when great *Atlas*, from these low abodes
 Recall'd, was gather'd to his kindred gods ;
Alcides respited by prudent fate,
 Sustain'd the ball, nor droop'd beneath the weight.

Secret

Secret and swift behold the chief advance ;
 Sees half the empire join'd, and friend to *France* :
 The *British* general dooms the fight : his sword
 Dreadful he draws : the captains wait the word.
Anne and *St. George*, the charging hero cries :
 Shrill eccho from the neighb'ring woods replies,
Anne and *St. George*, at that auspicious sign
 The standards move ; the adverse armies join.
 Of eight great hours, time measures out the sands ;
 And *Europe's* fate in doubtful balance stands :
 The ninth *Victoria* comes : ----- o'er *Marlbro's* head
 Confess'd she sits ; the hostile troops recede : - - -
 Triumphs the *Goddess*, from her promise freed.

The eagle, by the *British* lion's might
 Unchain'd and freed, directs her upward flight :
 Nor did she e'er with stronger pinions *Danube's* shoar.

Fir'd with the thoughts which these ideas raise,
 And great ambition of my country's praise ;
 The *English* muse should like the *Mantuan* rise :
 Scornful of earth and clouds, should reach the skies ;
 With wonder (tho' with envy still) pursu'd by hu-
 man eyes.

But we must change the style. ----- just now I said
 I ne'er was master of the tuneful trade.

Or the small genius which my youth could boast,
 In prose and business lies extinct and lost.

Bless'd, if I may some younger muse excite ;
 Point out the game, and animate the flight.

That from *Marseilles* to *Calais* *France* may know,
 As we have conqu'rors, we have poets too ;

And either laurel doth in *Britain* grow.

That tho' amongst our selves, with too much heat,
 We sometimes wrangle, when we should debate ;

(A consequential ill which freedom draws ;
 A bad effect, but from a noble cause :)

We can with universal zeal advance,
 To curb the faithless arrogance of *France*.

Nor ever shall *Britannia's* sons refuse
 To answer to thy master, or thy muse :

Nor

Nor want just subject for victorious strains,
While *Marlbrô's* arms eternal lawrel gains ;
And where old *Spencer* sung, a new *Elisa* reigns.

FOR THE

PLAN of a FOUNTAIN,

On which is the QUEEN's Effigies on a triumphal Arch, the Figure of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH beneath, and the chief Rivers of the World round the whole work.

YE active streams, where-e'er your waters flow,
Let distant climes and furthest nations know,
What ye from *Thames* and *Danube* have been taught,
How *Anne* commanded, and how *Marlbrô* fought.

*Quàcunque æterno properatis, flumina, lapsu,
Divisis latè terris, populisque remotis
Dicite, nam vobis Tamifis narravit & Ister,
Anna quid imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus armis.*

The CAMELEON.

AS the *Cameleon*, who is known
To have no colours of his own ;
But borrows from his neighbour's hue
His white, or black, his green, or blue ;
And struts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon sight ;
As if the rain-bow were in tail
Settld on him, and his heirs male :
So the young 'squire, when first he comes
From country school, to *Will's* or *Tom's* ;

And

And equally, in truth, is fit
To be a statesman, or a wit ;
Without one notion of his own,
He faunters wildly up and down ;
'Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a staring lad ;
Admits him in among the gang,
They jest, reply, dispute, harangue :
He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours, which they lend him..

Thus meerly, as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.

If haply he the sect pursues,
That read and comment upon news ;
He takes up their mysterious face :
He drinks his coffee without lace.
This week his mimic tongue runs o'er
What they have said the week before.
His wisdom sets all *Europe* right ;
And teaches *Marlb'rough* when to fight.

Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than wit ;
He loves cheap *Porte*, and double bub ;
And settles in the *Hum Drum* club.
He learns how stocks will fall or rise ;
Holds poverty the greatest vice.
Thinks wit the bane of conversation ;
And says, that learning spoils a nation.

But if, at first, he minds his hits,
And drinks *Champaigne* among the wits ;
Five deep, he toasts the tow'ring lasses ;
Repeats you verses writ on glasses :
Is in the chair ; prescribes the law ;
And lies with those he never saw.

A S I M I L E.

Dear *Thomas*, didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tin-man's shop?

There *Thomas* did'st thou never see
(Tis but by way of simile)

A *Squirrel* spend his little rage,
In jumping round a rolling cage?
The cage, as either side turn'd up,
Striking a ring of bells a-top — ?

Mov'd in the orb ; pleas'd with the chimes ;
The foolish creature thinks he climbs :
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.

So fares it with those merry blades,
That frisk it under *Pindus'* shades.
In noble songs, and lofty odes,
They tread on stars, and talk with gods.
Still dancing in an airy round :
Still pleas'd with their own verses found.
Brought back, how fast foe'er they go :
Always aspiring ; always low.

From the *Greek*.

Great *Bacchus*, born in thunder and in fire,
By native heat asserts his dreadful fire.
Nourish'd near shady rills and cooling streams,
He to the nymphs avows his am'rous flames.
To all the brethren at the bell and vine,
The moral says ; mix water with your wine.

EP 1.

EPIGRAM.

FRank carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats :
He eats more than six ; and drinks more than he eats.
Four pipes after dinner he constantly smokes ;
And seasons his whiffs with impertinent jokes.
Yet sighing, he says, we must certainly break ;
And my cruel unkindness compells him to speak :
For of late I invite him-----but four times a week. }

ANOTHER.

TO *John* I ow'd great obligation ;
But *John* unhappily, thought fit,
To publish it to all the nation :
Sure *John* and I are more than quit.

ANOTHER.

YEs, every poet is a fool :
By demonstration *Ned* can shew it :
Happy, cou'd *Ned*'s inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.

ANOTHER.

TH Y naggs (the leanest things alive)
So very hard thou lov'st to drive ;
I heard thy anxious Coachman say,
It costs thee more in whips, than hay.

*To a Person who wrote ill,
and spake worse against me.*

LYE, *Philo*, untouch'd on my peaceable shelf;
Nor take it amiss, that so little I heed thee;
I've no envy to thee, and some love to my self;
Then why shou'd I answer; since first I must read thee.

Drunk with *Helicon's* waters and double-brew'd bub,
Be a linguist, a poet, a critic, a wag;
To the solid delight of thy well-judging club
To the damage alone of thy bookseller *Brag*.

Pursue me with satyr: what harm is there in't?
But from all *viva voce* reflection forbear:
There can be no danger from what thou shalt print:
There may be a little from what thou may'st swear.

On the same Person.

WHILE faster than his costive brain indites,
Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes:
His case appears to me like honest *Teague's*,
When he was run away with, by his legs.
Phæbus, give *Philo* o'er himself command;
Quicken his senses, or restrain his hand.
Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink:
So may he cease to write, and learn to think.

T H E
NUT-BROWN-MAID.
A P O E M,

Written three hundred Years since.

BE it right or wrong, these men among,
On Woman do complayne;
Affyrmynge this, how that it is
A labour spent in vaine,
To love them wele; for never a dele,
They love a man againe,
For lete a man do what he can,
Ther favour to attayne;
Yet yf a new do them pursue,
Ther first trew lover than
Laboureth for naught; for from her thought
He is a banishyd man.

I say not nay, but that all day
It is bothe writ and sayde,
That woman's fayth is, as who saythe,
All utterly decayed;
But nevertheless right good witnes
I' this case might be layde,
That they love trewe, and contynew:
Record the *Nut brown-mayde*.
Which from her love (whan her to prove,
He came to make his mone)
Wold not depart; for in her herte
She lovyd but him alone.

Than betwene us, lettens discusse,
What was all the maner

Be

Between them too ; we wyll also
 Telle all the peyne and sere
 That she was in, now I begynne,
So that ye me answere.
 Wherefore all ye, that present be,
 I pray ye give an eare.

M A N.

I am the knyght : I come by nyght,
 As secret as I can ;
 Saying, alas ! thus standeth the case,
 I am a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll
 In this wyll not refuse ;
 Trusting to shew, in wordis fewe,
 That men have an ille use,
 (To ther own shame) women to blame,
 And causelese them accuse,
 Therefore to you I answere now,
 Alle wymen to excuse :
 Myn own herte dere, with you what chere,
 I pray you telle anone ;
 For in my mynde of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

It stondeth so, a dede is do,
 Wherefore muche harm shall growe :
 My desteny is for to dey
 A shamful deth, I trowe :
 Or ellis to flee : the one must be :
 None other way I knowe,
 But to withdrawe, as an outlaw,
 And take me to my bowe.
 Wherefore adew, my owne herte trewe :
 None other red I can ;
 For I must to the grene wode goe,
 Alone a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

O Lord ! what is this worldis blyffe,
 That chaungeth as the mone ?

My

My somers day, in lusty may,
Is derked before the none.
I here you saye, farewell! nay, nay;
We departe not soo sone :
Why say ye so? wheder wyl ye goe?
Alas! what have ye done
Alle my welfare to sorrow and care
Shulde chaunge, yf ye were gone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

M A N.

I can beleve, it shall you greeve,
And shomwhat you distrayne ;
But aftyrwarde, your paynes harde
Within a day or tweyne,
Shall sone aslake ; and ye shall take
Comfort to you agayne.
Why should ye nought ? for to make thought,
Your labur were in vayne.
And thus I do, and pray you too,
As hertely as I can ;
For I must to the grene wode goe,
Alone, a banishyd man.

W O M A N

Nowfythe that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mynde ;
I shall be playne to you agayne,
Lyke as ye shall me fynde.
Syth it is so, that ye wyll goe,
I wol not leve behynde.
Shal never be sayd, the *Nut-brown-mayde*
Was to her love unkynde,
Make you redy ; for so am I,
Allthough it were anone :
For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

M A N.

Yet I you rede, to take good hede,
What men wyl think and sey ;

Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde,
 That ye be gone away :
 Your wanton wyll for to fulfyll,
 In grene wode you to play :
 And that ye myght from your delyte
 Noo lenger make delay.
 Rather than ye shuld thus for me,
 Be called an ylle woman ;
 Yet wold I to the grene wode goe,
 Alone a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

Though it be songe of olde and yonge,
 That I shuld be to blame ;
 Theirs be the charge, that speke so large,
 In hurting of my name.
 For I wyll prove that feythful love
 It is devoyd of shame ;
 In your distrefs, and heaviness,
 To parte wyth you the same.
 And sure all thoo that doo not so,
 Trewe lovers ar they none :
 But in my mynde of all mankynde.
 I love but you alone,

M A N.

I counsel you, remember how
 It is noo maydens lawe,
 Nothing to dought, but to renne out,
 To wode with an outlawe.
 For ye must there in your hand bere
 A bowe ready to drawe :
 And as a theef, thus must ye lyve,
 Ever in drede and awe.
 Whereby to you gret harme might grow ;
 Yet I had lever than,
 That I had to the grene wode goe,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

I think not nay ; but as ye saye,
 It is noo maydens lore ;

But love may make me for your sake,
As I have said before,
To come on fote, to hunte and shote,
To get us mete in store.
For so that I your company
May have, I ask noo more :
From whiche to parte, it makith myn herte
As colde as ony ston.
For in my mynde of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

M A N.

For an outlawe, this is the lawe,
That men hym take and binde,
Wythout pytee hanged to bee,
And waver with the wynde.
Yf I had neede, as God forbede,
What reasons coude ye finde?
For lothe I trowe, ye and your bowe,
Shuld draw for fere behynde.
And noo merveyle, for lytel avayle
Were in your council than :
Wherefore I to the wode wyll goe,
Alone a banished man.

W O M A N.

Full well know ye, that wymen be
But febyl for to fyght :
No womanhede it is in deede,
To bee bold as a knyght.
Yet such in fere, yf that ye were,
With enemys day and nyght ;
I wolde withstonde, with bowe in honde
To greve them as I myght ;
And you to save, as wymen have
From dethe many one :
For in my mynde of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

M A N.

Yet take good hede! for ever I drede.
That ye coude not sustein

The

The thorney weyes, the deep valeis,
 The snowe, the frost, the reyn,
 The cold, the hete. For drye or wete,
 We must lodge on the playn ;
 And us above, noon other rose,
 But a brake, bush or twayne :
 Whiche sone shulde greve you, I beleve ;
 And ye wolde gladly than,
 That I had to the grene wode goe,
 alone, a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

Syth I have here been partynere
 With you of joy and blyffe ;
 I must now parte of your woo
 Endure, as reson is.
 Yet am I sure of one plesure ;
 And shortly it is this :
 That where ye bee, mee seemeth, par-dy,
 I could not fare amyfs.
 Without more speche, I you beseeche,
 That we were soon a-gone :
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

Yf ye goo thedyr, ye must consider,
 Whan ye have lust to dyne,
 Ther shall ne mete be for to gete,
 Nor drink, bere, ale, ne wine ;
 Ne shetis clene, to lye betwene,
 Made of thred and twyne ;
 Noon other house, but levys and bowes,
 To kever your head and myn.
 O myn herte swete this ylle dyet
 Shuld make you pale and wan :
 Wherefore I to the wode wyl goe.
 Alone, a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

Among the wylde dere, such an archier,
 As men say that ye bee,

We may not fayle of good vitayle,
Where is so grete plente.
And watir cleere of the ryvere
Shall be full swete to me,
With whiche in hele, I shall right wele
Endure, as ye shall see.
And er we goe, a bed or two
I can provide anone;
For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

M A N.

Loo! yet before, ye must do more,
Yf ye wyl go with me:
As cutte your here up by your ere,
Your kurtel by the knee.
Wyth bowe in honde for to wythstonde
Your enemys yf nede be:
And this same nyght, before day-lyght,
To wode-ward wyl I flee.
And yf ye wille al this fulfyll,
Do it shortly as ye can:
Ellis will I to the grene wode goe,
Alone a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

I shall as now, do more for you,
Than longeth to womanhede,
To short my here, a bow to bere,
To shote the tyme of nede.
O my sweet moder, before all other
For you have I most drede:
But now adiew! I must ensue,
Where fortune duth me lede
All this make ye, and lete us flee:
The day run fast upon:
For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

M A N.

Nay, nay, not so: ye shall not go;
And I shall telle ye why:
Your appetyte is to be light,
Of love, I wele espie.

For right as ye have sayde to me,
 In lykewyse hardely
 Ye wolde answere, whosoever it were,
 In way of company.
 It is sayde of olde; sone hote, sone colde;
 And so is a woman:
 Wherefore I to the wode wyl go,
 Alone a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

Yf ye take hede, yt is noo nede
 Such wordis to say bee me:
 For ofte ye pryd, and long assayed,
 Er I you lovid, par dy.
 And though that I, of auncestry,
 A baron's daughter bee;
 Yet have you proved, how I you loved,
 A squyer of low degree:
 And ever shall, what so befall,
 To dey therefore anone;
 For in my mynde of all mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

A baron's childe to be begyled,
 It were a cursed dede;
 To be felawe with an outlawe,
 Almighty God forbede!
 Yt bettyr were, the poor squyer
 Alone to forestt spede;
 Than ye shal saye, another day,
 That by that wicked dede
 Ye were betrayed, wherefore good maide,
 The best rede that I can,
 Is that I to the grene wode go,
 Alone a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

Whatsoever befall I never shale
 Of this thing you upbraid:
 But yf ye go, and leve me so,
 Then ye have me betraid,

Remember ye wele, how that ye dele ;
For yf ye, as ye sayde,
Be so unkynde, toleve behynde
Your love, the *Nut-brown Maid* :
Trust me truely, that I shall dey,
Soon after ye be gone ;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

M A N.

Yf that ye went, ye shulde repent ;
For in the forrest now
I have purveid me of a maide,
Whom I love more than you.
Another fayrer than e'er ye were ;
I dare it well avowe :
And of you bothe, eche shulde be wrothe
Wyth other, as I trowe.
It were myn ese, to lyve in pese,
So wyl I, yf I can ;
Wherefore I to the wode wyl go,
Alone, a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

Though in the wode, I undirstode,
Ye had a paramour ;
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I will be your.
And she shall fynde me soft and kynde,
And curteis every hour ;
Glad to fulfyll all that she wylle
Commaunde me to my pow'r.
For had ye loo, an hundred moo,
Yet wolde I be that one :
For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

M A N.

Myn owne dere love, I see the prove,
That ye be kynde and trewe ;
Of mayde and wyf, in al my lyf,
The best that ever I knewe :

Be merey and glad ; be no more fad ;
 The case is chaunged newe ;
 For it were ruthe, that for your trowth,
 You shuld have cause to rewe.
 Be not dismayed ; whatsoever I sayd
 To you whan I began :
 I wyl not to the grene wode go ;
 I am no banishyd man.

W O M A N.

Theis tidingis be more glad to me,
 Than to be made a quene ;
 Yf I were sure, they should endure :
 But it is often seen,
 When men wyl breke promyse, they speke
 The wordis on the splene.
 Ye shape some wyle, me to begyle
 And stele fro me, I wene.
 Then were the case wurs than it was ;
 And I more woo begon ;
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

Ye shal not nede further to drede :
 I wyl not disparage
 You. God defende, syth you descende,
 Of so great a lynage.
 Now understande, to *Westmerlande*,
 whiche is my herytage,
 I wyl you bringe ; and with a rynge,
 By wey of maryage
 I wyl you take, and lady make,
 As shortly as I can.
 Thus have ye wone an erlie's son,
 And not a banishyd man.

HEN-

HENRY and EMMA,

A P O E M.

Upon the Model of the NUT-BROWN MAID.

To C L O E.

THou, to whose eyes I bend ; at whose command,
 (Tho' low my voice, tho' artless be my hand)
 I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play ;
 Careless of what the cens'ring world may say :
 Bright *Cloe*, object of my constant vow,
 Wilt thou a while unbend thy serious brow ?
 Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains ;
 And with one heav'nly smile o'erpay his pains ?
 No longer shall the *Nut-brown Maid* be old ;
 Tho' since her youth three hundred years have roll'd
 At thy desire she shall again be rais'd ;
 And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.

No longer man of woman shall complain,
 That he may love, and not be lov'd again :
 That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
 Who change the constant lover for the new.
 Whatever has been writ, whatever said,
 Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd ;
 Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
 Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand.
 And while my notes to future times proclaim
 Unconquer'd love, and ever-during flame ;
 O fairest of the sex ! be thou my muse :
 Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse.

Let me partake the blessings I rehearse ;
And grant me love, the just reward of verse.

As beauty's potent queen, with ev'ry grace
That once was *Emma's*, has adorn'd thy face :
And as her sun has to my bosom dealt
That constant flame, which faithful *Henry* felt :
O let the story with thy life agree :
Let men once more the bright example see ;
What *Emma* was to him, be thou to me.
Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
Distant and sad a banish'd man to rove.
But oh ! with pity long intreated crown
My pains and hopes ; and when thou say'st that one
Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh ! think on me alone.

Where beauteous *Isis* and her husband *Tame*
With mingled waves for ever flow the same :

In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd ;
Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.

When dreadful *Edward* with successful care,
Led his freed *Britons* to the *Gallic* war ;
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his king's commands ;
And (all due honours faithfully discharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat, enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witness of his toil ;
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retir'd, and noisy court,
In honourable easy and rural sport,
The remnant of his days he safely past ;
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast.
He made his wish with his estate comply ;
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to dye.

One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair ;
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
They call'd her *Emma* ; for the beauteous dame
Who gave the virgin birth, had born the name.
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd ;
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.

Yet,

Yet, as when little round his knees she plaid;
He call'd her oft in sport his *Nut-brown Maid* :
The friends and tenants took the fondling word ;
(As still they please, who imitate their lord)
Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun :
The mutual terms around the lands were known ;
And *Emma* and the *Nut-brown Maid* were one.

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As with her stature still, her charms increas'd;
Thro' all the isle her beauty was confess'd.
Oh ! what perfections must that virgin share,
Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair ?
From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find, report for once had lessen'd truth.
By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
They came ; they saw ; they marvel'd ; and they lov'd.
By publick praises, and by secret sighs,
Each own'd the gen'ral power of *Emma's* eyes.
In tilts and turnaments the valiant strove,
By glorious deeds, to purchase *Emma's* love.
In gentle verse, the witty told their flame ;
And grac'd their choicest songs with *Emma's* name.
In vain they combated, in vain they writ :
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.
Great *Venus* only must direct the dart,
Which else will never reach the fair one's heart ;
Spight of th' attempts of force, and soft effects of art.
Great *Venus* must prefer the happy one :
In *Henry's* cause her favour must be shown :
And *Emma* of mankind must love but him alone.

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While these in publick, to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justify'd their flame :
More secret ways the careful *Henry* takes ;
His 'squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes.
In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,
Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When *Emma* hunts, in huntsman's habit drest,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast.
In his right hand his beachen pole he bears :
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.

Yet,

H 3

Still

Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,
 With knowing skill he drives the future prey.
 Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake;
 And shews the path her steed may safest take.
 Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound;
 Pleas'd, in his toils to have her triumph crown'd:
 And blows her praises in no common sound.
 A falc'ner *Henry* is, when *Emma* hawks:
 With her of tarsels, and of lures he talks.
 Upon his wrist the tow'ring merlin stands;
 Practis'd to rise, and stoop, at her commands.
 And when superior now the bird has flown,
 And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down:
 With humble rev'rence he accosts the fair;
 And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
 Yet still, as from the sportive field she goes,
 His down-cast eye reveals his inward woes.
 And by his look and sorrow is express,
 A nobler game pursu'd, than bird or beast.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves;
 And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
 The neighb'ring swains around the stranger throng,
 Or to admire, or emulate his song:
 While, with soft sorrow he renews his lays,
 Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.
 But soon as *Emma*'s eyes adorn the plain,
 His notes he raises to a nobler strain;
 With dutiful respect, and studious fear,
 Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantick gipsy now the house he haunts,
 And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
 With the fond maids in palmistry he deals:
 They tell the secret first, which he reveals:
 Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd;
 What groom shall get, and squire maintain the child.
 But when bright *Emma* wou'd her fortune know;
 A softer look unbends his op'ning brow.
 With trembling awe he gazes on her eye;
 And in soft accents, forms the kind reply:

That

That she shall prove as fortunate as fair,
And *Hymen's* choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.

Now oft had *Henry* chang'd his sly disguise;
Unmark'd by all, but beauteous *Emma's* eyes.
Oft had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame:
And oft the pangs of absence to remove,
By letters, soft interpreters of love:
'Till time and industry (the mighty two,
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That *Venus* had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to *Emma's* heart a share of *Henry's* pain.

While *Cupid* smil'd, by kind occasion blest'd,
And, with the secret kept, the love increas'd;
The am'rous youth frequents the silent groves;
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves: 'tis true; and is belov'd again:
Great are his joys; but will they long remain?
Emma with smiles receives his present flame;
But smiling, will she ever be the same?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds;
And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds.
Another love may gain her easie youth:
Time changes thought; and flatt'ry conquers truth.

O impotent estate of human life!
Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife:
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire;
And most we question, what we most desire.
Amongst thy various gifts, great heav'n, bestow
Our cup of love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief: for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste;
Or deems it not sincere; or fears it cannot last.

With wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress'd,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
By one great trial he resolves to prove
The faith of woman, and the force of love.

If scanning *Emma's* virtues, he may find
 That beauteous frame inclose a steady mind ;
 He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure ;
 And live a slave to *Hymen's* happy pow'r.
 But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail ;
 If pois'd aright in reason's equal scale,
 Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail ;
 His mind he vows to free from am'rous care ;
 The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
 Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.

South of the castle, in a verdant glade,
 A spreading beach extends her friendly shade :
 Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard :
 Here oft her silence had her heart declar'd.
 As active spring awak'd her infant buds ;
 And genial life inform'd the verdant woods :
Henry, in knots involving *Emma's* name,
 Had half express'd, and half conceal'd his flame
 Upon this tree : and as the tender mark
 Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark :
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
 That, as the wound, the passion might encrease.
 As potent nature shed her kindly show'rs ;
 And deck'd the various mead with op'ning flow'rs ;
 Upon this tree, the nymph's obliging care
 Had left a frequent wreath for *Henry's* hair :
 Which as with gay delight the lover found ;
 Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crown'd,
 Glorious thro' all the plains he oft had gone,
 And to each swain the mystic honour shown ;
 The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.

His secret note the troubled *Henry* writes,
 To the known tree the lovely maid invites :
 Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
 That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace ;
 That he must something to her ear commend,
 On which her conduct, and his life depend.

Soon as the fair one had the note receiv'd ;
 The remnant of the day alone she griev'd :

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For

For diff'rent this from ev'ry former note,
Which *Venus* dictated, and *Henry* wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his *Nut-brown Maid*;
Which always bless'd her eyes, and own'd her pow'r;
And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.

Now night advanc'd, the house in sleep were laid,
The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid;
And last that sprite, which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the ancient maiden aunt.
To her dear *Henry*, *Emma* wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay.
For love, fantastick pow'r, that is afraid
To stir abroad 'till watchfulness be laid;
Undaunted then, o'er cliffs and valleys strays;
And leads his vot'ries safe thro' pathless ways.
Not *Argus* with his hundred eyes shall find,
Where *Cupid* goes; tho' he poor guide is blind.

The maiden first arriving sent her eye
To ask, if yet it's chief delight were nigh:
With fear, and with desire, with joy, and pain,
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste;
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast:
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs;
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With ease, alas! we credit what we love:
His painted grief does real sorrow move
In the afflicted fair; adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break.
Attentive stood the mournful nymph: the man
Broke silence first: the tale alternate ran.

H E N R Y.

Sincere O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love?
Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway;
By turns averse, and joyful to obey?

H 5

Thy

Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd,
 As reason yielded, and as love prevail'd?
 And wept the potent God's resistless dart,
 His killing pleasure, his extatick smart,
 And heav'nly poison thrilling thro' thy heart?
 If so, with pity view my wretched state;
 At least deplore, and then forget my fate:
 To some more happy knight reserve thy charms,
 By fortune favour'd, and successful arms:
 And only, as the sun's revolving ray
 Brings back each year this melancholy day;
 Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
 To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
 For me, alas! out-cast of human race,
 Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace:
 For lo! these hands in murder are imbru'd;
 These trembling feet by justice are pursu'd:
 Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
 A shameful death attends my longer stay;
 And I this night must fly from thee and love,
 Condemn'd in lonely woods a banish'd man to rove.

E M M A.

What is our bliss that changeth with the moon?
 And day of life, that darkens e'er 'tis noon?
 What is true passion, if unblest it dies;
 And where is *Emma's* joy, if *Henry* flies?
 If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear,
 No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
 Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd
 The flames, which long have in my bosom reign'd:
 The god of love himself inhabits there,
 With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
 His complement of stores, and total war.

Oh! cease then coldly to suspect my love;
 And let my deed at least my faith approve.
 Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;
 Nor Day, nor night shall interrupt my care:
 No future story shall with truth upbraid
 The cold indifference of the *Nut-brown Maid*:

Nor

Nor to hard banishment shall *Henry* run ;
While careless *Emma* sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolv'd, where-e'er thou lead'st, to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe :
For I attest fair *Venus*, and her son,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

Let prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous way ;
And take good heed, what men will think and say ;
That beauteous *Emma* vagrant courses took ;
Her father's house and civil life forsook ;
That full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd ;
And virgin honour once, is always stain'd :
Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun :
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
No penance can absolve our guilty fame ?
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.
Then fly the sad effects of desp'rate love ;
And leave a banish'd man thro' lonely woods to rove.

E M M A.

Let *Emma*'s hapless case be falsely told
By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old :
Let ev'ry tongue it's various censures chuse ;
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse :
Fair truth, at last her radiant beams will raise ;
And malice vanquish'd heightens virtue's praise.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight ;
O ! let my presence make thy travels light ;
And potent *Venus* shall exalt my name
Above the rumours of censorious fame :
Nor from that busie *Demon*'s restless pow'r
Will ever *Emma* other grace implore,
Than that this truth should to the world be known,
That I of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the bow ?
With active force repel the sturdy foe ?

When.

when the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
 And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly ;
 Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted stay,
 Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day ?
 Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail ;
 'Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale :
 With fruitless sorrow thou, inglorious maid,
 Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd :
 Then to thy friend, by foes o'er-charg'd, deny
 Thy little useless aid, and coward fly :
 Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love
 A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

E M M A.

With fatal certainty *Ibalestris* knew,
 To send the arrow from the twanging yew :
 And great in arms, and foremost in the war,
Bonduca brandish'd high the *British* spear.
 Could thirst of vengeance, and desire of fame
 Excite the female breast with martial flame ?
 And shall not love's diviner pow'r inspire
 More hardy virtue, and more gen'rous fire ?
 Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
 And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
 Tho' my inferior strength may not allow,
 That I should bear, or draw the warrior bow ;
 With ready hand I will the shaft supply,
 And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
 Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
 Should'st thou (but heav'n avert it !) should'st thou bleed ;
 To stop the wounds my finest lawn I'd tear ;
 Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair :
 Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown,
 That I of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
 Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain ?
 Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
 From sun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid ;
 Can they bear angry *Jove* ? can they resist
 The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east ?

When

When chill'd by adverse snows, and beating rain,
We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
When with hard toil we seek our ev'ning food,
Berries and acorns, from the neighb'ring wood;
And find among the cliffs no other house,
But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs;
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
Around the dreary waste, and weeping try,
(Tho' then, alas! that tryal be too late)
To find thy father's hospitable gate,
And seats, where ease and plenty brooding fate?
Those seats, whence long excluded thou must mourn:
That gate for ever barr'd to thy return:
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove?

E M M A.

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
From it's decline determin'd to recede?
Did I but purpose to embark with thee,
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea;
While gentle *Zephyrs* play in prosp'rous gales;
And fortune's favour fills the swelling sails:
But would forsake the ship, and make the shoar,
When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?
No, *Henry*, no: one sacred oath has ty'd
Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide;
Nor wild, nor deep our common way divide.

When from the cave thou risest with the day,
To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey;
The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
And chearful sit, to wait my lord's return.
And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer;
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err)
I'll fetch quick fewel from the neighb'ring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food:
With humble duty and officious haste,
I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast:
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring;
And draw thy water from the freshest spring:

And

And when at night with weary toil oppress'd,
 Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest ;
 Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight pray'r
 Weary the gods to keep thee in their care ;
 And joyous ask at morn's returning ray,
 If thou hast health, and I may blest the day.
 My thought shall fix, my latest wish depend
 On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend :
 By all these sacred names be *Henry* known
 To *Emma*'s heart ; and grateful let him own,
 That she of all mankind, could love but him alone. }

H E N R Y.

Vainly thou tell'st me, what the woman's care
 Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare :
 Thou, e're thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
 Must leave the habit, and the sex behind.
 No longer shall thy comely tresses break
 In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck ;
 Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
 In graceful breeds with various ribbon bound :
 No longer shall the boddice aptly lac'd,
 From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
 That air and harmony of shape express,
 Fine by degrees, and beautifully less :
 Nor shall thy lower garments artful pleat
 From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
 Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
 And double ev'ry charm they seek to hide.
 Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair
 Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
 Shall stand uncouth : a horseman's coat shall hide,
 Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side :
 The short trunk-hose shall shew thy foot and knee
 Licentious, and to common eye-sight free :
 And with a bolder stride, and looser air,
 Mingl'd with men, a man thou must appear.

Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
 Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find :
 'Tis long since *Cynthia* and her train were there ;
 Or guardian gods made innocence their care.

Vagrants.

Vagrants and out-laws shall offend thy view ;
 (For such must be my friends ;) a hideous crew,
 By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill ;
 Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill :
 Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
 The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back ;
 By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
 Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread.
 With such must *Emma* hunt the tedious day,
 Assist their violence, and divide their prey ;
 With such she must return a setting light ;
 Tho' not partaker, witness of their night.
 Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds,
 And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
 Of jest obscene, and vulgar ribaldry ;
 The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply ;
 Brought by long habitude from bad to worse
 Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
 That latest weapon of the wretches war :
 And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, *Emma*, now the last reflection make,
 What thou wou'dst follow, what thou must forsake :
 By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse heav'n,
 No middle object to thy choice is giv'n.
 Or yield thy virtue to attain thy love ;
 Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove.

E M M A.

O grief of heart ! that our unhappy fates
 Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates :
 Mix thee amongst the bad ; or make thee run
 Too near the paths, which virtue bids thee shun.
 Yet with her *Henry* still let *Emma* go ;
 With him abhor the vice, but share the woe :
 And sure my little heart can never err
 Amidst the worst, if *Henry* still be there.

Our outward act is prompted from within ;
 And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin :
 By her own choice free virtue is approv'd ;
 Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.

Who

Who has assay'd no danger, gains no praise.
 In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
 Triumphant constancy has fix'd her seat :
 In vain the syrens sing, the tempests beat :
 Their flatt'ry she rejects, nor fears their threat.

For thee alone these little charms I dress ;
 Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy test.
 In comely figure rang'd my jewels shone ;
 Or negligently plac'd, for thee alone :
 For thee again they shall be laid aside ;
 The woman, *Henry*, shall put off her pride
 For thee : my cloaths, my sex chang'd, for thee,
 I'll mingle with the peoples wretched lee ;
 Oh ! line extream of human infamy !
 Wanting the scissors with these hands I'll tear
 (If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.

Black foot or yellow walnut shall disgrace
 This little red and white of *Emma's* face.
 These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
 Left by my look or colour be express'd
 The mark of ought high born, or ever better dress'd.
 Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,

Let me be grateful still to *Henry's* eyes :
 Lost to the world, let me to him be known :
 My fate I can absolve, if he shall own,
 That leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

H E N R Y.

O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind !
 Name, habit, parents, woman left behind,
 Ev'n honour dubious, thou preferr'st to go
 Wild to the woods with me ; said *Emma* so ?
 Or did I dream what *Emma* never said ?
 O guilty error ! and oh wretched maid !
 Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
 With him, who next should tempt her easie fame ;
 And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.
 Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex ?
 Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex :

No longer loose desire for constant love
 Mistake ; but say 'tis man, with whom thou long'st to

[rove.

E M M A.

E M M A

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords ;
That *Emma* thus must die by *Henry's* words ?
Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame ?
More fatal *Henry's* words they murder *Emma's* fame.

And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung,
Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes to it's aid :
And, whilst it *Henry's* glowing flame convey'd,
Still blam'd the coldness of the *Nut-brown Maid* ?

Let envious jealousy, and canker'd spight
Produce my action to severest light,
And tax my open day, or secret night.
Did e're my tongue speak my unguarded heart
The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part ?
Did e're my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell ?
And hast thou, *Henry*, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I must ever own,
That I of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone ?

H E N R Y.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone :
Each man is man ; and all our sex is one.
False are our words ; and fickle is our mind :
Nor in love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to last, or promises to bind.

By nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by strength or cunning we invade :
When arm'd with rage we march against the foe ;
We lift the battle-ax, and draw the bow :
When fir'd with passion we attack the fair ;
Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear :
Our falshood and our arms have equal use ;
As they our conquest or delight produce.

The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive ;
The only boon departing love can give.

To be less wretched, be no longer true :
 What strives to fly thee, why should'st thou pursue ?
 Forget the present flame ; indulge a new.
 Single the loveliest of the am'rous youth ;
 Ask for his vow ; but hope not for his truth.
 The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
 Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive ;
 Will kneel, impore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
 Hence let thy *Cupid* aim his arrows right ;
 Be wise, and false ; shun trouble, seek delight,
 Change thou the first ; nor wait thy lover's flight.
 Why should'st thou weep ? let nature judge our case :
 I saw thee young, and fair ; pursu'd the chase
 Of youth, and beauty : I another saw
 Fairer, and younger : yielding to the law
 Of our all-ruling mother, I pursu'd
 More youth, more beauty : blest vicissitude !
 My active heart still keeps it's pristine flame :
 The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger fairer pleads her rightful charms :
 With present power compels me to her arms.
 And much I fear, from my subjected mind,
 (If beauty's force to constant love can bind)
 'T hat years may roll, e're in her turn, the maid
 Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd :
 And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
 With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
 So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her.
 Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows :
Cupid averse rejects divided vows.
 Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
 An useless sorrow, and an ill-star'd love ;
 And leave me with the fair, at large in woods to rove.

E M M A.

Are we in life thro' one great error led ?
 Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd ?
 Of the superior sex art thou the worst ?
 Am I of mine the most compleatly curst ?

Yet

Yet let me go with thee ; and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our different care,
Her let me follow ; her let me attend,
A servant : (she may scorn the name of friend.)
What she demands, incessant I'll prepare ;
I'll weave her garlands, and I'll pleat her hair :
My busie diligence shall deck her board ;
(For there at least I may approach my lord.)
And when her *Henry's* softer hours advise
His servant's absence ; with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet when encreasing grief brings slow disease ;
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
Will have it's little lamp no longer fed ;
When *Henry's* mistress shows him *Emma* dead ;
Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect.
With virgin honours let my herse be deckt,
And decent emblem ; and at least persuade
This happy nymph, that *Emma* may be laid,
Where thou, dear author of my death, where she
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
The nymph amidst her joys may haply breath
One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
Who hopes from *Henry's* vows eternal love.
And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
If *Emma's* image ever touch'd thy heart,
Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear
To her whom love abandon'd to despair ;
To her, who dying, on the wounded stone
Bid it in lasting characters be known,
That of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

Hear, solemn *Jove* ; and conscious *Venus*, hear ;
And thou, bright maid, believe me, whilst I swear ;
No time, no change, no future flame shall move
The well plac'd basis of my lasting love.

O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
 At least excuse a tryal too severe:
 Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
 Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
 No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
 Fairest collection of thy sexes charms,
 Crown of my love, and honour of my youth:
Henry, thy *Henry* with eternal truth,
 As thou may'st wish, shall all his life imploy,
 And found his glory in his *Emma*'s joy.

In me behold the potent *Edgar*'s heir,
 Illustrious earl, him terrible in war
 Let *Loyre* confess; for she has felt his sword,
 And trembling fled before the *British* lord.
 Him great in peace and wealth fair *Dewa* knows;
 For she amidst his spacious meadows flows;
 Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands;
 And sees his numerous herd imprint her sands.

And thou, my fair, my dove, shall raise thy thought
 To greatness next to empire; shalt be brought
 With solemn pomp, to my paternal seat,
 Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.
 Musick and song shall wake the marriage-day:
 And while the priests accuse the bride's delay;
 Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn;
 And blooming peace shall ever bleis thy morn:
 Succeeding years their happy race shall run;
 And age unheeded by delight come on;
 While yet superior love shall mock his pow'r:
 And when old time shall turn the fated hour,
 Which only can our well-ty'd knot unfold,
 What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.

Hence then, for ever from my *Emma*'s breast
 (That heav'n of softneis, and that seat of rest)
 Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
 Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
 Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

E M.

E M M A.

O day the fairest sure that ever rose!
 Period and end of anxious *Emma's* woes!
 Sire of her joy, and source of her delight;
 O! wing'd with pleasure take thy happy flight,
 And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
 Yet tell thy vot'ry, potent queen of love,
Henry, my *Henry*, will he never rove?
 Will he be ever kind, and just, and good?
 And is there yet no mistress in the wood?
 None, none there is: the thought was rash and vain;
 A false idea, and a fancy'd pain.

Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart;
 And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;
 Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
 But soft belief, young joy, and pleasing care.

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
 And fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
 If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
 And sheds her treasure with unwearied hands;
 Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
 And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace:
 If she reclaims the temporary boon,
 And tries her pinions flutt'ring to be gone;
 Secure of mind I'll obviate her intent,
 And unconcern'd return the good she lent.
 Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
 From any turn of her fantastick wheel:
 Friendship's great laws, and love's superior pow'rs,
 Must mark the colour of my future hours.
 From the events which thy commands create,
 I must my blessings or my sorrows date:
 And *Henry's* will must dictate *Emma's* fate.

Yet while with close delight and inward pride
 (Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
 I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
 Exalted high as virtue can require;
 With pow'r invested, and with pleasure chear'd;
 Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd;

Loaded

Loaded and blest with all the affluent store,
Which human vows at smoaking shrines implore ;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life, subservient only to thy joy ;
And at my death to bleis thy kindness shown
To her, who of mankind, could love but thee alone.

While thus the constant pair alternate said,
Joyful above them, and around them play'd
Angels and sportive loves, a numerous crowd ;
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd :
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To chuse propitious shafts ; a precious store :
That when their god should take his future darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
His happy skill might proper arms employ,
All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy :
And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
Theie lovers constancy, should share their fate.

The queen of beauty stop'd her bridled doves ;
Approv'd the little labour of the loves ;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear ;
And to the triumph call'd the god of war :
Soon as she calls, the god is always near.

Now *Mars*, she said, let *Fame* exalt her voice ;
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice :
But when she sings great *Edward* from the field
Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield,
In *Concord's* temple hung, and *Gallia* taught to yield.
And when, as prudent *Saturn* shall compleat
The year's design'd to perfect *Britain's* state ;
The swift-wing'd power shall take her trump again,
To sing her fav'rite *Anna's* wond'rous reign ;
To recollect unwearied *Marlbro's* toils,
Old *Rufus'* hall unequal to his spoils ;
The *British* soldier from his high command
Glorious, and *Gaul* thrice vanquish'd by his hand ;
Let her at least perform what I desire ;
With second breath the vocal brass inspire ;

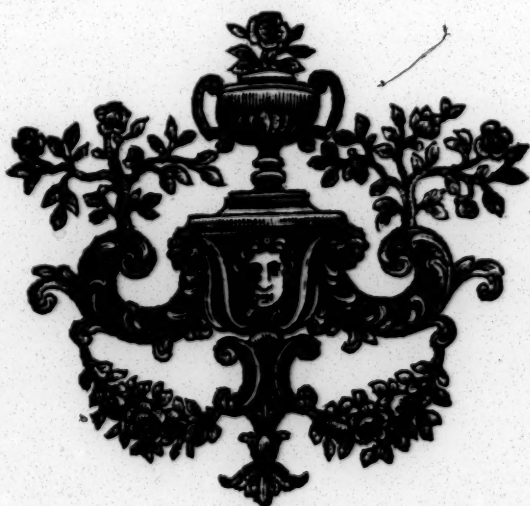
And

And tell the nations in no vulgar strain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.

And when thy tumults and thy fights are past,
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast ;
Faithful may'st thou like *British* Henry prove,
And *Emma*-like let me return thy love.

Renown'd for truth let all thy sons appear ;
And constant beauty shall reward their care.

Mars smil'd, and bow'd : the *Cyprian* deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky :
And thou, she smiling said, great god of days
And verse, behold my deed ; and sing my praise.
As on the *British* earth, my fav'rite isle,
Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
Thro' all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.
From ev'ry annual course let one great day,
To celebrated sports and floral play
Be set aside ; and in the softest lays
Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise,
And everlasting marks of honour paid
To *the true lover*, and *the nut-brown maid*.





A N
O D E

Humbly inscrib'd to the

Q U E E N.

ON THE

Glorious Success

OF

Her MAJESTY'S Arms,
1706.

Written in Imitation of *Spenser's* Style.

*Te non parventis funera Galliae,
Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ :
Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
Compositis venerantur armis.*

Hor.



P R E F A C E.

WHEN I first thought of writing upon this occasion I found the Ideas so great and numerous, that I judg'd them more proper for the warmth of an *Ode*, than for any other sort of poetry : I therefore set *Horace* before me for a pattern, and particularly his famous ode, the fourth of the fourth book,

Qualem ministrum fulminis Alitem, &c.

which he wrote in praise of *Drusus* after his expedition into *Germany*, and of *Augustus* upon his happy choice of that general. And in the following poem, tho' I have endeavour'd to imitate all the great strokes of that ode, I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variously, as the subject and my own imagination carry'd me. As to the style, the choice I made of following the *Ode* in *Latin*, determin'd me in *English* to the *Stanza*; and herein it was impossible not to have a mind to follow our great Countryman *Spenser*; which I have done (as well at least as I could) in the manner of my expression, and the turn of my number: Having only added one verse to his stanza, which I thought made the number more Harmonious; and avoided such of his words as I found too obsolete: I have however retained some few of them, to make the colouring look more like *Spenser's*. *Behest*, command; *Band*, Army; *Prowess*, strength; *I weet*, I know; *I ween*, I think; *whilom*, heretofore; and two or three more of that kind, which I hope the *Ladies* will pardon me, and not judge my *Muse* less handsome, tho' for once she appears in a farthingal. I have also, in *Spenser's* manner, used *Cæsar* for the Emperor, *Boya* for *Bavaria*, *Bavar* for that prince, *Ister* for *Danube*, *Iberia* for *Spain*, &c.

That noble part of the *Ode* which I just now mentioned,

*Gens, quæ cremato fertis ab Illo
Factata Tuscis æquoribus, &c.* —

where *Horace* praises the *Romans* as being descended from *Æneas*, I have turn'd to the Honour of the *British* nation,

descended from *Brute*, likewise a *Trojan*. That this *Brute*, fourth or fifth from *Aeneas*, settled in *England*, and built *London*, which he call'd *Troja Nova*, or *Troynovante*, is a story, which (I think) owes it's original if not to *Geoffry* of *Monmouth*, at least to the *Monkish* writers; yet is not rejected by our great *Cambden*; and is told by *Milton*, as if at least he was pleas'd with it, tho' possibly he does not believe it: however it carries a poetical authority, which is sufficient for our purpose. It is as certain that *Brute* came into *England*, as that *Aeneas* went into *Italy*; and upon the supposition of these facts, *Virgil* wrote the best poem that the world ever read, and *Spenser* paid queen *Elizabeth* the greatest compliment.

I need not obviate one piece of criticism, that I bring my Hero,

From burning *Troy*, and *Xanthus* red with blood :

whereas he was not born, when that city was destroy'd. *Virgil*, in the case of his own *Aeneas* relating to *Dido*, will stand as a sufficient proof, that a man in his poetical capacity is not accountable for a little fault in chronology.

My two great examples, *Horace* and *Spenser*, in many things resemble each other: both have a height of imagination, and a majesty of expression in describing the *Sublime*; and both know to temper those talents, and sweeten the description, so as to make it lovely, as well as pompous: Both have equally that agreeable manner of mixing morality with their story, and that *curiosa felicitas* in the choice of their diction, which every writer aims at and so very few have reach'd: both are particularly fine in their images, and, knowing in their numbers. Leaving therefore our two masters to the consideration and study of those who design to excel in poetry, I only beg leave to add, that it is long since I have (or at least ought to have) quitted *Parnassus*, and all the flow'ry roads on that side the country; tho' I thought my self indispensably oblig'd, upon the present occasion, to take a little journey into those parts.

A N
O D E

Humbly inscrib'd to the
Q U E E N.

I.

W Hen great *Augustus* govern'd antient *Rome*,
And sent his conqu'ring bands to foreign wars ;
Abroad when dreaded, and belov'd at home,
He saw his fame encreasing with his years ;
Horace, great bard (so fate ordain'd) arose ;
And bold, as were his country-men in fight,
Snatch'd their fair actions from degrading prose,
And set their battles in eternal light :
High as their trumpet's tune, his lyre he strung ;
And with his prince's arms he moraliz'd his song.

II.

When bright *Eliza* rul'd *Britannia*'s state,
Widely distributing her high commands ;
And boldly wise, and fortunately great,
Freed the glad nations from tyrannick bands ;
An equal genius was in *Spenser* found :
To the high theme he match'd his noble lays :
He travel'd *England* o'er on fairy-ground,
In mystick notes to sing his monarch's praise :
Reciting wondrous truths in pleasing dreams,
He deck'd *Eliza*'s head with *Gloriana*'s beams.

III.

But greatest *Anna* ! while thy arms pursue
Paths of renown, and climb ascents of fame,
Which nor *Augustus*, nor *Eliza* knew ;
What poet shall be found to sing thy name ?

What numbers shall record, what tongue shall say
 Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main?
 O fairest model of imperial sway!
 What equal pen shall write thy wond'rous reign?
 Who shall attempts and feats of arms rehearse,
 Not yet by story told, nor parallel'd by verse?

IV.

Me all too mean for such a task I weet:
 Yet if the *Sovereign Lady* deign's to smile,
 I'll follow *Horace* with impetuous heat,
 And cloath the verse in *Spenser's* native stile.
 By these examples rightly taught to sing,
 And smit with pleasure of my country's praise,
 Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,
 High as *Olympus* I my flight will raise:
 And latest times shall in my numbers read
Anna's immortal fame, and *Marlbrô's* hardy deed.

V.

As the strong eagle in the silent wood,
 Mindless of warlike rage, and hostile care,
 Plays round the rocky cliff, or crystal flood;
 'Till by *Jove's* high behests call'd out to war,
 And charg'd with thunder of his angry king,
 His bosom with the vengeful message glows:
 Upward the noble bird directs his wing;
 And tow'ring round his master's earth-born foes,
 Swift he collects his fatal stock of ire;
 Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire.

VI.

Sedate and calm thus victor *Marlbrô's* fate,
 Shaded with laurels, in his native land;
 'Till *Anna* calls him from his soft retreat,
 And gives her second thunder to his hand.
 Then leaving sweet repose, and gentle ease,
 With ardent speed he seeks the distant foe:
 Marching o'er hills and vales, o'er rocks and seas,
 He meditates, and strikes the wond'rous blow.
 Our thought flies slower than our general's fame:
 Grasps he the bolt? (we ask) when he has hurl'd the
 flame.

When

VII.

When fierce *Bavar* on *Judoign's* spacious plain
Did from afar the *British* chief behold ;
Betwixt despair, and rage, and hope, and pain,
Something within his warring bosom roll'd :
He views that fav'rite of indulgent fame,
Whom *Whilom* he had met on *Ister's* shoar :
Too well, alas ! the man he knows, the same,
Whose prowess there repell'd the *Boyan* pow'r ;
And sent them trembling thro' the frightened lands,
Swift as the whirlwind drives *Arabia's* scattered sands.

VIII.

His former losses he forgets to grieve ;
Absolves his fate, if with a kinder ray
It now would shine, and only give him leave
To balance the account of *Blenheim's* day.
So the fell lion in the lonely glade,
His side still smarting with the hunter's spear,
Tho' deeply wounded, no way yet dismay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new war ;
In sullen fury traverses the plain,
To find the vent'rous foe, and battle him again.

IX.

Misguided prince, no longer urge thy fate,
Nor tempt the hero to unequal war ;
Fam'd in misfortune, and in ruin great,
Confess the force of *Marlbro's* stronger star.
Those laurel groves (the merits of thy youth)
Which thou from *Mahomet* didst greatly gain,
While bold assertor of resistless truth,
Thy sword did godlike liberty maintain,
Must from thy brow their falling honours shed ;
And their transplanted wreaths must deck a worthier

X.

[head.

Yet cease the ways of providence to blame,
And human faults with human grief confess :
'Tis thou art chang'd, while Heav'n is still the same ;
From thy ill councils date thy ill success.
Impartial justice holds her equal scales ;
'Till stronger virtue does the weight incline :

If over thee thy glorious foe prevails ;
 He now defends the cause, that once was thine.
 Righteous the war, the champion shall subdue ;
 For *Jove's* great handmaid, power, must *Jove's* decrees

XI.

[pursue.

Hark ! the dire trumpets sound their shrill alarms ;
Auverquerque, branch'd from the renown'd *Nassaus*,
 Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms,
 His glorious sword with dauntless courage draws.
 When anxious *Britain* mourn'd her parting lord,
 And all of *William* that was mortal dy'd ;
 The faithful hero had receiv'd this sword
 From his expiring master's much lov'd side.
 Oft from its fatal ire has *Louis* flown,
 Where e'er great *William* led, or *Maese* and *Sambre* run.

XII.

But brandish'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour
 To thee, proud *Gaul*, behold thy justest fear,
 The master sword, disposer of thy pow'r :
 'Tis that which *Cæsar* gave the *British* peer.
 He took the gift ; nor ever will I sheath
 This steel (so *Anna's* high behests ordain
 The general said, unless by glorious death
 Absolv'd, 'till conquest has confirm'd your reign.
 Returns like these our *Mistress* bids us make,
 When from a foreign prince a gift her *Britons* take.

XIII.

And now fierce *Gallia* rushes on her toes,
 Her force augmented by the *Bojan* bands :
 So *Volga's* stream, increas'd by mountain snows,
 Rolls with new fury down thro' *Russia's* lands.
 Like two great rocks against the raging tide,
 (If virtue's force with nature's we compare)
 Unmov'd the two united chiefs abide,
 Sustain the impulse, and receive the war.
 Round their firm sides in vain the tempest beats,
 And still the foaming wave with lessen'd pow'r retreats.

XIV.

The rage dispers'd, the glorious pair advance,
 With mingl'd anger, and collected might,

To

To turn the war ; and tell aggressing *France*,
How *Britain's* sons, and *Britain's* friends can fight.
On conquest fix'd, and covetous of fame,
Behold them Rushing thro' the *Gallic* host.
Thro' standing corn so runs the sudden flame,
Or eastern winds along *Sicilia's* coast.
They deal their terrors to the adverse nation :
Pale death attends their arms and ghastly desolation.

XV.

But while with fiercest ire *Bellona* glows ;
And *Europe* rather hopes than fears her fate ;
While *Britain* presses her afflicted foes ;
What horror damps the strong, and quells the great ?
Whence look the Soldiers cheeks dismay'd and pale ?
Ere ever dreadful, know they now to dread ?
The hostile troops, I ween, almost prevail ;
And the pursuers only not recede.
Alas ! their lessen'd rage proclaims their grief ;
For anxious, lo ! they croud around their falling chief.

XVI.

I thank thee fate, exclaims the fierce *Bavàr* ;
Let *Boya's* trumpet grateful *Io's* sound :
I saw him fall, their thunderbolt of war :----
Ever to vengeance sacred be the ground.----
Vain wishes ! short joy ! the hero mounts again
In greater glory, and with fuller light :
The ev'ning star so falls into the main,
To rise at morn more prevalently bright.
He rises safe : but near, too near his side,
A good man's grievous loss, a faithful servant dy'd.

XVII.

Propitious *Mars* ! the battle is regain'd :
The foe with lessen'd wrath disputes the field :
The *Briton* fights, by fav'ring gods sustain'd :
Freedom must live ; and lawless pow'r must yield.
Vain now the tales which fab'ling poets tell,
That wav'ring *Conquest* still desires to rove :
In *Marlbrô's* camp the goddess knows to dwell :
Long as the hero's life remains her iove.
Again *France* flies, again the duke pursues :
And on *Ramilia's* plains he *Blenheim's* fame renews.

XVIII.

Great thanks, O captain great in arms ! receive
 From thy triumphant country's publick voice :
 Thy country greater thanks can only give
 To *Anne*, to her who made those arms her choice.
 Recording *Schellenberg's* and *Blenheim's* toils,
 We dreaded lest thou should'st those toils repeat :
 We view'd the palace charg'd with *Gallie* Spoils,
 And in those spoils we thought thy praise compleat :
 For never *Greek*, we deem'd, nor *Roman* knight,
 In characters like these did e'er his acts indite.

XIX.

Yet mindless still of ease, thy virtue flies
 A pitch, to old and modern times unknown :
 Those goodly deeds which we so highly prize,
 Imperfect seem, great chief, to thee alone.
 Those heights, where *William's* virtue might have staid,
 And on the subject world look'd safely down ;
 By *Marlbrô* pass'd, the props and steps were made,
 Sublimar yet to raise his queen's renown,
 Still gaining more, still slighting what he gain'd,
 Nought done the hero deem'd, while ought undone re-

XX.

[main'd.

When swift-wing'd *Rumour* told the mighty *Gaul*,
 How lessen'd from the field *Bavar* was fled ;
 Hewept the swiftness of the champion's fall ;
 And thus the royal treaty-breaker said :
 And lives he yet, the great, the lost *Bavar*,
 Ruin to *Gallia*, in the name of friend ?
 Tell me, how far has fortune been severe ?
 Has the foe's glory, or our grief an end ?
 Remains there, of the fifty thousand lost,
 To save our threaten'd realm, or guard our shatter'd coast ?

XXI.

To the close rock the frighted raven flies ;
 Soon as the rising eagle cuts the air :
 The shaggy wolf unseen and trembling lyes,
 When the hoarse roar proclaims the lion near.
 Ill-starr'd did we our forts and lines forsake,
 To dare our *British* foes to open fight :

Our

Our conquest we by stratagem should make :
 Our triumph had been founded in our flight.
 'Tis our's, by craft, and by surprize to gain :
 'Tis their's, to meet in arms, and battle in the plain.

XXII.

The antient father of this hostile brood,
 Their boasted *Brute*, undaunted snatch'd his gods
 From burning *Troy*, and *Xanthus* red with blood,
 And fix'd on silver *Thames* his dire abodes :
 And this be *Troynovante*, he said, the seat,
 By heav'n ordain'd, my sons, your lasting place :
 Superior here to all the bolts of fate,
 Live mindful of the Author of your race ;
 Whom neither *Greece*, nor war, nor want, nor flame,
 Nor great *Peleides*' arm, nor *Juno*'s rage could tame.

XXIII.

Their *Tudor*'s hence, and *Stuart*'s off-spring flow ;
 Hence *Edward*, dreadful with his sable shield ;
Talbot, to *Gallia*'s pow'r eternal foe ;
 And *Seymour*, fam'd in council, or in field :
 Hence *Nevil*, great to settle or dethrone ;
 And *Drake*, and *Ca'ndish*, terrors of the sea :
 Hence *Butler*'s sons, o'er land and ocean known ;
Herbert's and *Churchill*'s warring progeny :
 Hence the long roll which *Gallia* should conceal :
 For, oh! who vanquish'd loves the victor's fame to tell :

XXIV.

Envy'd *Britannia*, sturdy as the oak,
 Which on her mountain-top she proudly bears,
 Eludes the ax, and sprouts against the stroak ;
 Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars.
 And as those teeth, which *Cadmus* sow'd in earth,
 Produc'd new youth, and furnish'd fresh supplies :
 So, with young vigour, and succeeding birth,
 Her losses more than recompens'd arise ;
 And ev'ry age she with a race is crown'd,
 For letters more polite, in battles more renown'd.

XXV.

Obstinate pow'r whom nothing can repel ;
 Not the fierce *Saxon*, nor the cruel *Dane*.

Nor

Nor deep impressi^on of the *Norman* steel,
 Nor *Europe*'s force amass'd by envious *Spain*,
 Nor *France* on universal sway intent,
 Oft breaking leagues, and oft renewing wars,
 Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd government)
 Their own intestine feuds and mutual jars ;
 Those feuds and jars, in which I trusted more,
 Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the *Gallic* pow'r.

XXVI.

To fruitful *Rheims*, or fair *Lutetia*'s gate
 What tidings shall the messenger convey ?
 Shall the loud herald our success relate,
 Or mitred priest appoint the solemn day ?
 Alas ! my praises they no more must sing ;
 They to my Statue now must bow no more :
 Broken, repuls'd is their immortal king ;
 Fall'n, fall'n for ever is the *Gallic* pow'r.-----
 The *Woman Chief* is master of the war :
 Earth she has freed by arms ; and vanquish'd heav'n by
 [pray'r.

XXVII.

Whilst thus the ruin'd foe's despair commends
 Thy council and thy deed, victorious queen,
 What shall thy subjects say, and what thy friends ?
 How shall thy triumphs in our joy be seen ?
 Oh ! deign to let the eldest of the *Nine*
 Recite *Britannia* great, and *Gallia* free :
 Oh ! with her sister *Sculpture* let her join,
 To raise, great *Anne*, the monument to thee ;
 To thee, of all our good the sacred spring ;
 To thee, our dearest dread ; to thee, our foster king.

XXVIII.

Let *Europe* sav'd the column high erect,
 Than *Trojan*'s higher, or than *Antonine*'s ;
 Where sembling art may carve the fair effect,
 And full atchievement of thy great designs.
 In a calm heav'n, and a serener air,
 Sublime, the queen shall on the summit stand,
 From danger far, as far remov'd from fear,
 And pointing down to earth her dread command.

All winds, all storms that threaten human woe,
Shall sink beneath her Feet, and spread their rage below.

XXIX.

There fleets shall strive by winds and waters tost ;
'Till the young *Austrian* on *Iberia's* strand,
Great as *Aeneas* on the *Latian* coast,
Shall fix his foot ; and this, be this the land,
Great *Jove*, where I for ever will remain
(The *Empire's* other hope shall say) and here,
Vanquish'd, intomb'd I'll lye, or crown'd I'll reign----
O virtue to thy *British* mother dear !
Like the fam'd *Trojan* suffer and abide ;
For *Anne* is thine, I ween, as *Venus* was his guide.

XXX.

There, in eternal characters engrav'd,
Vigo, and *Gibraltar*, and *Barcelone*,
Their force destroy'd, their privileges sav'd,
Shall *Anna's* terrors, and her mercies own :
Spain, from th'usurper *Bourbon's* arms retriev'd,
Shall with new life and grateful joy appear,
Numb'ring the wonders which that youth atchiev'd,
Whom *Anna* clad in arms, and sent to war ;
Whom *Anna* sent to claim *Iberia's* throne ;
And made him more than king, in calling him her son.

XXXI.

There *Ister* plac'd by *Blenheim's* glorious field
Rolling, shall bid his eastern waves declare
Germania sav'd by *Britain's* ample shield ;
And bleeding *Gaul* afflicted by her spear :
Shall bid them mention *Marlb'ro*, on that shore
Leading his islanders, renown'd in arms,
Thro' climes, where never *British* chief before
Or pitch'd his camp, or sounded his alarms :
Shall bid them bless the *Queen*, who made his streams
Glorious as those of *Boyn*, and safe as those of *Thames*.

XXXII.

Brabantia, clad with fields, and crown'd with tow'rs,
With decent joy shall her deliv'rer meet ;
Shall own thy arms, great *Queen* ; and bless thy pow'rs,
Laying the keys beneath thy subject's feet.

Flan-

Flandria, by plenty made the home of war,
 Shall weep her crime, and bow to *Charles* restor'd ;
 With double vows shall bless thy happy care,
 In having drawn and having sheath'd the sword.
 From these their sister provinces shall know,
 How *Anne* supports a friend, and how forgives a foe.

XXXIII.

Bright swords, and crested helms, and pointed spears
 In artful piles around the work shall lye ;
 And shields indented deep in antient wars,
 Blazon'd with signs of *Gallic* heraldry ;
 And standards with distinguished honours bright,
 Marks of high pow'r and national command,
 Which *Valois*' sons and *Bourbon*'s bore in fight,
 Or gave to *Foix*', or *Montmorancy*'s hand :
 Great spoils, which *Gallia* must to *Britain* yield,
 From *Cressy*'s battle sav'd, to grace *Ramillia*'s field.

XXXIV.

And as fine art the spaces may dispose ;
 The knowing thought and curious eye shall see
 Thy emblem, gracious queen, the *British* rose,
 Type of sweet rule, and gentle majesty :
 The *Northern* thistle, whom no hostile hand
 Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween,
Hibernia's harp, device of her command,
 And parent of her mirth, shall there be seen :
 Thy vanquished lillies, *France*, decay'd and torn,
 Shall, with disorder'd pomp, the lasting work adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, great *Queen*, oh ! very far beneath,
 Near to the ground, and on the humble base,
 To save herself from darkness, and from death,
 The *Muse* desires the last, the lowest place ;
 Who tho' unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling string ;
 For the fair fame of *Anne* and *Albion*'s land ;
 Who durst of war and martial fury sing :
 And when they will, and when thy *Marlbó*'s hand
 Had quell'd those wars, and bid that fury cease ;
 Hangs up her grateful harp, to conquest and to peace.

THE FIRST
HYMN of *Callimachus*.

TO

J U P I T E R.

WHILE we to *Jove* select the holy Victim ;
Whom apter shall we sing than *Jove* himself,
The god for ever great, for ever king ;
Who slew the earth-born race, and measures right
To heav'ns great habitants ? *Diſſean* hear'ſt thou
More joyful, or *Lycæan* long diſpute
And various thoughts has trac'd. On *Ida*'s mount-
Or *Diſſe*, ſtudious of his country's praiſe,
The *Cretan* boasts thy natal place : but oft
He meets reproof, deſerv'd ; for he presumptuous
Has built a tomb for thee, who never knew'ſt
To die, but liv'ſt the ſame to-day and ever.
Arcadian therefore be thy birth : great *Rhea*
Pregnant to high *Parrhaſia*'s cliffs retir'd,
And wild *Lycæus*, black with ſhading pines :
Holy retreat ! ſithence no female hither,
Conſcious of ſocial love and nature's rites,
Muſt dare approach, from the inferior reptile
To woman, form divine. There the bleſt parent
Ungirt her ſpacious boſom, and diſcharg'd
The pond'rous birth : ſhe ſought a neighb'ring ſpring
To waſh the recent babe : in vain *Arcadia*,
(However ſtreamy now) adult and dry
Deny'd the goddeſs water : where deep *Melas*,
And rocky *Cratis* flow, the chariots ſmoak'd,
Obſcure with riſing duſt : the thirſty trav'ler

In

In vain requir'd the current, then imprison'd
 In subterranean caverns : forests grew
 Upon the barren hollows, high o'er shading
 The haunts of savage beasts, where now *Jaon*,
 And *Erimanth* incline their friendly urns.

Thou too, O earth, great *Rhea* said, bring forth,
 And short shall be thy pangs : she said ; and high
 She rear'd her arm, and with her scepter struck
 The yawning cliff : from its disparted height
 Adown the mount the gushing torrent ran,
 And chear'd the vallies : There the heav'nly mother
 Bath'd, mighty king, thy tender limbs : she wrapt them
 In purple bands : she gave the precious pledge
 To prudent *Neda*, charging her to guard thee
 Careful and secret : *Neda* of the nymphs
 That tended the great birth, next *Philyre*
 And *Styx*, the eldest : smiling she receiv'd thee,
 And conscious of the grace, absolv'd her trust :
 Not unrewarded ; since the river bore
 The fav'rite virgin's name : fair *Neda* rowls
 By *Leprion*'s ancient walls, a fruitful stream.
 Fast by her flow'ry bank the sons of *Arcas*,
 Fav'rites of heav'n, with happy care protect
 Their fleecy charge ; and joyous drink her wave.

Thee God, to *Cnossus* *Neda* brought : the nymphs
 And *Coribantes* thee their sacred charge
 Receiv'd : *Adraffe* rock'd thy golden cradle :
 The goat, now bright amidst her fellow stars,
 Kind *Amalthea* reach'd her teat, distent
 With milk, thy early food : the sedulous bee
 Distill'd her honey on thy purple lips.

Around, the fierce *Curetes*, (order'd solemn
 To thy foreknowing mother) trod tumultuous
 Their mystic dance, and chang'd their sounding arms ;
 Industrious with the warlike din to quell
 Thy infant cries ; and mock the ear of *Saturn*.

Swift growth and wondrous grace, O heav'nly *Jove*,
 Waited thy blooming years : inventive wit,
 And perfect judgment crown'd thy youthful act.
 That *Saturn*'s sons receiv'd the threefold empire

Of heav'n, of ocean, and deep hell beneath,
As the dark urn and chance of lot determin'd,
Old poets mention, fabling. Things of moment
Well nigh equivalent and neighb'ring value
By lot are parted : but high heav'n, thy share,
In equal balance laid 'gainst sea or hell,
Flings up the adverse scale, and shuns proportion.
Wherefore not chance, but pow'r, above thy brethren
Exalted thee, their king. When thy great will
Commands thy chariot forth ; impetuous strength,
And fiery swiftness wing the rapid wheels,
Incessant : high the eagle flies before thee.
And oh ! as I and mine consult thy augur,
Grant the glad omen ; let thy fav'rite rise
Propitious ; ever soaring from the right.

Thou to the lesser gods hast well assign'd
Their proper shares of power ; thy own, great *Jove*,
Boundless and universal : those who labour
The sweaty forge, who edge the crooked scythe,
Bend stubborn steel, and harden gleeming armour,
Acknowledge *Vulcan's* aid. The early hunter
Blesses *Diana's* hand, who leads him safe
O'er hanging cliffs ; who spreads his net successful,
And guides the arrow through the panther's heart.
The soldier from successful camps returning,
With laurel wreath'd, and rich with hostile spoil,
Severs the bull to *Mars* : the skilful bard,
Striking the *Thracian* harp, invokes *Apollo*,
To make his hero and himself immortal.
Those, mighty *Jove*, mean time, thy glorious care,
Who model nations, publish laws, announce
Or life, or death, and found, or change the empire :
Man owns the pow'r of kings ; and kings, of *Jove*.

And as their actions tend subordinate
To what thy will designs, thou giv'st the means
Proportion'd to the work ; thou see'st impartial,
How they those means employ. Each monarch rules
His different realms, accountable to thee,
Great ruler of the world : these only have
To speak and be obey'd : to those are giv'n

Assistant

Assistant days to ripen the design ;
 To some whole months ; revolving years to some :
 Others, ill fated, are condemn'd to toil
 Their tedious life, and mourn their purpose blasted
 With fruitless art, and impotence of counsel.

Hail ! greatest son of *Saturn*, wise disposer
 Of every good : thy praise what man yet born
 Has sung ? or who that may be born, shall sing ?
 Again, and often hail ! indulge our prayer,
 Great father ! grant us virtue, grant us wealth :
 For without virtue, wealth to man avails not ;
 And virtue without wealth exerts less pow'r,
 And less diffuses good. Then grant us, gracious,
 Virtue and wealth ; for both are of thy gift.

PICTURE of SENECA dying
in a BATH.

By JORDAIN.

At the Right Honourable the EARL of EXETER'S
at Burleigh-House.

WHILE cruel *Nero* only drains
 The moral *Spaniards* ebbing veins,
 By study worn, and slack with age,
 How dull, how thoughtless is his rage ?
 Heighten'd revenge he should have took ;
 He should have burnt his tutor's book ;
 And long have reign'd supream in vice :
 One nobler wretch can only rise ;
 'Tis he whose fury shall deface
 The stoic's image in this piece.
 For while unhurt, divine *Jordain*,
 Thy work and *Seneca's* remain,
 He still has body, still has soul,
 And lives and speaks, restor'd and whole.

The

The D O V E.

-----*Tantæne animis cælestibus Iræ?*

Virg.

I.

IN *Virgil's* sacred verse we find,
That passion can depress or raise
The heav'nly, as the human mind :
Who dare deny what *Virgil* says ?

II.

But if they shou'd ; what our great master
Has thus laid down, my tale shall prove.
Fair *Venus* wept the sad disaster
Of having lost her fav'rite *Dove*.

III.

In complaisance poor *Cupid* mourn'd ;
His grief reliev'd his mother's pain ;
He vow'd he'd leave no stone unturn'd,
But she shou'd have her *Dove* again.

IV.

Tho' none, said he, shall yet be nam'd,
I know the felon well enough :
But be she not, mamma, condemn'd
Without a fair and legal proof.

V.

With that, his longest dart he took,
As constable wou'd take his staff :
That Gods desire like men to look,
Wou'd make ev'n *Heraclitus* laugh.

VI.

Love's subaltern, a duteous band,
Like watchmen round their chief appear :
Each had his *Lanthorn* in his hand :
And *Venus* mask'd brought up the rear.

Accouter'd.

VII.

Accouter'd thus, their eager step
To *Cloe's* lodging they directed :
(At once I write, alas ! and weep,
That *Cloe* is of theft suspected.)

VIII.

Late they set out, had far to go :
St. *Dunstan's* as they pass'd, struck one,
Cloe for reasons good, you know,
Lives at the sober end o'th' town.

IX.

With one great peal they rap the door,
Like footmen on a visiting Day.
Folks at her house at such an hour !
Lord ! what will all the neighbours say ?

X.

The door is open'd : up they run :
Nor prayers, nor threats divert their speed :
Thieves, thieves ! cries *Susan* ; we're undone ;
They'll kill my mistress in her bed.

XI.

In^{deed} indeed the nymph had been
Three hours : for all historians say,
She commonly went up at ten,
Unless *Piquet* was in the way.

XII.

She wak'd, besure, with strange surprize.
O *Cupid*, is this right or law,
Thus to disturb the brightest eyes,
That ever slept, or ever saw ?

XIII.

Have you observ'd a fitting hare,
Lift'ning, and fearful of the storm
Of horns and hounds, clap back her ear,
Afraid to keep, or leave her form ?

XIV.

Or have you mark'd a partridge quake,
Viewing the tow'ring falcon nigh ?
She cuddles low behind the brake :
Nor wou'd she stay : nor dares she fly.

Then

XV.

Then have you seen the beauteous maid;
When gazing on her midnight foes,
She turn'd each way her frighted head,
Then sunk it deep beneath the cloaths.

XVI.

Venus this while was in the chamber
Incognito : for *Susan* said.
It smelt so strong of myrrh and amber-----
And *Susan* is no lying maid.

XVII.

But since we have no present need
Of *Venus* for an episode ;
With *Cupid* let us e'en proceed ;
And thus to *Cloe* spoke the God :

XVIII

Hold up your head : hold up your hand :
Wou'd it were not my lot to shew ye
This cruel *Writ*, wherein you stand
Indicted by the name of *Cloe*.

XIX.

For by that secret malice stirr'd,
Or by an enulous pride invited,
You have purloin'd the fav'rite bird,
In which my mother most delighted.

XX.

Her blushing Face the lovely maid
Rais'd just above the milk-white sheet.
A rose-tree in a lilly bed,
Nor glows so red, nor breathes so sweet.

XXI.

Are you not he whom virgins fear,
And widows court ? is not your name
Cupid ? if so, pray come not near-----
Fair maiden, I'm the very same.

XXII.

Then what have I, good sir, to say,
To do with her, you call your mother ?
If I shou'd meet her in my way,
We hardly court'sy to each other-

XXIII.

Diana chaste, and *Hebe* sweet,
 Witness that what I speak is true :
 I wou'd not give my paroquet
 For all the *Doves* that ever flew.

XXIV.

Yet, to compose this midnight noise,
 Go freely search where-e'er you please:
 ('The rage that rais'd, adorn'd her voice')
 Upon yon' toilet lie my keys.

XXV.

Her keys he takes, her doors unlocks ;
 Thro' wardrobe, and thro' closet bounces ;
 Peeps into ev'ry chest and box ;
 Turns all her furbelows and flowncs.

XXVI.

But *Dove*, depend on't, finds he none ;
 So to the bed returns again :
 And now the maiden bolder grown,
 Begins to treat him with disdain.

XXVII.

I marvel much, she smiling said,
 Your poultry cannot yet be found :
 Lies he in yonder slipper dead,
 Or may be, in the tea-pot drown'd ?

XXVIII.

No, traitor, angry Love replies,
 He's hid somewhere about your breast ;
 A place, nor God, nor man denies,
 For *Venus' Dove* the proper nest.

XXIX.

Search then, she said, put in your hand,
 And *Cynthia*, dear protectress, guard me :
 As guilty I, or free may stand,
 Do thou, or punish, or reward me.

XXX.

But ah ! what maid to love can trust ?
 He scorns, and breaks all legal power :
 Into her breast his hand he thrust ;
 And in a moment forc'd it lower.

O, whi-

XXXI.

O, whither do those fingers rove,
 Cries *Cloe*, treacherous urchin, whither?
 O *Venus*! I shall find thy *Dove*,
 Says he; for sure I touch his feather.

T H E

T U R T L E and S P A R R O W.

An E L E G I A C Tale.*

BEhind an unfrequented glade,
 Where *Yew* and *Myrtle* mix their shade,
 A widow *Turtle* pensive sat,
 And wept her murder'd *Lover's* fate.
 The *Sparrow* chanc'd that way to walk,
 (A *Bird* that loves to chirp and talk)
 Before he did the *Turtle* greet,
 She answer'd him as she thought meet.
Sparrows and *Turtles*, by the bye,
 Can think as well as *You* or *I*:
 But how they did their thoughts express,
 The margin shews by *T* and *S*.

T. My hopes are lost, my Joys are fled,
 Alas! I weep *Columbo* dead:
 Come, all ye winged lovers, come,
 Drop *Pinks* and *Daisies* on his tomb:
 Sing, *Philomel*, his fun'ral verse,
 Ye pious *Redbreasts*, deck his herse:
 Fair *Swans*, extend your dying throats,
Columbo's death requires your notes:
 For him, my friend, for him I moan,
 My dear *Columbo*, dead and gone.

* This piece was written upon the sincere affection shewn by her most sacred majesty queen Anne, for the loss of her royal consort prince George, 1708, who is figured under *Columbo*, the faithful mate of *Turturella*.

Stretch'd

Stretch'd on the bier *Columbo* lies,
 Pale are his cheeks, and clos'd his eyes ;
 Those cheeks, where beauty smiling lay ;
 Those eyes, where love was us'd to play :
 Ah cruel fate, alas ! how soon
 That beauty and those joys are flown !

Columbo is no more, ye floods,
 Bear the sad sound to distant woods ;
 The sound let echo's voice restore,
 And say, *Columbo* is no more.
Ye floods, ye woods, ye echos, moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

The *Dryads* all forsook the wood,
 And mournful *Naiads* round me stood,
 The tripping *Fawns* and *Fairies* came,
 All conscious of our mutual flame,
To sigh for him, with me to moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

Venus disdain'd not to appear,
 To lend my grief a friendly ear ;
 But what avails her kindness now ?
 She ne'er shall hear my *Second Vow* :
 The *Loves* that round their mother flew,
 Did in her face her sorrows view.
 Their drooping wings they pensive hung,
 Their arrows broke, their bows unstrung ;
 They heard attentive what I said,
 And wept with me, *Columbo* dead :
For him I sigh, for him I moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

'Tis ours to weep, great *Venus* said,
 'Tis *Jove's* alone to be obey'd :
 Nor birds, nor goddesses can move
 The just behests of fatal *Jove* ;
 I saw thy mate with sad regret,
 And curs'd the *Fowler's* cruel net :

Ah,

Ah, dear *Columbo*, how he fell,
Whom *Turturella* lov'd so well !
I saw him bleeding on the ground,
The fight tore up my ancient wound ;
And whilst you wept, alas, I cry'd,
Columbo and *Adonis* dy'd.

Weep, all ye streams, ye mountains, groan ;
I mourn Columbo, dead and gone ;
Still let my tender grief complain,
Nor day, nor night that grief restrain,
I said, and *Venus* still reply'd,
Columbo and *Adonis* dy'd.

S. Poor *Turturella*, hard thy case,
And just thy tears, alas, alas !

T. And hast thou lov'd, and canst thou hear
With piteous heart a lover's care ?
Come then, with me thy sorrows join,
And ease my woes by telling thine :
For thou, poor bird, perhaps may'st moan
Some Passerella dead and gone.

S. Dame *Turtle*, this runs soft in Rhime,
But neither suits the place nor time ;
The *Fowler's* hand, whose cruel care
For dear *Columbo* set the snare,
The snare again for thee may set ;
Two birds may perish in one net.
Thou shou'd'st avoid this cruel field,
And sorrow shou'd to prudence yield,
'Tis sad to die.

T. It may be so ;
'Tis sadder yet, to live in woe.

S. When widows use their canting strain,
They seem resolv'd to wed again.

T. When wid'wers wou'd this truth disprove,
They never tasted real love.

S. Love is soft joy and gentle strife,
His efforts all depend on life :
When he has thrown two golden darts,
And struck the lovers mutual hearts ;
Of his black shafts let death send one,
Alas ! the pleasing game is done,
Ill is the poor survivor sped,
A corps feels mighty cold in bed.
Venus said right, nor tears can move,
Nor plaints revoke the will of *Jove*.

All must obey the gen'ral doom,
Down from *Alcides* to *Tom Thumb*.
Grim *Pluto* will not be withstood
By force or craft. *Tall Robinhood*,
As well as *Little John*, is dead.
(You see how deeply I am read)
With *Fate's* lean *Tipstaff* none can dodge,
He'll find you out where'er you lodge.
Ajax to shun his gen'ral pow'r,
In vain absconded in a *Flow'r*.
An idle scene *Tythonus* acted,
When to a *Grasshopper* contracted :
Death struck them in those shapes again,
As once he did when they were men.

For reptiles perish, plants decay ;
Flesh is but grass, grass turns to hay ;
And hay to dung, and dung to clay.

}
}

Thus heads extremely nice discover,
That folks may die, some ten times over ;
But oft by too refin'd a touch,
To prove things plain, they prove too much.
Whate'er *Pythagoras* may say,
(For each, you know, will have his way)

With

With great submission I pronounce,
That people die no more than once :
But once is sure, and death is common
To *Bird* and *Man*, including *Woman*,
From the spread-*Eagle* to the *Wren*,
Alas ! no mortal fowl knows when ;
All that were feathers first or last,
Must one day perch on *Charon's* mast ;
Must lie beneath the *Cypress* shade,
Where *Strada's* *Nightingale* was laid ;
Those fowl who seem alive to sit,
Assembled by *Dan Chaucer's* wit,
In prose have slept three hundred years,
Exempt from worldly hopes and fears,
And, laid in state upon their herse,
Are truly but embalm'd in verie ;
As sure as *Lejbia's* *Sparrow* I,
Thou, sure as *Prior's* *Dove*, must die :
And ne'er again from *Lethe's* streams
Return to *Adda*, or to *Thames*.

T. I therefore weep *Columbo* dead,
My hopes bereav'd, my pleasures fled ;
~~Therefore~~ must for ever moan
My dear *Columbo*, dead and gone.

S. *Columbo* never sees your tears,
Your cries *Columbo* never hears ;
A wall of *Brass*, and one of *Lead*,
Divide the living from the dead.
Repell'd by this, the gather'd rain
Of tears beats back to earth again,
In t'other the collected sound
Of groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.
'Tis therefore vain one hour to grieve
What time it self can ne'er retrieve.
By nature soft, I know, a *Dove*
Can never live without her *Love* ;
Then quit this flame, and light another ;
Dame, I advise you like a brother.

T. What, I to make a *second Choice*?
In other nuptials to rejoice?

S. Why not my Bird?

T. No, *Sparrow*, no,
Let me indulge my pleasing woe :
Thus sighing, cooing, ease my pain,
But never wish, nor love, again :
Distress'd for ever let me moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

S. Our winged Friends thro' all the Grove
Contemn thy mad excess of love :
I tell thee, dame, the t'other day
I met a *Parrot* and a *Jay*,
Who mock'd thee in their mimic Tone,
And wept Columbo, dead and gone.

T. Whate'er the *Jay* or *Parrot* said,
My hopes are lost, my joys are fled ;
And I for ever must deplore
Columbo, dead and gone.—— *S. Encore!*
For shame forsake this *Bion-stile*,
We'll talk an hour, and walk a mile.
Does it with sense or health agree,
To sit thus moping on a tree?
To throw away a widow's life,
When you again may be a wife.

Come on, I'll tell you my amours ;
Who knows but they may influence yours ;
Example draws, when *Precept* fails,
And *Sermons* are less read than *Tales*.

T. Sparrow, I take thee for my friend,
As such will hear thee : I descend ;
Hop on and talk ; but, honest bird,
Take care that no immodest word

May venture to offend my ear.

S. Too saint-like *Turtle*, never fear,
By method things are best discuss'd,
Begin we then with *Wife* the first :
A handsome, senseless, auk'ard fool,
Who wou'd not yield, and cou'd not rule :
Her actions did her charms disgrace,
And still her tongue talk'd off her face :
Count me the leaves on yonder tree,
So many different wills had she,
And like the leaves, as chance inclin'd,
Those wills were chang'd with ev'ry wind :
She courted the *Beau-Monde* to-night,
L'Assemblée, her supreme delight ;
The next she sat immur'd, unseen,
And in full health enjoy'd the spleen.
She censur'd *that*, she alter'd *this*,
And with great care set all amiss ;
She now cou'd chide, now laugh, now cry,
Now sing, now pout, all *God knows why* :
Short was her reign, she cough'd and dy'd,
Proceed we to my *Second* bride ;
Well born she was, genteelly bred,
And buxom both at board and bed ;
Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to please,
And as *Tom Southern* wisely says,
No other fault had she in life,
But only that she was my wife *.
O *widow-Turtle* ! ev'ry she,
(So *nature's* pleasures does decree)
Appears a goddess 'till enjoy'd,
But *Birds*, and *Men*, and *Gods* are cloy'd.
Was *Hercules* one woman's *Man* ?
Or *Jove* for ever *Læda's Swan* ?
Ah ! madam, cease to be mistaken,
Few marry'd fowl peck *Dunmow-bacon*.
Variety alone gives joy,
The sweetest Meats the soonest cloy :

What

* See *The wife's excuse. A Comedy.*

What *Sparrow*, dame? what *Dove* alive?
 Tho' *Venus* shou'd the char'ot drive,
 But wou'd accuse the harness weight,
 If always coupled to *One* mate;
 And often with the fetter broke.
 'Tis freedom but to change the yoke.

T. Impious, to wish to wed again,
 Ere death dissolv'd the former chain.

S. Spare your remark, and hear the rest,
 She brought me sons, but *Jove* be blest,
 She dy'd in child-bed on the nest.
 Well, rest her bones, quoth I, she's gone:
 But must I therefore lie alone?
 What, am I to her mem'ry ty'd?
 Must I not live, because she dy'd?
 And thus I *Logically* said,
 ('Tis good to have a reas'ning head)
 Is this my *Wife*? *Probatur*, not;
 For death dissolv'd the marriage-knot:
 She was, *Concedo*, during life;
 But, is a piece of *Clay*, a *Wife*?
 Again, if not a *Wife*, d'ye see,
 Why then no kin at all to me:
 And he who gen'ral tears can shed
 For folks that happen be to dead,
 May e'en with equal Justice mourn
 For those who never yet were born.

T. Those points indeed you quaintly prove,
 But *Logic* is no friend to *Love*.

S. My children then were just pen-feather'd:
 Some little corn for them I gather'd,
 And sent them to my spouse's mother,
 So left that brood to get another.

And as old *Harry* whilome said,
Reflecting on *Anne Boleyn* dead,
Cockbones, I now again do stand
The jolly 'st batchelor i' th' land.

T. Ah me! my joys, my hopes are fled ;
My *first*, my *only Love* is dead.
With endless grief let me bemoan
Columbo's loss.

S. Let me go on.
As yet my fortune was but narrow,
I woo'd my cousin *Philly Sparrow*,
O' th' elder house of *Chirping-End*,
From whence the younger branch descend ;
Well seated in a field of *Pease*
She liv'd, extremely at her ease :
But when the *Honey-Moon* was past,
The foll'wing nights were soon o'ercaft,
She kept her own, could plead the *Larw*,
And quarrel for a *Barley Straw* ;
Both, you may judge, became less kind,
As more we knew each other's mind :
She soon grew *sullen*, I, *hard hearted*,
We scolded, hated, fought, and parted.
To *London*, blessed town, I went,
She boarded at a farm in *Kent* :
A *Magpye* from the country fled,
And kindly told me she was dead :
I prun'd my feathers, cock'd my tail,
And set my heart again to sale.

My *Fourth*, a mere coquet, or such
I thought her, nor avails it much,
If true or false ; our troubles spring,
More from the fancy, than the thing.
Two staring horns, I often said,
But ill become a *Sparrow's* head ;
But then to set that balance even,
Your cuckold-*Sparrow* goes to heaven.

The thing you fear, suppose it done,
 If you inquire, you make it known.
 Whilst at the root your horns are sore,
 The more you scratch, they ach the more.
 But turn the tables and reflect,
 All may not be, that you suspect :
 By the mind's eye, the horns we mean,
 Are only in ideas seen ;
 'Tis from the inside o' the head
 Their branches shoot, their antlers spread ;
 Fruitful suspicions often bear 'em,
 You feel 'em from the time you fear 'em.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! that echo'd word,
 Offends the ear of vulgar bird ;
 But those of finer taste have found
 There's nothing in't beside the sound.
 Preferment always waits on horns,
 And household peace the gift adorns :
 This way, or that, let factions tend,
 The spark is still the cuckold's friend ;
 This way, or that, let madam roam,
 Well pleas'd and quiet she comes home.
 Now weigh the pleasure with the pain,
 The *plus* and *minus*, loss and gain,
 And what *La Fontaine* laughing says,
 Is serious truth, in such a case ;
Who flights the Evil, finds it least ;
And who does nothing, does the best.
 I never strove to rule the roast,
 She ne'er refus'd to pledge my toast :
 In visits if we chanc'd to meet,
 I seem'd obliging, she discreet ;
 We neither much caress'd nor strove,
 But good dissembling pass'd for love.

T. Whate'er of *Light* our eye may know,
 'Tis only *Light* it-self can show :
 Whate'er of love our heart can feel,
 'Tis mutual *Love* alone can tell.

S. My pretty, am'rous, foolish bird,
A moment's patience ; in one word,
The *Three kind Sisters* broke the chain,
She dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.

T. Let me with juster grief deplore
My dear *Columbo*, now no more ;
Let me with constant Tears bewail —

S. Your sorrow does but spoil my tale.
My *Fifth*, she prov'd a jealous wife,
Lord shield us all from such a life !
'Twas doubt, complaint, reply, chit-chat,
'Twas *This*, today ; to-morrow, *That*.
Sometimes, forsooth, upon the brook
I kept a *Miss* ; an honest *Rook*
'Told it a *Snipe*, who told a *Stear*,
Who told it *those*, who told it *her*.

One day a *Linnet* and a *Lark*
Had met me strolling in the dark ;
The next a *Woodcock* and an *Owl*
Quick-sighted, grave, and sober fowl,
Wou'd on their corp'ral oath alledge
I kiss'd a *Hen* behind the hedge.
Well, madam *Turtle*, to be brief,
(Repeating but renews our grief)
As once she watch'd me from a *Rail*,
Poor soul ! her footing chanc'd to fail,
And down she fell, and broke her hip,
The *Fever* came, and then the *Pip* :
Death did the only cure apply ;
She was at quiet, so was I.

T. Cou'd love unmov'd these changes view ?
His sorrows, as his joys are true.

S. My dearest *Dove*, one wise man says,
Alluding to our present case,

We're here To-day, and gone To-morrow :
 Then what avails superfl'ous sorrow !
 Another full as wise as he,
 Adds ; that a *Marry'd Man* may see
Two happy Hours ; and which are they ?
 The *First* and *Last*, perhaps you'll say ;
 'Tis true when blythe she goes to bed,
 And when she peaceably lies dead ;
Women 'twixt sheets are best, 'tis said,
Be they of Holland or of Lead.

Now cur'd of *Hymen's* hopes and fears,
 And sliding down the vale of years,
 I hop'd to fix my future rest,
 And took a *Widow* to my nest.
 Ah *Turtle* ! had she been like thee,
 Sober, yet gentle ; wise, yet free ;
 but she was peevish, noisy, bold,
 A witch ingrafted on a scold :
Jove in *Pandora's Box* confin'd
 A *Hundred* ills to vex mankind ;
 To vex one bird, in her *Bandore*
 He hid at least a *Hundred* more.
 And soon as time that veil withdrew,
 The plagues o'er all the parish flew ;
 Her stock of borrow'd tears grew dry,
 And native tempests arm'd her eye,
 Black clouds around her forehead hung,
 And thunder rattled on her tongue.
 We, *Young* or *Old*, or *Cock* or *Hen*,
 All liv'd in *Æolus's* den ;
 The nearest her, the more accurst,
 Ill far'd her friends, her husband worst.
 But *Jove* amidst his Anger spares,
 Remarks our faults, but hears our pray'rs.
 In short, she dy'd. Why then she's dead,
 Quoth I, and once again I'll wed.
 Wou'd heav'n this mourning year was past,
 One may have better luck at last.

Matters at worst are sure to mend,
'The *Devil's Wife* was but a *Fiend*.

T. Thy tale has rais'd a *Turtle's Spleen*,
Uxorious inmate, bird obscene,
Dar'ft thou defile these sacred groves,
These silent seats of faithful loves ?
Be gone, with flagging wings sit down
On some old *Pent-House* near the town ;
In *Brewers Stables* peck thy grain,
Then wash it down with puddled rain :
And hear thy dirty offspring squall
From bottles on a suburb-wall.
Where thou hast been, return again.
Vile *Bird* ! thou hast convers'd with *Men* ;
Notions like these, from *Men* are given,
Those *vilest* creatures under heaven.

To *Cities* and to *Courts* repair,
Flatt'ry and *Falshood* flourish there :
There, all thy wretched arts employ,
Where *Riches* triumph over *Joy* ;
Where *Passions* do with *Int'rest* barter,
And *Hymen* holds, by *Mammon's* Charter ;
Where *Truth*, by *Point of Law*, is *Parry'd*,
And *Knaves* and *Prudes* are *six times* *Marry'd*.



DOW N-HALL;

DOWN-HALL;

A

B A L L A D.

*To the Tune of King JOHN and the Abbot of
CANTERBURY.*

Written in the Year, MDCCXV.

I Sing not old *Jason*, who travell'd thro' *Greece*,
To kiss the fair *Maids*, and possess the rich *Fleece*;
Nor sing I *Aeneas*, who, led by his mother,
Got rid of one *Wife*, and went far for *Another*,
Derry down, down, hey derry down,

Nor him who thro' *Asia* and *Europe* did roam,
Ulysses by name, who ne'er cry'd to go home;
But rather desir'd to see cities and men,
Than return to his farms, and converse with old *Pen*.

Hang *Homer* and *Virgil*; their meaning to seek
A man must have pok'd in the *Latin* and *Greek*;
Those who love our own tongue, we have reason to hope
Have read them translated by *Dryden* and *Pope*.

But

But I sing exploits, that have lately been done
By two *British Heroes*, call'd *Matthew* and *John* :*
And how they rid friendly from fine *London-town*,
Fair *Essex* to see, and a place they call *Down*.

Now ere they went out, you may rightly suppose,
How much they discours'd, both in *Prudence* and *Prose* ?
For before this great *Journey* was thoroughly concerted,
Full often they met ; and as often they parted.

And thus *Matthew* said, look you here, my friend *John*
I fairly have travell'd years thirty and one ;
And tho' I still carry'd my *Sovereign's* warrants,
I only have gone upon other *Folks* errands.

And now in this *Journey* of life, I wou'd have
A place where to bait, 'twixt the *Court* and the *Grave* ;
Where joyful to live, not unwilling to die—
Gadzooks, I have just such a place in my eye.

There are gardens so stately, and arbours so thick,
A *Portal* of stone, and a *Fabric* of brick.
The matter next week shall be all in your pow'r ;
But the money, *Gadzooks*, must be paid in an hour.

For things in this world, must by law be made certain,
We both must repair unto *Oliver Martin* ;
For he is a *Lawyer* of worthy renown.
I'll bring you to see ; he must fix you at *Down*.

Quoth *Matthew*, I know, that from *Berwick* to *Dover*
You've sold all our premises over and over.
And now if your buyers and sellers agree,
You may throw all our acres into the *South-Sea*.

* *Matthew Prior, Esq; and John Morley of Halstead*
in Essex, Esq; Bred a Butcher (but was accounted one of
the greatest Land-Jobbers in England) and in Honour of
his Profession, annually killed a Hog, in the Publick Mar-
ket, and took a Groat for it. He died 1732.

But

But a word to the purpose ; to-morrow, dear friend,
We'll see, what to-night you so highly commend.
And if with a garden and house I am blest ;
Let the *Devil* and *Coningsby** go with the rest.

Then answer'd squire *Morley*, pray get a *Calash*,
That in *Summer* may burn, and in *Winter* may splash ;
I love dirt and dust ; and 'tis always my pleasure,
To take with me much of the soil that I measure.

But *Matthew* thought* better : For *Matthew* thought
And hired a *Chariot* so trim and so tight, [right,
That extremes both of *Winter* and *Summer* might pass ;
For one *Window* was *Canvas*, the other was *Glass*.

Draw up, quoth friend *Matthew* ; pull down, quoth friend
We shall be both hotter and colder anon. [John,
Thus talking and scolding, they forward did speed ;
And *Ralpho* pac'd by, under *Newman* the *Swede*.

Into an old inn did this equipage roll,
At a town they call *Hodsdon*, the sign of the *Bull*,
Near a *Nymph* with an urn, that divides the high-way,
And into a puddle throws *Mother of Tea*.

Come here, my sweet landlady, pray how d'y'e do ?
Where is ' *Sisley* so cleanly, and *Prudence* and *Sue* ?
And where is the *Widow* that dwelt here below ?
And the *Hostler* that sung about eight years ago ?

And where is your *Sister* so mild and so dear ?
Whose voice to her *Maids* like a trumpet was clear :
By my troth, *She replies*, you grow *Younger*, I think :
And pray, sir, what wine does the gentleman drink ?

Why now let me die, sir, or live upon trust,
If I know to which question to answer you first.
Why things since I saw you, most strangely have vary'd,
And the *Hostler* is hang'd, and the *Widow* is marry'd.

* *Lord Coningsby with whom he had differed.*

And

And *Prue* left a child for the parish to nurse;
And '*Sisley* went off with a gentleman's purse;
And as to my *Sister* so mild and so dear,
She has lain in the church-yard full many a year.

Well, peace to her ashes; what signifies grief:
She roasted red *Veal*, and she powder'd lean *Beef*:
Full nicely she knew to cook-up a fine dish;
For tough was her *Pullets*, and tender her *Fish*.

For that matter, sir, be ye squire, knight, or lord,
I'll give you whatever a good inn can afford:
I shou'd look on myself as unhappily sped,
Did I yield to a sister, or living, or dead.

Of *Mutton*, a delicate neck and a breast,
Shall swim in the *Water* in which they were drest:
And because you great folks are with rarities taken,
Addle-Eggs shall be next course, tost up with rank *Bacon*.

Then supper was serv'd, and the sheets they were laid;
And *Morley* most lovingly whisper'd the *Maid*.
The *Maid*! was she handsom? why truly so, so:
But what *Morley* whisper'd, we never shall know.

Then rose up these *Heroes* as brisk as the *Sun*,
And their *Horses* like his, were prepared to run.
Now when in the morning *Matt* ask'd for the score,
John kindly had paid it the ev'ning before.

Their breakfast so warm to be sure they did eat:
A custom in travellers, mighty discreet,
And thus with great friendship and glee they went on
To find out the Place you shall hear of anon,
call'd DOWN, down, hey derry down!

But what did they talk of from morning till noon?
Why, of *Spots* in the *Sun*, and the *Man* in the *Moon*:
Of the *Czar's* gentle temper, the *Stocks* in the *City*,
The wise men of *Greece*, and the *Secret-Committee*.

So to *Harlow* thy came; and hey, where are you all?
 Show us into the parlour, and mind when I call:
 Why, your *Maids* have no motion, your *Men* have no life;
 Well *Master*, I hear you have bury'd your *Wife*.

Come this very instant, take care to provide
Tea, *Sugar*, and *Toast*, and a *Horse*, and a *Guide*.
 Are the *Harrisons* here, both the old and the young?
 And where stands fair *Down*, the delight of my song?

O squire, to the grief of my heart I may say,
 I have bury'd two *Wives* since you travell'd this way;
 And the *Harrisons* both may be presently here;
 And *Down* stands, I think, where it stood the last year.

Then *Joan* brought the *Tea-pot*, and *Caleb* the *Toast*;
 And the *Wine* was froth'd out by the hand of mine host:
 But we clear'd our *Extempore* banquet so fast,
 That the *Harrisons* both were forgot in the haste.

Now hey for *Down-Hall*; for the guide he was got;
 The *Chariot* was mounted; the horses did trot;
 The guide he did bring us a dozen mile round:
 But O! all in vain; for no *Down* cou'd be found.

O! thou *Popish* guide, thou hast led us astray.
 Says he; how the devil shou'd I know the way?
 I never yet travell'd this road in my life:
 But *Down* lies on the left, I was told by my *Wife*.

Thy *Wife*, answer'd *Matthew*, when she went abroad,
 Ne'er told thee of half the bye-ways she had trod:
 Perhaps she met friends, and brought pence to thy house.
 But thou shalt go home without ever a soue.

What is this thing *Morley*, and how can you mean it?
 We have lost our estate here, before we have seen it.
 Have patience, soft, *Morley* in anger reply'd:
 To find out our way, let us send off our guide.

O here

O here I spy *Down* : cast your eye to the *West*,
Where a *Wind-Mill* so stately stands plainly confest.
On the *West*, reply'd *Matthew*, no *Wind-Mill* I find :
As well thou may'st tell me, I see the *West-Wind*.

Now pardon me, *Morley*, the *Wind-Mill* I spy,
But faithful *Achates*, no house is there nigh.
Look again, says mild *Morley*, *Gadzooks* you are blind :
The *Mill* stands before ; and the *House* lies behind.

O now a low ruin'd white *Shed* I discern,
Until'd and unglaz'd ; I believe 'tis a *Barn*.
A *Barn* ? why you rave : 'tis a *House* for a squire,
A justice of peace, or a knight of our shire.

A house shou'd be built, or with *Brick*, or with *Stone*.
Why, 'tis *Plaster* and *Lath* ; and I think, that's all one.
And such as it is, it has stood with great fame,
Been called a *Hall*, and has given its name
To DOWN, down, bey derry down.

O *Morley*, O *Morley*, if that be a *Hall* ;
The fame with the building will suddenly fall——
With your friend *Jemmy Gibbs* about buildings agree,
My business is land ; and it matters not me.

I wish you cou'd tell, what a duce your head ails :
I shew'd you *Down Hall* ; did you look for *Versailles* ?
Then take house and farm, as *John Bellet* will let you ;
For better, for worse, as I took my dame *Betty*.

And now, sir, a word to the wife is enough ;
You'll make very little of all your old stuff :
And to build at your age, by my truth, you grow simple ;
Are you young and rich, like the *Master of Wimple* ? *

If you have these whims of apartments and gardens,
From twice fifty acres you'll ne'er see five farthings :

* *The Earl of Oxford*.

And

And in yours I shall find the true gentleman's fate ;
Ere you finish your house, you'll have spent your estate.

Now let us touch thumbs, and be friends ere we part.
Here, *John*, is my thumb ; and here, *Mat*, is my heart,
To *Halfhead* I speed ; and you go back to town.
Thus ends the *First Part* of the *Ballad* of *DOWN*.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

*Ad Virum doctissimum, & Amicum, Domi-
num SAMUELEM SHAW, dum Theses de
Ictero pro Gradu Doctoris defenderet.*

P*ilæbe* potens sævis morbis vel lædere gentes,
Læsas solerti vel relevare manu,
A*spice* tu decus hoc nostrum, placidusque fatere
Indomitus quantum profit in arte labor :
Non ictrum posthac pestemve minaberis orbi,
Fortius hic juvenis dum medicamen habet :
Mitte dehinc iras, & nato carmina dona ;
Neglectum telum dejice, fume lyram.

Matthæus Prior, A. M. & Colleg.

4 Junii 1692.

Divi Ioann. Cantab. Socius.

IMITA-

IMITATED by Mr. COOKE.

To my Learned Friend

SAMUEL SHAW,

A T

Taking his DOCTOR's *Degree*, and De-
fending a *Thesis* on the JAUNDICE.

O! PHOEBUS, deity, whose pow'rful hand
Can spread diseases thro' the joyful land,
Alike all pow'rful to relieve the pain,
And bid the groaning nations smile again;
When *Shaw*, our pride, you see, confess you find
In him what art can do with labour join'd;
No more the world the *Jaundice* threats shall fear,
While he, the youth, our remedy, is near:
Suppress thy rage, with verse thy son inspire,
The dart neglected to assume the lyre.

The R E M E D Y, worse than the
D I S E A S E.

I.

I Sent for *Radcliffe*, was so ill,
The other doctors gave me over,
He felt my pulse, prescrib'd his *Pill*,
And I was likely to recover.

II.

But when the *Wit* began to wheeze,
And *Wine* had warm'd the *Politician*,
Cur'd yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my *Physician*.

ON

On Bishop ANTERBURY's Burying his Grace

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE of Buckinghamshire, 1721.

I Have no hopes, the Duke he says, and dies ;
In sure and certain hopes——the Prelate cries :
 Of these *two* learned Peers, I pr'ythee say, man,
 Who is the *lying Knave*, the *Priest* or *Layman* ?
 The Duke he stands an *Infidel* confest,
He's our dear Brother quoth the lordly *Priest*.
 The Duke, tho' *Knave* ; still *Brother dear* he cries,
 And, who can say, the rev'rend *Prelate* lies?

V R E S E S spoke to the LADY *Henrietta-
 Cavendish-Holles Harley*, in the Library
 of St. John's COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
 November the 9th, Anno 1719.

MADAM,

Since *Anna* visited the muses-seat,
 (Around her tomb let weeping angels wait)
 Hail *Thou*, the brightest of thy sex, and best,
 Most gracious neighbour * and most welcome guest.
 Not *Harley's* self to *Cam* and *Isis* dear,
 In virtues and in arts great *Oxford's* heir,
 Not *He* such present honours shall receive,
 As to his *Consort* we aspire to give.

Writings of men our thoughts to day neglects,
 To pay due homage to the softer-sex :
Plato and *Tully* we forbear to read,
 And their great fol'wers whom this house has bred,

* *The Seat of this noble family is at Wimpole in Cambridgeshire.*

To study lessons from thy morals given,
And shining characters, impress'd by heaven.
Science in books no longer we pursue,
Minerva's self in *Harriet's* face we view;
For when with beauty we can virtue join,
We paint the semblance of a form divine.

Their pious incense let our neighbours bring,
To the kind mem'ry of some bounteous King,

With grateful hand, due altars let them raise,
To some good *Knight's* or holy *Prelate's* praise;*
We tune our voices to a nobler theme,
Your eyes we bless, your praises we proclaim;
Saint *John's* was founded in a woman's name.
Enjoyn'd by statute, to the fair we bow;
In spite of time we keep our ancient vow;
What *Margaret Tudor* was, is *Harriet Harley* now.

* *Sir Thomas White was the founder of St. John's College, Oxon; and their greatest Benefactor, next to him, was Archbishop Laud.*

PROLOGUE to the ORPHAN.

Represented by some of the *Westminster* Scholars, at
Hickford's Dancing-Room in *Panton-street* near *Leice-*
ster-Fields, the second of *February*, 1720.

Spoken by the Lord *DUPLIN*, who acted *Cordelio*.†

What! wou'd my humble comrades have me say?
Gentle spectators, pray excuse the play?
Such work by hireling actors shou'd be done,
Whom you may clap or hiss for half a crown:
Our gen'rous scenes for friendship we repeat;
And if we don't delight; at least we treat.

† *The Page in the Orphan.*

Ours

208. *Poems on several Occasions.*

Ours is the damage, if we chance to blunder,
We may be ask'd *whose Patent we act under?*

How shall we gain you *Alamode de France?*
We hir'd this room: but none of us can dance
In cutting capers we shall never please:
Our learning does not lie below our knees.

Shall we procure you symphony and sound?
Then you must each subscribe *Two hundred Pound,*
There we shou'd fail too. as to point of voice:
Mistake us not: *We're no Italian boys:*
True *Britons* born; from *Westminster* we come;
And only speak the style of ancient *Rome.*
We wou'd deserve, not poorly beg applause;
And stand or fall by *Friend's* and *Busby's* laws.

For the *Distress'd* your pity we implore:
If once refus'd, we'll trouble you no more,
But leave our *Orphan* squalling at your door.

THE CONVERSATION.

A

A T A L E.

IT always has been thought discreet,
To know the company you meet;
And sure there may be secret danger,
In talking much before a stranger.
Agreed: What then? then drink your ale,
I'll pledge you, and repeat my tale.

No matter where the Scene is fixt:
The persons were but oddly mixt;

When

When sober *Damon* thus began :
 (And *Damon* is a clever man)
 I now grow old; but still, from youth,
 Have held for *Modesty* and *Truth*.
 The men who by these sea-marks steer,
 In life's great voyage never err :
 Upon this point I dare defy
 The world : I pause for a reply.

Sir, either is a good assistant :
 Said one who sat a little distant :
Truth decks our *Speeches* and our *Books* ;
 And *Modesty* adorns our *Looks* :
 But farther progress we must take,
 Not only born to *Look* and *Speak* :
 The man must *Act*. The *Stagyrite*
 Says thus, and says extremely right :
 Strict justice is the sov'rain guide,
 That o'er our actions shou'd preside :
 This queen of virtues is confest,
 To regulate and bind the rest.
 Thrice happy, if you can but find
 Her equal balance poize your mind :
 All diff'rent graces soon will enter,
 Like lines concurrent to their center.

'Twas thus, in short, these *Two* went on,
 With *Yea* and *Nay*, and *Pro* and *Con*,
 Thro' many points divinely dark,
 And *Waterland* assaulting *Clarke* ;
 'Till, in theology half lost,
Damon took up the *Evening-Post* ;
 Confounded *Spain*, compos'd the *North*,
 And deep in politicks held forth.

Methinks we're in the like condition,
 As at the *Treaty of Partition* :
 That stroke, for all king *William's* care,
 Begat another tedious war.
Matthew, who knew the *whole Intrigue*,
 Ne'er much approv'd that *Mystic League* :

In

In the vile *Utrecht Treaty* too,
 Poor man, he found enough to do.
 Sometimes to me he did apply;
 But down-right dunstable was I,
 And told him, *where they were mistaken*,
 And counsell'd him to *save his Bacon* :
 But (pass his *Politicks* and *Prose*)
 I never herded with his foes ;
 Nay, in his *Verses*, as a friend,
 I still found something to commend :
 Sir, I excus'd his *Nut brown-Maid* ;
 Whate'er severer critick said :
 Too far, I own, the girl was try'd :
 The women all were on my side.
 For *Alma* I return'd him thanks :
 I lik'd her with her little pranks :
 Indeed, poor *Solomon* in rhyme, x
 Was much too grave to be sublime.

Pindar and *Damon* scorn transition :
 So on he ran a new Division ;
 'Till out of breath he turn'd to spit :
 (Chance often helps us more than wit)
 T'other that lucky moment took,
 Just nick'd the time, broke in, and spoke.

Of all the gifts the gods afford,
 (If we may take old *Tully's* word)
 The greatest is a friend ; whose love
 Knows how to praise, and when reprove :
 From such a treasure never part,
 But hang the jewel on your heart :
 And, pray, sir (it delights me) tell ;
 You know this author mighty well —
Know him! d'ye question it? Ods fish!
Sir, does a beggar know his dish?
I lov'd him, as I told you, I
Advis'd him ——— Here a stander by
 Twitch'd *Damon* gently by the cloke,
 And thus, unwilling, silence broke ;

Damon

Damon, 'tis time we shou'd retire :
The man you talk with is Mat. Prior.

Patron thro' life, and from thy birth my friend ;
Dorset, to thee, this fable let me send :
With Damon's lightness weigh thy solid worth :
The foil is known to set the diamond forth :
Let the feign'd tale this real moral give,
How many *Damons*, how few *Dorsets* live.

July, 1721.

C O L I N's Mistakes.

Written in Imitation of SPENCER's Style.

Me ludit Amibilis
Infania.

Hor.

I.

FAST by the banks of *Cam* was *Colin* bred :
(Ye *Nymphs*, for ever guard that sacred stream ;)
To *Wimpole's* woody shade his way he sped :
(Flourish those woods, the *Muses* endless theme ;
As whilom *Colin* ancient books had read,
Lays *Greek* and *Roman* wou'd he oft rehearse,
And much he lov'd, and much by heart he said,
What father *Spencer* sung in *British* verse.
Who reads that bard, desires like him to write,
Still fearful of success, still tempted by delight.

II.

Soon as *Aurora* had unbarr'd the morn,
And light discover'd nature's chearful face ;
The sounding clarion, and the sprightly horn
Call'd the blythe huntsman to the distant chace,

L

Estsoon

Eftsoons they issue forth a goodly band;
 The deep-mouth'd *Hounds* with thunder rend the air,
 The fiery *Courfers* strike the rising sand;
 Far thro' the thicket flies the frightened *Deer*;
Harley the honour of the day supports;
 His presence glads the wood; his orders guide the sports.

III.

On a fair *Palfrey* well equip't did sit
 An *Amazonian*-dame; a scarlet vest
 For active horsemanship adaptly fit
 Inclos'd her dainty limbs; a plumed crest
 Wav'd o'er her head; obedient by her side
 Her friends and servants rode; with artful hand
 Full well knew she the *Steed* to turn and guide:
 The willing *Steed* receiv'd her soft command:
 Courage and sweetness in her Face were seated;
 On her all eyes were bent, and all good wishes waited.

IV.

This seeing, *Colin* thus his *Muse* bespake.
 For alltydes was the *Muse* to *Colin* nigh,
 Ah me too nigh! or, *Clio*, I mistake;
 Or that bright form that pleaseth so mine eye,
 Is *Jove's* fair daughter *Pallas*, gracious queen
 Of lib'ral arts; with wonder and delight
 In *Homer's* verse we read her; well I ween,
 That em'lous of his *Grecian* master's flight,
 Dan *Spenser* makes the fav'rite goddess known;
 When in her graceful look fair *Britomart* is shown.

V.

At noon as *Colin* to the castle came,
 Ope'd were the gates, and right prepar'd the feast,
 Appears at table rich yclad a dame,
 The lord's delight, the wonder of the guest.
 With pearl and jewels was she sumptuous deckt,
 As well became her dignity and place;
 But the beholders mought her gems neglect,
 To fix their eyes on her more lovely face,
 Serene with glory, and with softness bright:
 O beauty sent from heav'n, to cheer the mortal fight!

VI. Lib'ral

VI.

Lib'ral *Munificence* behind her stood ;
 And decent state obey'd her high command ;
 And *Charity* diffuse of native good
 At once portrays her mind, and guides her hand,
 As to each guest some fruits she deign'd to list,
 And silence with obliging parley broke ;
 How gracious seem'd to each th' imparted gift ;
 But how more gracious what the giver spoke ?
 Such ease, such freedom did her deed attend,
 That ev'ry guest rejoic'd, exalted to a friend.

VII.

Quoth *Colin* ; *Clio*, if my feeble sense
 Can well distinguish yon illustrious dame,
 Who nobly doth such gentle gifts dispense ;
 In *Latian* numbers *Juno* is her name,
 Great goddess, who with peace and plenty crown'd,
 To all that under sky breathe vital air
 Diffuseth bliss, and through the world around
 Pours wealthy ease, and scatters joyous cheer ;
 Certes of her in semblant guise I read ;
 Where *Spenser* decks his lays with *Gloriana's* deed.

VIII.

As *Colin* mus'd at ev'ning near the wood ;
 A nymph undress'd, besemeth, by him past,
 Down to her feet her silken garment flow'd :
 A ribbon bound and shap'd her slender waist :
 A veil dependent from her comely head,
 And beauteous plenty of ambrosial hair,
 O'er her fair breast and lovely shoulders spread,
 Behind fell loose, and wanton'd with the air.
 The smiling *Zephyrs* call'd their am'rous brothers :
 They kiss'd the waving lawn, and wafted it to others.

IX.

Daisies and violets rose, where'er she trod ;
 As *Flora* kind her roots and buds had sort'd :
 And led by *Hymen*, wedlock's mystic god ;
 Ten thousand *Loves* around the nymph disported.
 Quoth *Colin* ; now I ken the goddess bright,
 Whom poets sing : All human hearts enthral'd,

Obeſy her pow'r ; her kindneſs the delight
 Of gods and men ; great *Venus* ſhe is call'd,
 When *Mantuan Virgil* doth her charms rehearſe ;
Belphebe is her name, in gentle *Edmond's* verſe.

X.

Heard this the *Muſe*, and with a ſmile reply'd,
 Which ſhew'd ſoft anger mixt with friendly love,
 Twin ſiſters ſtill were ignorance and pride ;
 Can we know right, 'till error we remove ?
 But, *Colin*, well I wiſt, will never learn :
 Who ſlights his guide ſhall deviate from his way :
 Me to have aſk'd what thou cou'dſt not diſcern,
 To thee pertain'd ; to me the thing to ſay.
 What heav'nly will from human eye conceals.
 How can the bard aread, unleſs the muſe reveals ?

XI.

Nor *Pallas* thou, nor *Britomart* has ſeen ;
 When ſoon at morn the flying deer was chas'd :
 Nor *Jove's* great wife, nor *Spencer's* fairy queen
 At noontyde dealt the honours of the feaſt :
 Nor *Venus*, nor *Belphebe* didſt thou ſpy,
 The evening's glory, and the grove's delight.
 Henceforth, if aſk'd, inſtructed right, reply,
 That all the day to knowing mortals fight
 Bright *Ca'ndiſh-Holles-Harley* ſtood confeſt,
 As various Hour advis'd, in various habit dreſt.

To

To the Right Honourable the
Countess Dowager of DEVONSHIRE,
O N A

Piece of W I S S I N's ;

Whereon were all her *GRANDSONS* painted.

W I S S I N and *Nature* held a long contest,
If she *Created*, or he *Painted* best ;
With pleasing thought the wond'rous combat
grew,
She still form'd *Fairer*, he still *Liker* drew.
In these seven brethren, they contended last,
With art increas'd their utmost skill they try'd,
And both well pleas'd, they had themselves surpass'd,
The goddess *Triumph'd*, and the painter dy'd.
That both, their skill to this vast height did raise,
Be ours the wonder, and be yours the praise :
For here as in some glass is well descry'd,
Only your self thus often multiply'd.

To When heav'n had you and gracious *Anna* † made,
What more exalted beauty could it add ?

† Eldest daughter of the *Countess*.

L 3

Having

Having no nobler images in store,
 It but kept up to these, nor could do more
 Than copy well, what it well fram'd before.
 If in dear *Burleigh's* generous face we see
 Obliging truth, and handsome honesty ;
 With all that world of charms, which soon will move
 Reverence in men, and in the fair-one's love :
 His every grace, his fair descent assures,
 He has his mother's beauty, she has yours.
 If ever *Cecil's* face had every charm
 That thought can fancy, or that heav'n can form ;
 Their beauties all become your beauty's due,
 They are all fair because they're all like you :
 If every *Ca'ndish* great and charming look,
 From you that air, from you the charms they took.
 In their each limb your image is exprest,
 But on their brow firm courage stands confest ;
 There their great father by a strong increase,
 Adds strength to beauty, and compleats the piece.
 Thus still your beauty in your sons we view,
Wissin seven-times one great perfection drew,
 Whoever fate, the picture still is you.
 So when the parent sun with genial beams,
 Has animated many goodly gems ;
 He sees himself improv'd, while every stone,
 With a resembling light, reflects a sun.
 So when great *Rhea* many births had given,
 Such as might govern earth, and people heaven ;
 Her glory grew diffus'd, and fuller known.
 She saw the deity in every son :
 And to what god foe'er men altars rais'd,
 Honouring the offspring, they the mother prais'd.
 In short-liv'd charms let others place their joys
 Which sickness blasts, and certain age destroys :
 Your stronger beauty, time can ne'er deface,
 'Tis still renew'd, and stamp'd in all your race.

Ah ! *Wissin*, had thy art been so refin'd,
 As with their beauty to have drawn their mind,

Thro'

'Thro' circling years thy labours would survive,
And living rules to fairest virtue give
To men unborn, and ages yet to live;
'Twould still be wonderful, and still be new,
Against what time, or spight, or fate could do,
'Till thine confus'd with nature's pieces lie,
And *Cavendish's* name, and *Cecil's* honour die.

The Female P H A E T O N.

I.

Thus *Kitty*, * beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd;
Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung,
With little rage inflam'd.

II.

Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise *Mamma* ordain'd;
And forely vex'd to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd,

III.

Shall I thumb holy books; confin'd
With *Abigails* forsaken?
Kitty's for other things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

IV.

Must lady *Jenny* frisk about,
And visit with her cozens?
At balls must *She* make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

V.

What, better has she, pray, than I?
What hidden charms to boast,

* Lady *Katherine Hyde*: to whom, this, and the following copy was sent, by the late honourable *Simon Harcourt*, Esq;

That all mankind for her should die,
 Whilst I am scarce a toast ?

VI.

Dear *Mamma*, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my fortune try ;
 I'll have my *Earl*, as well as she,
 Or know the reason why.

VII.

I'll soon with *Jenny's* pride quit score,
 Make all her lovers fall ;
 They'll grieve I was not loos'd before,
 She, I was loos'd at all.

VIII.

Fondness prevail'd, *Mamma* gave way ;
Kitty at heart's desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire.

The Judgment of VENUS.

I.

WHEN *Kneller's* works of various grace,
 Were to fair *Venus* shown,
 The goddess spy'd in every face
 Some features of her own.

II.

Just so, (and pointing with her hand) *
 So shone, says she, my eyes,
 When from two goddesses I gain'd
 An apple for a prize.

III.

When in the glass and river too,
 My face I lately view'd,
 Such was I, if the glass be true,
 If true the chrystal flood.

*To the Picture of *Lady Ranelagh*.

IV.

In colours of this glorious kind †
Apelles painted me ;
 My hair thus flowing with the wind,
 Sprung from my native sea.

V.

Like this, disorder'd, wild, forlorn, †
 Big with ten thousand fears,
 Thee, my *Adonis*, did I mourn
 Ev'n beautiful in tears.

VI.

But viewing *Myra* plac'd apart,
 I fear, says she, I fear,
Apelles, that Sir *Godfrey's* art
 Has far surpass'd thine here.

VII.

Or I, a goddess of the Skies,
 By *Myra* am outdone,
 And must resign to her the prize,
 The apple, which I won.

VIII.

But soon as she had *Myra* seen
 Majestically fair,
 The sparkling eye, the look serene,
 The gay and easy air.

IX.

With fiery emulation fill'd,
 The wondring goddess cry'd,
Apelles, must to *Kneller* yield,
 Or *Venus*, must to *Hyde*.

† *Picture of the Lady Salisbury.*

‡ *Lady Jane Douglas, Sister to the Duke of Douglas.*

T H R E -

T H R E N U S;

O R,

STANZAS on the Death of Mr. P R I O R.

I.

M*At. Prior?*——and we must submit!
Is at his journey's end:
In whom the world has lost a *Wit*;
And I what's more, a *Friend*.

II.

Who vainly hopes long here to stay,
May see with weeping eyes;
Not only nature parts away,
But e'en *Good-Nature* dies;

III.

Shou'd grave ones count these praises light,
To such it may be said;
A Man, in this lamented *Weight*,
Of business too is dead.

IV.

From ancestors, as might a fool!
He trac'd no *High-fetch'd Stem*;
But gloriously revers'd the rule,
By *dignifying them*.

V.

O! gentle *Cambridge*! sadly say,
Why fates are so unkind?
To snatch thy giant-sons away,
Whilst pygmies stay behind.

Horace

Poems on several Occasions.

VI.

Horace and *He* were call'd in haste,
From this vile earth to heav'n ;
The cruel year not fully pass'd,
Ætatis, fifty seven.

VII.

So, on the tops of *Lebanon*,
Tall cedars felt the Sword ;
To grace, by care of *Solomon*,
The temple of the Lord.

VIII.

A tomb, amidst the learned, may
The *Western-Abbey* give !
Like theirs, his ashes must decay ;
Like theirs, his fame shall live.

IX.

Close, carver ! by some well-cut books,
Let a thin busto tell ;
In spite of plump and pamper'd looks,
How scanty sense can dwell !

X.

No epitaph, of tedious length,
Shou'd over-charge the stone ;
Since loftiest verse would lose it's strength,
In mentioning his own.

XI.

At once ! and not verbosely tame,
Some brave *Laconic*-pen
Shou'd smartly touch his ample name ;
In form of ——— *O rare Ben !*

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The *Western-Abbey* give !
Like theirs, his ashes must decay ;
Like theirs, his fame shall live.

IX.

Close, carver ! by some well-cut books,
Let a thin busto tell ;
In spight of plump and pamper'd looks,
How scanty sense can dwell !

X.

No epitaph, of tedious length,
Shou'd over-charge the stone ;
Since loftiest verse would lose it's strength,
In mentioning his own.

XI.

At once ! and not verbosely tame,
Some brave *Laconic-pen*
Shou'd smartly touch his ample name ;
In form of ——— *O rare Ben !*

S O N G

To his Mistress

WHilst I am scorch'd with hot desire,
In vain, cold friendship you return;
Your drops of pity on my fire,
Alas ! but make it fiercer burn.

II.

Ah ! wou'd you have the flame suppress
That kills the heart it heals too fast,
Take half my passion to your breast,
The rest in mine shall ever last.

An O D E,

In imitation of the *Second Ode* of the third
book of H O R A C E.

Written in the Year 1692.

HOW long, deluded *Albion*, wilt thou lie (a)
In the lethargic sleep the sad repose,
By which thy close thy constant enemy,
Has softly lull'd thee to thy woes ;

(a) *Angustam, amici, pauperiem pati
Robustus acri militiâ puer
Condiscat, & parthos feroces
Vexet eques metuendus hasta.*

Or wake degenerate isle, or cease to own
What thy old kings in *Gallick* camps have done ;
The spoils they brought thee back, the crowns they won,
William (so fate requires) again is arm'd ;

Thy father to the field is gone :
Again *Maria* weeps her absent lord ;
For thy repose content to rule alone.
Are thy enervate sons not yet alarm'd ?
When *William* fights dare they look tamely on,
So slow to get their ancient fame restor'd,
As not to melt at beauties tears, nor follow valour's sword?

II.

See the repenting isle awakes,
Her vicious chains the generous goddess breaks :
The fogs around her temples are dispell'd ;
Abroad she looks, and sees arm'd *Belgia* stand
Prepar'd to meet their common lord's command ;
Her lions roaring by her side, her arrows in her hand ;
And blushing to have been so long with-held,
Weeps off her crime, and hastens to the field :

(b) Henceforth her youth shall be inur'd to bear

Hazardous toil and active war :

To march beneath the dog-star's raging heat,
Patient of summer's drought, and martial sweat ;
And only grieve in winter's camps to find,
It's days too short for labours they design'd :
All night beneath hard heavy arms to watch ;
All day to mount the trench, to storm the breach ;
And all the rugged paths to tread,

Where *William* and his virtue lead.

III.

(c) Silence is the soul of war,
Delib'rate counsel must prepare

(b) *Vitamque sub dio & trepidis agat
In rebus.*

(c) *Est & fideli tuta silentio
Merces, &c.*

The mighty work which valour must compleat :
 Thus *William* rescu'd, thus preserves the state ;
 Thus teaches us to think and dare ;
 As whilst his cannon thus prepar'd to breath
 Avenging anger and swift death,
 In the try'd metal the close dangers glow,
 And now too late the dying foe
 Perceives the flame, yet cannot ward the blow,
 So whilst in *William's* breast ripe counsels lie,
 Secret and sure as brooding fate,
 No more of his design appears
 Than what awakens *Gallia's* fears ;
 And (tho' guilt's eye can sharply penetrate)
 Distracted *Lewis* can descry,
 Only a long unmeasur'd ruin nigh.

IV.

On *Norman* coasts and banks of frighted *Seine*,
 Lo ! the impending storms begin :
Britannia safely thro' her master's sea
 Plows up her victorious way.
 The *French Salmones* throws his bolts in vain,
 Whilst the true thunderer asserts the main :
 'Tis done ! to shelves and rocks his fleets retire,
 Swift victory in vengeful flames
 Burns down the pride of their presumptuous names.
 They run to shipwreck to avoid our fire,
 And the torn vessels that regain their coast
 Are but sad marks to shew the rest are lost :
 All this the mild, the beauteous queen has done,
 And *William's* softer half shakes *Lewis'* throne.
 Maria does the sea command,
 Whilst *Gallia* flies her husband's arms by land,
 So, the sun absent, with full sway the moon
 Governs the isles, and rules the waves alone ;
 So *Juno* thunders when her *Jove* is gone.
Io Britannia! loose thy ocean's chains,
 Whilst *Russel* strikes the blow thy queen ordains :
 Thus rescu'd, thus rever'd, for ever stand,
 And bless the counsel, and reward the hand,
Io Britannia! thy *Maria* reigns.

(d) From

V.

(d) From *Mary's* conquests, and the rescu'd main,
 Let *France* look forth to *Sambre's* armed shore,
 And boast her joy for *William's* death no more.
 He lives ; let *France* confess, the victor lives :
 Her triumphs for his death were vain,
 And spoke her terror of his life too plain.
 The mighty years begin, the day draws nigh,
 In which *That One* of *Lewis'* many wives,
 Who by the baleful force of guilty charms,
 Has long enthrall'd him in her wither'd arms,
 Shall o'er the plains from distant tow'rs on high
 Cast around her mournful eye,

And with prophetick sorrow cry :
 Why does my ruin'd lord retard his flight ?
 Why does despair provoke his age to fight ?
 As well the wolf may venture to engage
 The angry lion's gen'rous rage ;
 The rav'nous vultur, and the bird of night,
 As safely tempt the stooping eagle's flight,
 As *Lewis* to unequal arms defy
 Yon' hero, crown'd with blooming victory,
 Just triumphing o'er rebel rage restrain'd,
 And yet unbreath'd from battles gain'd.
 See ! all yon' dusty fields quite cover'd o'er
 With hostile troops, and *Orange* at their head,
Orange destin'd to compleat
 The great designs of lab'ring fate,
Orange, the name that tyrants dread :
 He comes, our ruin'd empire is no more :
 Down, like the *Persian*, goes the *Gallick* throne,
Darius flies, young *Ammon* urges on.

(d) ——— *Illum ex mœnibus hosticis*
Matrona bellantis tyranni
Prospiciens, & adulta virgo
Suspiret, eheu ! ne rudis agminum
Sponsus laceffat regius asperum
Tactu leonem quem cruenta
Per medias rapit ira cædes.

Now

VI.

Now from the dubious battle's mingl'd heat,
 Let fear look back, and stretch her hasty wing, (e)
 Impatient to secure a base retreat:

Let the pale coward leave his wounded king,

For the vile privilege to breath,
 To live with shame in dread of glorious death.

In vain: for fate has swifter wings than fear,

She follows hard, and strikes him in the rear,

Dying and mad the traytor bites the ground,

His back transfix'd with a dishonest wound;

Whilst thro' the fiercest troops, and thickest press,

Virtue carries on success;

Whilst equal heav'n guards the distinguish'd brave,

And armies cannot hurt whom angels save.

VII.

Virtue to verse immortal lustre gives, (f)

Each by the other's mutual friendship lives:

Æneas suffer'd and *Achilles* fought,

The hero's acts enlarg'd the poet's thought:

Or *Virgil's* majesty, and *Homer's* rage,

Had ne'er like lasting nature vanquish'd age:

Whilst *Lewis* then his rising terror drowns,

With drum's alarms, and trumpet's sounds,

Whilst hid in arm'd retreats and guarded towns,

From danger as from honour far,

He bribes close murder against open war:

In vain you *Gallic* muses strive

With labour'd verse to keep his fame alive;

(e) *Dulce & decorum est pro patriâ mori,
 Mors & fugacem prosequitur virum
 Nec parcat imbellis juventa
 Poplitibus timidoque tergo.*

(f) *Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ
 Intaminatis fulget honoribus
 Nec ponit aut sumit secures
 Arbitrio popularis auræ.*

Your

Your mould'ring monuments in vain you raise
 On the weak basis of the tyrant's praise :
 Your songs are fold, your numbers are prophane,
 'Tis incense to an idol giv'n,
 Meat offer'd to *Prometheus'* man,
 That had no soul from heav'n.
 Against his will you chain your frightened king,
 On rapid *Rhine's* divided bed ;
 And mock your hero, whilst ye sing
 The wounds for which he never bled ;
 Falshood does poyson on your praise diffuse,
 And *Lewis'* fear gives death to *Boileau's* muse.

VIII.

On it's own worth true majesty is rear'd,
 And virtue is her own reward,
 With solid beams and native glory bright,
 She neither darkness dreads, nor covets light,
 True to her self, and fix'd to inborn laws,
 Nor sunk by spite, nor lifted by applause,
 She from her settl'd orb, looks calmly down,
 On life or death, a prison or a crown.
 When bound in double chains poor *Belgia* lay,
 To foreign arms, and inward strife a prey,
 Whilst, *One Good Man* buoy'd up her sinking state,
 And virtue labour'd against fate ;
 When fortune basely with ambition join'd,
 And all was conquer'd but the *Patriot's* mind ;
 When storms let loose, and raging seas
 Just ready the torn vessel to o'erwhelm,
 Forc'd not the faithful pilot from his helm ;
 Nor all the *Syren* songs of future peace,
 And dazling prospect of a promis'd crown,
 Cou'd lure his stubborn virtue down ;
 But against charms, and threats, and hell, he stood
 To that which was severely good ;
 Then, had no trophies justify'd his fame,
 No poet blest'd his song with *Nassau's* name,
 Virtue alone did all that honour bring,
 And heav'n as plainly pointed out the *King*.

As when he at the altar stood,
 In all his types and robes of pow'r,
 Whilst at his feet religious *Britain* bow'd,
 And own'd him next to what we there adore.

IX.

Say, joyful *Mæze'* and *Boyne's* victorious flood,
 (For each has mixt his waves with royal blood)
 When *William's* armies past, did he retire,
 Or view from far the battles distant fire?
 Could he believe his person was too dear?
 Or use his greatness to conceal his fear?
 Could pray'rs and sighs the dauntless hero move?
 Arm'd with heav'n's justice and his people's love,
 Thro' the first waves he wing'd his vent'rous way,
 And on the adverse shore arose,
 (Ten thousand flying deaths in vain oppose)
 Like the great ruler of the day,
 With strength and swiftness mounting from the sea:
 Like him, all day he toil'd; but long in night
 The god has eas'd his weary'd light,
 E're vengeance left the stubborn foes,
 Or *William's* labours found repose,
 When his troops falter'd steep not he between
 Restor'd the dubious fight again,
 Mark'd out the coward that durst fly,
 And led the fainting brave to victory?
 Still as she fled him, did he not o'ertake
 Her doubtful course, still brought her bleeding back?
 By his keen sword did not the boldest fall?
 Was he not King, commander, soldier, all--?
 His dangers such, as, with becoming dread,
 His subjects yet unborn shall weep to read,
 And were not those the only days that e'er
 The pious prince refus'd to hear
 His friends advices, or his subjects pray'r.

X.

Where-e'er old *Rhine* his fruitful water turns,
 Or fills his vassal's tributary urns;
 To *Belgia's* fav'd dominions, and the sea,
 Whose righted waves rejoyce in *William's* sway,

Is there a town where children are not taught,
 " Here *Holland* prosper'd, for here *Orange* fought,
 " Thro' rapid waters, and thro' flying fire :
 " Here rush'd the prince, here made whole *France* re-
 By diff'rent nations be this valour blest, [tire.---
 In diff'rent languages confest,

And then let *Shannon* speak the rest :
 Let *Shannon* speak, how on her wond'ring shore,
 When conquest hov'ring on his arms did wait,
 And only ask'd some lives to bribe her o'er.
 The god-like man, the more than conqueror,
 With high contempt sent back the specious bait,
 And scorning glory at a price too great,
 With so much pow'r such piety did join,
 As made a perfect virtue soar

A pitch unknown to man before,
 And lifted *Shannon's* waves o'er those of *Boyne*.

XI.

Nor do his subjects only share
 The prosp'rous fruits of his indulgent reign ;
 His enemies approve the pious war,
 Which, with their weapon, takes away their chain :
 More than his sword, his goodness strikes his foes,
 They bless his arms, and sigh they must oppose.
 Justice and freedom on his conquests wait,
 And 'tis for man's delight that he is great :
 Succeeding times shall with long joy contend,
 If he were more a victor or a friend :
 So much his courage and his mercy strive ;
 He wounds to cure ; and conquers, to forgive.

XII.

Ye heroes, that have fought your country's cause,
 Redress'd her injuries, or form'd her laws,
 To my advent'rous song just witness bear,
 Assist the pious muse, and hear her swear,
 That 'tis no poet's thought, no flight of youth,
 But solid story, and severest truth,
 That *William* treasures up a greater name,
 Than any country, any age can boast :

(g) And

(g) And all that ancient stock of fame
 He did from his fore-father's take,
 He has improv'd, and gives with int'rest back;
 And in his constellation does unite
 Their scatter'd rays of fainter light:
 Above or envy's lash, or fortune's wheel,
 That settl'd glory shall for ever dwell;
 Above the rolling orbs and common sky,
 Where nothing comes that e'er shall die.

XIII.

Where roves the muse? where thoughtless to return,
 Is her short-liv'd vessel born?
 By potent winds too subject to be tost?
 And in the sea of *William's* praises lost?
 Nor let her tempt that deep, nor make the shore,
 Where our abandon'd youth she sees,
 Shipwreck'd in luxury, and lost in ease;
 Whom not *Britannia's* danger can alarm,
 Nor *William's* exemplary virtue warm:
 Tell 'em howe'er, the king can yet forgive,
 Their guilty sloth, their homage yet receive,
 And let their wounded honour live:
 But sure and sudden be their just remorse;
 Swift be their virtue's rise, and strong it's course;
 (b) For tho' for certain years, and destin'd times,
 Merit has lain confus'd with crimes;
 Tho' *Jove* seem'd negligent of human cares,
 Nor scourg'd our follies, nor return'd our pray'rs,
 His justice now demands the equal scales,
 Sedition is suppress'd, and truth prevails:
 Fate its great ends by slow degrees attains,
 And *Europe* is redeem'd, and *William* reigns.

(g) *Virtus recludens immeritis mori,*
Cælum, negatâ tentat iter viâ
Cætusque vulgares Et udam,
Spernit humum fugiente penna,
 (b) ——— *Sæpe diespiter*
Neglectus incesto addidit integrum
Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.

A N
E P I S T L E
T O

Sir Fleetwood Shephard.

W H E N crowding folks, with strange ill faces,
Were making legs, and begging places,
And some with patents, some with merit,
Tir'd out my good lord *Dorset's* spirit :
Sneaking, I stood, among the crew,
Desiring much to speak with you.
I waited while the clock struck thrice,
And footman brought out fifty lies ;
'Till patience vext, and legs grown weary,
I thought it was in vain to tarry :
Or did opine it might be better,
By penny-post to send a letter.
Now, if you miss of this epistle,
I'm balk'd again, and may go whistle,
My business, sir, you'll quickly guess,
Is to desire some little place,
And fair pretensions I have for't,
Much need, and very small desert.
When e'er I writ to you, I wanted ;
I always begg'd, you always granted,
Now, as you took me up when little,
Gave me my learning, and my vittle:

Akt

Ask't for me, from my lord, things fitting
 Kind as I'd been your own begetting ;
 Confirm what formerly you've giv'n,
 Nor leave me now at six and sevens,
 As *Sunderland* has left *Mun. Stephens*.
 No family that takes a whelp,
 When first he laps and scarce can yelp,
 Neglects or turns him out of gate,
 When he's grown up to dog's estate ;
 No parish if they once adopt
 The spurious brats that strowlers dropt,
 Leave 'em when grown up lusty fellows,
 To the wide world, that is, the gallows :
 No thank 'em for their love, that's worse,
 Than if they'd throttl'd 'em at nurse.

My uncle, rest his soul, when living,
 Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving ;
 Taught me with cyder to replenish
 My vaults or ebbing tide of rhenish.
 So when for hock I drew prick't white-wine :
 Swear't had the flavour, and was right wine :
 Or sent me with ten pounds to *Furni-*
Vall's inn, to some good rogue-attorney ;
 Where now by forging deeds and cheating,
 I'd found some handsome ways of getting.
 All this you made me quit to follow
 That sneaking whey-fac'd god *Apollo*.
 Sent me among a fiddling crew
 Of folks, I'd never seen nor knew,
Calliope, and god knows who.
 To add no more invectives to it,
 You spoil'd the youth to make a poet.
 In common justice, sir, there's no man
 That makes the whore but keeps the woman.
 Among all honest christian people
 Whoe'er breaks limbs, maintains the cripple.

The sum of all I have to say,
 Is, that you'd put me in some way,
 And your petitioner shall pray.

There's

There's one thing more I had almost flipt,
But they may do as well in post-script ;
My friend *Charles Montague's* preferr'd,
Nor would I have it long observ'd,
That one *Mouſe* eats while t'other's ſtarv'd.

}

A

S A T I R E

O N T H E

Modern Tranſlators.

Odi imitatores ſervum pecus, &c.

Since the united cunning of the ſtage
Has balk'd the hireling drudges of the age :
Since *Betterton* of late ſo thrifty's grown,
Revives old plays, or wiſely aſts his own :
Thumb'd *Rider* with a catalogue of rhimes,
Makes the compleateſt poet of our times :
Thoſe who with nine months toil had ſpoil'd a play,
In hopes of eating at a full third day,
Juſtly deſpairing longer to ſuſtain
A craving ſtomach from an empty brain,
Have left ſtage practice, chang'd their old vocations,
Attoning for bad plays, with worſe tranſlations ;
And like old *Sternbold*, with laborious ſpite,
Burleſque what nobler muſes better write ;
Thus while they for their cauſes only ſeem
To change the channel, they corrupt the ſtream.

So

So breaking vintners to increase their wine
 With nauseous drugs debauch the generous vine.
 So barren *Gypsies* for recruit are said
 With strangers issue to maintain the trade ;
 But lest the fairer bantling should be known,
 A daubing walnut makes him all their own.

In the head of this gang to *John Dryden* appears,
 But to save the town-censure, and lessen his fears,
 Join'd with a spark, whose title makes me civil,
 For *Scandalum Magnatum* is the devil ;
 Such mighty thoughts from *Ovid*'s letters flow,
 That the translation is a work for two ;
 Who in one copy join'd, their shame have shown,
 Since *Tate* could spoil so many, tho' alone :
 My lord I thought so generous would prove,
 To scorn a rival in affairs of love :
 But well he knew his teeming pangs were vain,
 'Till midwife *Dryden* eas'd his labouring brain :
 And that when part of *Hudibras*'s horse
 Jogg'd on the other would not hang an arse ;
 So when fleet *Fowler* hears the joyful hollow,
 He drags his sluggish mate, and tray must follow.
 But how could this learn'd brace employ their time ?
 One constru'd sure, while t'other pump'd for rhyme :
 Or it with these, as once at *Rome*, succeeds,
 The *Bibulus* subscribes to *Cæsar*'s deeds :
 This from his partner's acts ensure his name,
 Oh *Sacred Thirst* of everlasting fame !
 That could defile those well-cut nails with ink,
 And make his honour condescend to think :
 But what excuse, what preface can atone
 For crimes which guilty *Bayes* has singly done ?
Bayes, whose *Rose-Ally* ambuscade injoin'd
 To be to vices which he practis'd kind,
 And brought the venom of a spiteful *Satire*,
 To the safe innocence of a *dull Translator*.

Bayes

Bayes, who by all the club was thought most fit
 To violate the *Mantuan Prophet's* wit,
 And more debauch what loose *Lucretius* writ.
 When I behold the rovings of his muse,
 How soon *Affrian* ointment she would lose
 For diamond buckles sparkling at their shoes.
 When *Virgil's* height is lost, when *Ovid* scars,
 And in heroicks *Canacé* deplores
 Her follies louder than her father roars,
 I'd let him take *Almanzor* for his theme;
 In lofty verse make *Maximin* blaspheme,
 Or sing in softer airs *St. Catharine's* dream.
 Nay, I could hear him damn last ages wit,
 And rail at excellence he ne'er could hit;
 His envy should at powerful *Cowley* rage,
 And banish sense with *Johnson* from the stage:
 His sacrilege should plunder *Shakespear's* urn,
 With a dull prologue make the ghost return,
 To bear a second death, and greater pain,
 While the fiend's words the oracle prophane.
 But when not satisfy'd with spoils at home,
 The pyrate would to foreign borders roam;
 May he still split on some unlucky coast,
 And have his works or dictionary lost!
 That he may know what *Roman Authors* mean,
 O more than does our blind translatress *Behn*.

The female wit, who next convicted stands,
 Not for abusing *Ovid's* verse, but *Sands'*;
 She might have learn'd from the ill-borrow'd grace,
 (Which little helps the ruin of her face)
 That wit, like beauty, triumphs o'er the heart,
 When more of nature's seen, and less of art:
 Nor strive in *Ovid's* letters to have shown
 As much of skill, as lewdness in her own.
 Then let her from the next inconstant lover,
 Take a new copy for a second rover:
 Describe the cunning of a jilting whore,
 From the ill arts herself has us'd before;
 Thus let her write, but *Paraphrase* no more.

Rymer to Crambo privilege does claim,
 Not from the poet's genius, but his name ;
 Which providence in contradiction meant,
 Tho' he predestination could prevent,
 And with bold dulness translate heav'n's intent.
 Rash man! we paid the adoration due,
 That ancient criticks were excell'd by you :
 Each little wit to your tribunal came
 To hear their doom, and to secure their fame :
 But for respect you servilely sought praise,
 Slighted the umpire's palm to court the poet's bays ;
 While wise reflections, and a grave discourse,
 Declin'd to *Zoons a river for a horse*,
 So discontented *Pemberton* withdrew,
 From sleeping judges to the noisy crew ;
 Chang'd awful ermin for a servile gown,
 And to an humble fawning smooth'd his frown,
 The simile will differ here indeed ;
 You cannot versify, though he can plead.

To painful *Creech* my last advice descends,
 That he and learning would at length be friends ;
 That he'd command his dreadful forces home,
 Nor be a second *Hannibal* to *Rome*.
 But since no counsel his resolves can bow ;
 Nor may thy fate, O *Rome*, resist his vow ;
 Debarr'd from pens as lunaticks from swords,
 He should be kept from waging war with words,
 Words which at first like atoms did advance
 To the just measure of a tuneful dance,
 And jump't to form, as did his worlds, by *Chance*.
 This pleas'd the genius of the vicious town ;
 The wits confirm'd his labours with renown,
 And swear the early atheist for their own.
 Had he stop't here—but ruin'd by success,
 With a new spawn he fill'd the burthen'd press,
 'Till as his volume swell'd, his fame grew less.
 So merchants flatter'd with increasing gain,
 Still tempt the falshood of the doubtful main :

So

Th
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 By
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 Me
 Yet

So the first running of the lucky dice,
 Does eager bully to new bets entice ;
 'Till Fortune urges him to be undone,
 And *Ames-Ace* loses what kind *Sixes* won.
 Witness this truth *Lucretia's* wretched fate,
 Which better have I heard my nurse relate ;
 The matron suffers violence again,
 Not *Tarquin's* lust so vile, as *Creech's* pen ;
 Witness those heaps his midnight studies raise,
 Hoping to rival *Ogilby* in praise :
 Both writ so much, so ill, a doubt might rise,
 Which with most justice might deserve the prize ;
 Had not the first the town with cuts appeas'd,
 And where the poem fail'd, the picture pleas'd.

Wits of a meaner rank, I could rehearse,
 But will not plague your patience, nor my verse :
 In long oblivion may they happy lie,
 And with their writings, may their folly die.
 Now, why should we poor *Ovid* yet pursue,
 And make his very book an exile too,
 In words more barb'rous than the place he knew ?
 If *Virgil* labour'd not to be translated,
 Why suffers he the only thing he hated ?
 Had he foreseen some ill officious tongue,
 Wou'd in unequal strains blaspheme his song ;
 Nor prayers, nor force, nor fame shou'd e'er prevent
 The just performance of his wise intent :
 Smiling h' had seen his martyr'd work expire,
 Nor live to feel more cruel foes, than fire.

Some fop in preface may those thefts excuse,
 That *Virgil* was the draught of *Homer's* muse :
 That *Horace's* by *Pindar's* lyre was strung,
 By the great image of whole voice he sung.
 They found the mass, 'tis true, but in their mould
 They purg'd the drossy oar to current gold :
 Mending their pattern, they escap'd the curse ;
 Yet had they not writ better, they'd writ worse.

But when we bind the lyric up to rhyme,
 And lose the sense to make the poem chime :
 When from their flocks we force *Sicilian* swains,
 To ravish *Milk-maids* in our *English* plains ;
 And wand'ring authors, e're they touch our shore,
 Must like our locust *Hugonots* be poor ;
 I'd bid th' importing club their pains forbear,
 And traffick in our own, tho' homely ware,
 Whilst from themselves the honest vermin spin,
 I'd like the texture, tho' the web be thin ;
 Nay, take *Crown's* plays, because his own, for wit
 And praise what *Dursey*, not translating, writ.

A

S A T I R E upon the P O E T S,
In Imitation of the Seventh Satire of Juvenal.

Est Sæpe et ratio studiorum, &c.
~~Est Sæpe et ratio~~

S I R,

ALL my endeavours, all my hopes depend
 On you the orphans, and the muses friend ;
 The only great good man, who will declare
 Virtue and verse the object of his care ;
 And prove a patron in the worst of times,
 When hungry *Bayes* forsakes his empty rhimes,
 Beseeching all true *Cath'licks* charity,
 For a poor prostitute which long did lie,
 Under the mortal sins of verse, and heresy.

Shadwell, and starving *Tate* I cease to name,
 Poets of all religions are the same :
 Recanting *Settle* brings the tuneful ware,
 Which wiser *Smithfield* damn'd to *Sturbridge* fair ;
 Protests his tragedies and libels fail
 To yield him paper, penny-loaves and ale,
 And bids our youth by his example fly
 The love of politicks, and poetry.

And

And all retreats except *New-hall* refuse
To shelter *Durfey*, and his jocky muse ;
There to the butler, and his grace's maid,
He turns, like *Homer*, sonneteer for bread ;
Knows his just bounds, nor ever durst aspire
Beyond the swearing groom, and kitchen fire.

Is there a man to these examples blind,
To clinking Numbers fatally design'd ?
Who by his parts would purchase meat and fame,
And in new miscellanies plant his name ;
Were my beard grown, the wretch I'd thus advise,
Repent, fond mortal, and be timely wise ;
Take heed, nor be by gilded hopes betray'd,
Clio's a jilt, and *Pegasus* a jade ;
By verse you'll starve : *John Saul* cou'd never live,
Unless the bellman made the poet thrive ;
Go rather in some little shed by *Pauls*,
Sell *Chevy chase*, or *Baxter's* salve for souls,
Cry raree-shows, sell ballads, transcribe votes,
Be *Carr*, or *Keach*, or any thing but *Oates*.

Hold, fir, some bully of the muses cries,
Methinks you're more satyrical than wise ;
You rail at verse indeed, but rail in rhyme,
At once encourage, and condemn the crime.

True, fir, I write and have a patron too,
To whom my tributary songs are due ;
Yet with your leave I'd honestly dissuade
Those wretched men from *Pindar's* barren shade :
Who tho' they fire their muse, and rack their brains
With blust'ring heroes, and with piping swains,
Can no great patient giving man engage
To fill their pockets, and their title-page.
Were I, like these, unhappily decreed
By penny elegies to get my bread,
Or want a meal, unless *George Groom* and I
Could strike a bargain for my poetry,

I'd

I'd damn my works to wrap up soap and cheese,
Or furnish squibs for city prentices
To burn the pope, and celebrate queen *Bess*.

But on your ruin stubbornly pursue,
Herd with the hungry little chiming crew,
Obtain the empty title of a wit,
And be at free-cost noisy in the pit ;
Print your dull poems, and before 'em place
A crown of laurel, and a meagre face.
And may just heav'n thy hated life prolong,
'Till thou, blest author, see'st thy deathless song,
The dusty lumber of a *Smithfield* stall,
And find'st thy picture starch'd 'gainst suburb wall,
With *Jenny Armstrong*, and the prodigal.
And to compleat the curse——
When age and poverty comes faster on,
And sad experience tells thou art undone.
May no kind country grammar-school afford
Ten pounds a year to pay for bed and board ;
'Till void of any fix'd employ, and now
Grown useless to the army and the plow,
You've no friend left, but trusting landlady,
Who stows you on hard truckle, garret high,
To dream of dinner, and curse poetry.

Sir, I've a patron, you reply, 'tis true,
Fortune and parts you say, may get one too :
Why faith e'en try, write, flatter, dedicate,
My lord's, and his forefathers deeds relate :
Yet know he'll wisely strive ten thousand ways,
To shun a needy poet's fulsome praise ;
Nay, to avoid thy importunity,
Neglect his state, and condescend to be
A poet, tho' perhaps a worse than thee.

Thus from a patron he becomes a friend,
Forgetting to reward, learns to commend ;
Receives your twelve long months successless toil,
And talks of authors, energy, and style ;

Damas

Damns the dull poems of the scribling town,
 Applauds your writings, and repeats his own,
 Whilst thou in complaisance oblig'd, must fit
 T' extol his judgment and admire his wit ;
 And wrapt with his *Essay on poetry*
 Swear *Horace* writ not half so strong as he,
 But that were partial to antiquity.
 Yet this authentick peer perhaps scarce knows
 With jingling sounds to tag insipid prose.
 And should be by some honest * *Manly* told,
 He'ad lost his credit to secure his gold.

But if thou'rt blest enough to write a play,
 Without the hungry hopes of kind third day,
 And he believes that in thy dedication
 Thou'lt fix his name, not bargain for the station,
 My lord his usefess kindness then assures,
 And to the utmost of his pow'r he's yours ;
 How fine your plot, how exquisite each scene!
 And play'd at court, would strangely please the queen,
 And you may take his judgment sure, for he
 Knows the true spirit of good poetry ;
 And might with equal judgment have put in
 For poet laureat as lord *Chamberlain*.
 All this you see and know, yet cease to shun ;
 And seeing knowing strive to be undone.
 So kidnapt dutchess once beyond *Gravefend*,
 Rejects the counsel of recalling friend ;
 Is told the dreadful bondage she must bear,
 And sees unable to avoid the snare.
 So practis'd thief oft taken ne'er afraid,
 Forgets the sentence, and pursues the trade,
 Tho' yet he almost feels the smoaking brand,
 And sad T. R. stands fresh upon his hand.
 The author then, whose daring hopes would strive
 With well-built verse to keep his fame alive,
 And something to posterity present,
 That's very new and very excellent ;

* The chief character in Mr. *Wycherley's* plain dealer.
 Some;

Something beyond the uncalled drudging tribe,
 Beyond what *Bayes* can write, or I describe ;
 Shou'd in substantial happiness abound,
 His mind with peace, his board with plenty crown'd,
 No early duns should break his learned rest,
 No sawcy cares his nobler thoughts molest,
 Only the God within should shake his lab'ring breast.

In vain we from our sonneteers require,
 The height of *Cowley's* and *Anacreon's* lyre.

In vain we bid them fill the bowl;

Large as their capacious soul;

Who since the king was crown'd ne'er tasted wine,
 But writ at sight, and knew not where to dine.

In vain we bid dejected *Settle* hit

The tragick flights of *Shakespear's* tow'ring wit ;
 He needs must miss the mark, who's kept so low,
 He has not strength enough to draw the bow:

Sedly, indeed, and *Rocheſter* might write
 For their own credit, and their friends delight,
 Shewing how far they cou'd the rest outdo,
 As in their fortunes, in their writing too
 But should drudge *Dryden* this Example take,
 And *Absaloms* for empty glory make,

He'd soon perceive his income scarce enough,
 To feed his nostrils with inspiring snuff ;
 Starving for meat, not surfeiting on praise,
 He'd find his brains as barren as his *Bayes*.

There was a time when *Otway* charm'd the stage,
Otway the hope, the sorrow of our age ;
 When the full pit with pleas'd attention hung,
 Wrapt with each accent from *Castalio's* tongue.
 With what a laughter was his soldier read !
 How mourn'd they when his *Jaffier* struck, and bled !
 Yet this best poet, tho' with so much ease,
 He never drew his pen but sure to please ;
 Tho' lightning were less lively than his wit,
 And thunder-claps less loud than those o'th' pit,
 He had of's many wants much earlier dy'd,
 Had not kind banker *Betterton* supply'd,

And

And took for pawn the embryo of a play,
 'Till he cou'd pay himself the next *third Day*.
 Were *Shakespear's* self to live again he'd ne'er
 Degen'rate to a poet from a play'r.
 Now *Carlisle* in the new rais'd troop we see,
 And chatt'ring *Mountfort* in the chancery ;
Mountfort how fit for politicks and law,
 That play'd so well fir *Courtly* and *Jack Daw*.
 Dance then attendance in flow *Mulgrave's* hall,
 Read maps, or court the sconces till he call ;
 One actors commendation shall do more
 Than patron now or merit heretofore.
 Some poets, I confess, the stage have fed,
 Who for half crowns are shown, for two pence read ;
 But these not envy thou but imitate,
 Much rather starve in *Shadwells* silent fate,
 Than new vamp'd farces, and be damn'd with *Tate*.
 For now no *Sidneys* will three hundred give,
 That needy *Spenser* and his fame may live ;
 None of our new nobility will send
 To the *King's Bench*, or to his *Bedlam* friend. *
 Chymists and whores by *Buckingham* were fed,
 Those by their honest labours gain'd their bread ;
 But he was never so expensive yet,
 To keep a creature merely for his wit ;
 And *Cowley* from *Hall-Clifden* scarce could have
 One grateful stone, to shew the world his grave.
Pembroke lov'd tragedy, and did provide
 For butcher's dogs, and for the whole bankside,
 The bear was fed, but dedicating *Lee*,
 Was thought to have a larger paunch than he.
 More I could say but care not much to meet
 A crab-tree cudgel in a narrow street.
 Besides, your yawning prompts me to give o'er :
 Your humble servant, sir, not one word more.

* *Nat. L E E.*

The End of the first Volume.

Just Publish'd by G. Grierſon, at the King's
Arms and Two Bibles in Eſſex-ſtreet.

The World deſcribed: Or a new and correſt Sett of Maps. Shewing the Kingdoms and States in all the known Parts of the Earth, with the principal Cities, and moſt conſiderable Towns in the World. Wherein the Errors of the ancient Geographers are correſted according to the lateſt Obſervations of Travellers, as communicated to the Royal Society of London, and the Royal Academy of Paris, by Herman Moll, Geographer. Each Map is neatly engraved on Copper and printed on Two Sheets of Elephant-Paper; ſo that the Scale is large enough to ſhew the chief Cities and Towns, as well as Provinces, without appearing in the leaſt confus'd. And to render theſe Maps the more acceptable, there is engraved on ſeveral of them what is moſt remarkable in thoſe Countries.

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III. *Europe*, with a Draught of the deſign'd Communication between the Rivers *Volga* and *Tanais*.

IV. *Aſia*, in which are deſcribed by themſelves, the *Helleſpont*, or the *Streights of Conſtantinople*; by Capt. *Bamburg*: *Smyrna*, with its Gulf; *Bombay* and *Salſet* Iſlands, *Hugly River*, &c.

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VIII.

CATALOGUE of MAPS.

VIII. The *Dominions* of the King of *Great-Britain*, on the Continent of *North America*; containing *Newfoundland*, *New Scotland*, *New England*, *New York*, *New Jersey*, *Pennsylvania*, *Maryland*, *Virginia*, and *Carolina*: Ornamented with View of the Cataracts of *Niagara*, and manner of the Beavers working in making their Habitations.

IX. The *North Parts* of *America*, under the Names of *Louisiana*, *Mississippi*, *Canada* and *New-France*; with the adjoining Territories of *England* and *Spain*. This Map is Ornamented with a Prospect of the Indian Fort *Sasquelabam*.

X. The *West-Indies*, or the Islands of *America* in the *North-Sea*, with the adjacent Countries belonging to *Spain*, *England*, *France*, *Holland*, &c. Also the Trade-Winds, and the several Tracts made by the *Galleons* and *Flota* from Place to Place. Also a View of the City of *Mexico* in *New Spain*.

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CATALOGUE of MAPS.

XIX. *Germany, Hungary, Transilvania, and the Swiss-Cantons*; with a View of the general Diet of the Empire, and many curious Remarks.

XX. The *Electorate of Brunswick, Lunenburg, and the rest of the King's Dominions in Germany.*

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XXIV. *Spain, and Portugal*, devided into its Kingdoms and Principalities, describing the principal Roads, &c. with the Places mark'd where Battles have been fought by the *English*, and the Dates of the Years.

XXV. *Italy*, distinguishing all the Sovereignties in it, whether States, Kingdoms, Dutchies, Principalities, Republicks, &c. with the Post-Roads, &c. Also the Prospects of the two burning Mounts *Ætna and Vesuvius*, with the Descriptions of them.

XXVI. The upper part of *Italy*, containing the Principality of *Piedmont*, the Dutchies of *Savoy, Milan, Parma, Mantua, Modena, Tuscany*; the Dominions of the *Pope*, the Republicks of *Venice, Genoa, Lucca, &c.* This Map is ornamented with a Prospect of *Leghorn*. The Plans of the Fortifications of *Rome, Florenza, Modena, Parma, Placenza, Genoa, Turin, Milan, Civita, Vecchia, &c.*

XXVII. The *Turkish Empire in Europe, Asia, and Africa*, divided into all its Governments, together with the other Territories that are Tributaries to it; as also the Dominions of the Emperor of *Morocco*. With a Draught of the City of *Jerusalem*, as at present, after *Corneille le Brun*, the Holy Sepulchre, the Prospects of *Constantinople, Smyrna, &c.*

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T H E
H I N D
A N D T H E
P A N T H E R
T R A N S V E R S E D
T o t h e S T O R Y o f t h e
C O U N T R Y - M O U S E ,
A N D T H E
C I T Y - M O U S E .

Much Malice mingled with a little Wit.

Hind and Panther.

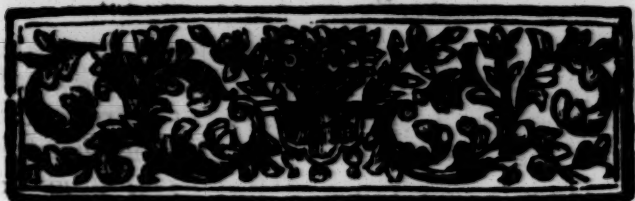
Nec vult P A N T H E R A domari.

Quæ Genus.

D U B L I N :

Printed in the Year MDCCXXXVII.





THE
P R E F A C E. *

THE Favourers of the Hind and Panther will be apt to say in its Defence, that the best Things are capable of being turned to ridicule; that Homer has been Burlesqued, and Virgil Traveſted without ſuffering any thing in their Reputation from that Buſſoonery; and that in like Manner, the Hind and Panther may be an exact Poem, tho' it is the Subject of our Rail- lery: But there is this difference, that thoſe Authors were wreſted from their true Senſe, and this naturally falls in- to Ridicule; there is nothing represented here as monſtrous and unnatural, which is not equally ſo in the Original. Firſt as to the general Deſign, is it not as eaſy to imagine two Mice bilking Coachmen, and ſupping at the Devil; as to ſuppoſe a Hind entertaining the Panther at a Her- mit's Cell, diſcuſſing the greateſt Myſteries of Religion, and telling you her ſon Rodriguez wrote very good Spaniſh? What can be more improbable and contradictory to the Rules and Examples of all Fables, and to the very deſign and uſe of them? They were firſt begun and raiſed to the higheſt perfection in the Eaſtern Countries; where they were wrote in Signs and ſpoke in Parables, and deliver'd the moſt uſeful Precepts in delightful Stories, which for their apt- neſs were entertaining to the moſt judicious, and led the Vulgar into underſtanding by ſurprizing them with their Novelty, and fixing their Attention. All their Fables

* The References in this Critique, are made to the Ori- ginal Quarto Edition of the Hind and Panther.

The P R E F A C E.

carry a double meaning; the Story is one and entire; the Characters the same throughout, not broken or changed, and always conformable to the Nature of the Creatures they introduce. They never tell you that the Dog which snapt at a Shadow lost his Troop of Horse, that would be unintelligible; a piece of Flesh is proper for him to drop, and the Reader will apply it to Mankind; they would not say that the Daw who was so proud of her borrowed Plumes lookt very ridiculous when Rodriguez came and took away all the Book but the 17th, 24th, and 2. th Chapters, which he stole from him, But this is his new way of telling a Story, and confounding the Moral and the Fable together.

Before the Word was written, said the Hind, Our Saviour Preach'd the Faith to all Mankind.

What relation has the Hind to our Saviour? or what notion have we of a Panther's Bible? If you say he means the Church, how does the Church feed on Lawns, or range in the Forest? Let it be always a Church, or always the cloven-footed Beast, for we cannot bear his shifting the Scene every Line. If it is absurd in Comedies to make a Peasant talk in the Strain of a Hero, or a Country-Wench use the Language of the Court; how monstrous is it to make a Priest of a Hind, and a Parson of a Panther: to bring them in disputing with all the Formalities and Terms of the Schools? Tho' as to the Arguments themselves these we confess, are suited to the Capacity of the Beasts, and if we would suppose a Hind expressing her self about these Matters, she would talk at that Rate.

As to the Absurdity of his Expressions, there is nothing wrested to make them ridiculous, the Terms are sometimes altered to make the Blunder more visible; Knowledge misunderstood, is not at all better Sense than Understanding misunderstood, tho' it is confess the Author can play with Words so well, that this and twenty such will pass off at a slight reading.

There are other Mistakes which could not be brought in, for they were too gross for Bayes himself to commit. It is hard to conceive how any Man could censure the Turks for Gluttony, a People that debauch in Coffee, are voluptuous in a Mess of Rice, and keep the strictest Lent, with-
out

The P R E F A C E.

*out the Pleasures of a Carnival to encourage them. But it is almost impossible to think that any Man who had not renounced his Senses, should read Duncomb for Allen. * He had been told that Mr. Allen had written a Discourse of Humility; to which he wisely answers, that that magnified Piece of Duncomb's was translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez; and to set it beyond dispute, makes the Infallible Guide|| affirm the same thing. There are few mistakes, but one may imagine how a Man fell into them, or at least what he aimed at; but what likeness is there between Duncomb and Allen! do they so much as Rhime?*

We may have this comfort under the Severity of his Satire, to see his Abilities equally lessened with his Opinion of us; and that he could not be a fit Champion against the Panther till he had laid aside all his Judgment. But we must applaud his Obedience to his new Mother Hind; she Disciplined him severely, she commanded him, it seems, to sacrifice his darling Fame, and to do it, effectually, he published this learned Piece. This is the favourable Construction we would put on his Faults, tho' he takes care to inform us, that it was done from no Imposition, but out of a natural propensity he has to Malice, and a particular Inclination of doing Mischief. What else could provoke him to libel the Court, blaspheme Kings, abuse the whole Scotch Nation, † rail at the greatest Part of his own, and lay all the Indignities imaginable on the only established Religion? ‡ And we must now congratulate him in this Felicity, that there is no Sect or Denomination of Christians, whom he has not abused.*

Thus far his arms have with Success been crown'd.

Let Turks, Jews and Infidels look to themselves, he has already begun the War upon them. When once a Conqueror grows thus dreadful, it is the Interest of all his Neighbours to oppose him, for there is no Alliance to be made with one that will face about, and destroy his Friends, and like a second Almanzor change sides meerly to keep his Hand in use. This Heroic Temper of his has created him

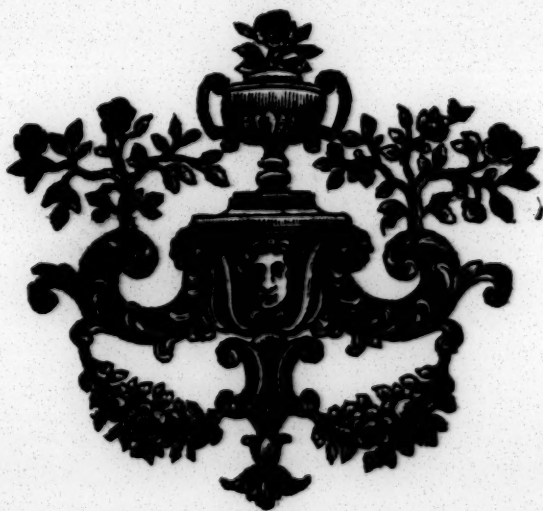
* Difference betwixt a Protestant and Socinian, p. 62.

|| Ibid p. 92. * p. 90. † Pref. Hind. Pan. ‡ p. 87.

The P R E F A C E.

some Enemies, that did by no means affect Hostility; and he may observe this Candor in the Management, that none of his Works are concerned in these Papers, but his last Piece; and I believe he is sensible this is a Favour. I was not ambitious of laughing at any Persuasion, or making Religion the Subject of such a Trifle; so that no Man is here concerned, but the Author himself, and nothing ridiculed but his way of arguing.

But, Gentlemen, if you will not take it so, you must grant my Excuse is more reasonable than our Author's to the Dissenters.



T H E



T H E
H I N D
A N D T H E
P A N T H E R
T R A N S V E R S E D
T o t h e S T O R Y o f t h e
C O U N T R Y a n d t h e C I T Y M O U S E .

S C E N E *the Devil-Tavern in Fleet-street.*

Bayes, Johnson, Smith.

Johns. **H** A H! my old Friend Mr. *Bayes*, what lucky chance has thrown me upon you? Dear Rogue, let me embrace thee.

Bayes. Hold, at your Peril, Sir, stand off and come not within my Sword's Point, for if you are not *come over to the Royal Party, I expect neither fair war, nor fair quarter from you.**

Johns. How, draw upon your Friend? and assault your old Acquaintance? O my Conscience my Intentions were honourable.

* *Prof. to Hind and Panther. p. 1.*

Bayes. Conscience ! Ay, ay, I know the Deceit of that Word well enough, let me have the *Marks* of your Conscience before I trust it, for if it be not of the Stamp with mine, 'gad I may be *knockt* down for all your fair Promises. *

Smith. Nay, prithee *Bayes*, what damn'd Villany hast thou been about, that thou art under these Apprehensions ? upon my Honour I'm thy Friend yet thou lookest as sneaking and frighted, as a Dog that has been worrying Sheep.

Bayes. Ay Sir, *The Nation* is in too high a ferment for me to expect any mercy, or I'gad, to trust any body. †

Smith. But why this to us, my old friend, who you know never trouble our Heads with national Concerns, till the third Bottle has taught us as much of Politics, as the next does of Religion ?

Bayes. Ah Gentlemen, leave this Prophaneness, I am altered since you saw me, and cannot bear this loose talk now, Mr. *Johnson*, you are a Man of Parts, let me desire you to read *the Guide of Controversy*; and Mr. *Smith*, I would recommend to you *the Considerations on the Council of Trent*, and so Gentlemen your humble Servant-----
Good Life be now my Task. ‡

Johns. Nay Faith, we won't part so : believe us we are both your Friends ; let us step to the *Rafe* for one quarter of an Hour, and talk over old Stories.

Bayes. I ever took you to be Men of Honour, and for your sakes I will transgress as far as one Pint.

Johns. Well, Mr. *Bayes*, many a merry bout have we had in this House, and shall have again, I hope : Come, what Wine are you for ?

Bayes. Gentlemen, do you as you please, for my part he shall bring me a single Pint of any thing.

Smith. How so, Mr. *Bayes*, have you lost your Palate ? you have been more curious.

Bayes. True, I have so, but *Senses* must be starved that the soul may be gratified. Men of your Kidney make

* *Pres.* Ibid. † p. Ibid. ‡ p. 5.

the *senses* the *supreme Judge**, and therefore bribe 'em high, but we have laid both the use and pleasure of 'em aside.

Smith. What, is not there good eating and drinking on both sides? you make the separation greater than I thought it.

Bayes. No, no, whenever you see a fat Rosy-colour'd Fellow, take it from me, he is either a Protestant or a Turk.†

Johns. At that rate, Mr. *Bayes*, one might suspect your Conversion; methinks thou hast as much the face of an *Heretick* as ever I saw.

Bayes. *Such was I, such by nature still I am*. But I hope ere long I shall have drawn this *pamper'd Paunch* fitter for the *strait Gate*.†

Smith. Sure, Sir, you are in ill Hands, your Confessor gives you more severe rules than he practises; for not long ago a *fat Friar* was thought a *true Character*.

Bayes. Things were misrepresented to me: I confess I have been unfortunate in some of my Writings; but since you have put me upon that subject, I'll shew you a thing I have in my Pocket shall wipe off all that, or I am mistaken.

Smith. Come, now thou art like thy self again. Here's the King's Health to thee——Communicate.

Bayes. Well, Gentlemen, here it is, and I will be bold to say, the exactest Piece the World ever saw, a *Non Pareillo* I faith. But I must bespeak your pardons if it reflects any thing upon your Persuasion.

Johns. Use your Liberty, Sir, you know we are no *Bigots*.

Bayes. Why then you shall see me lay the *Reformation* on its back, I'gad, and justify our Religion by the Way of *Fable*.

Johns. An apt Contrivance indeed! what do you make a *Fable* of your Religion?

Bayes. Ay I'gad, and without *Morals* too; for I tread in no Man's Steps; and to shew you how far I can out-

* p. 21.

† p. *ibid*.

† p. 5.

do any thing that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken *Horace's* design, but I'gad, have so outdone him, you shall be ashamed for your *old Friend*. You remember in him the *Story* of the *Country-Mouse*, and the *City-Mouse*; what a plain simple thing it is, it has no more Life and Spirit in it, I'gad, than a Hobby-horse; and his *Mice* talk so meanly, such common stuff, so like *mere Mice*, that I wonder it has pleased the World so long. But now will I undeceive *Mankind*, and teach them to *beighten*, and *elevate a Fable*. I will bring you in the very same *Mice* disputing the depth of *Philosophy*, searching into the Fundamentals of *Religion*, quoting *Texts*, *Fathers*, *Councils*, and all that I'gad, as you shall see either of them could easily make an *Ass* of a *Country Vicar*. Now whereas *Horace* keeps to the dry naked *Story*, I have more Copiousness than to do that, I'gad. Here, I draw you general *Characters*, and describe all the *Beasts* of the *Creation*; there, I lanch out into long *Digressions*, and leave my *Mice* for twenty pages together, then I fall into Raptures, and make the finest *Soliloques*, as would ravish you. Won't this do, think you?

Johnj. Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you; all this about two *Mice*?

Bayes. Ay, why not? Is it not great and heroical? but come, you'll understand it better when you hear it; and pray be as severe as you can, I'gad I defy all *Criticks*. Thus is begins.

*A milk-white Mouse immortal and unchang'd
Fed on soft Cheese, and o'er the Dairy rang'd;
Without unspotted; innocent within,
She fear'd no Danger, for she knew no Ginn.*

p. 1.

Johns. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, soft Cheese is a little too coarse Diet for an *immortal Mouse*; were there any necessity for her eating, you should have consulted *Homer* for some *Celestial Provision*.

Bayes. Faith, Gentlemen, I did so; but indeed I have not the *Latin* one, which I have marked by me, and could not readily find it in the *Original*.

Yes

Yet had she oft been scar'd by bloody Claws p. 1.
Of winged Owls, and stern Grimalkin's Paws
Aim'd at her destin'd Head, which made her fly, p. 2.
Tho' she was doom'd to Death, and fated not to die.

Smith. How came she that *feared no Danger* in the Line before, to be scared in this, *Mr. Bayes*?

Bayes. Why then you may have it *chas'd* if you will; for I hope a Man may run away without being *afraid*, mayn't he?

Johns. But pray give me leave; how was She *doomed to Death*, if She *was fated not to die*? are not *doom* and *fate* much the same thing?

Bayes. Nay, *Gentlemen*, if you question my skill in the Language, I am your humble Servant; the *Rogues* the *Criticks*, that will allow me nothing else, give me that; sure I that made the Word, know best what I meant by it; I assure you, *doom'd* and *fated* are quite different Things.

Smith. Faith, *Mr. Bayes*, if you were *doom'd* to be hanged, whatever you were fated to, 'twould give you but small Comfort.

Bayes. Never trouble your head with that, *Mr. Smith*, mind the business in hand.

Not so her young; their Linsy-woolsey line, p. 2.
Was Hero's make, half human, half Divine.

Smith. Certainly these *Heroes*, half Human, half Divine, have very little of the *Mouse* their Mother.

Bayes. Gadfokers! *Mr. Johnson*, does your Friend think I mean nothing but a *Mouse* by all this? I tell thee, Man, I mean a *Church*, and these young Gentlemen her Sons, signify *Priests*, *Martyrs*, and *Confessors*, that were hang'd in *Oates's Plot*. There's an excellent *Latin* Sentence, which I had a mind to bring in, *Sanguis Martyrum semen ecclesie*, and I think I have not wronged it in the Translation.

Of these a slaughter'd Army lay in Blood, P. 2.
Whose sanguine Seed increas'd the sacred Brood ;
She multiply'd by these, now rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the Kingdoms once her own. P. 3.

Smith. Was she alone when the sacred Brood was increased?

Bayes. Why thy Head's running on the *Mouse* again ; but I hope a *Church* may be alone, though the *Members* be increased, mayn't it ?

Johns. Certainly, Mr. *Bayes*, a *Church* which is a diffusive Body of Men, can much less be said to be alone.

Bayes. But are you really of that opinion ? Take it from me, Mr. *Johnson*, you are wrong ; however to oblige you, I'll clap in some *Simile* or other, about the *Children of Israel*, and it shall do.

Smith. Will you pardon me one Word more. Mr. *Bayes* ? What could the *Mouse* (for I suppose you mean her now) do more than range in the *Kingdoms*, when they were her own ?

Bayes. Do ? why she reigned ? had a *Diadem*, *Sceptre*, and *Ball*, 'till they depos'd her.

Smith. Now her Sons are so increas'd, She may try t'other pull for't.

Bayes. I'gad, and so she may before I have done with Her ; it has cost me some pains to clear her Title. Well but mum for that, Mr. *Smith*.

The common hunt, She tim'rously past by, P. 3.
For they made tame, disdain'd her Company ;
They grinn'd, She in a Fright tript o'er the Green,
For She was lov'd, wherever She was seen.

Johns. Well said, little *Bayes*, I'faith the Critick must have a great deal of leisure, that attacks those Verses.

Bayes. I'gad, I'll warrant who e'er he is offender *solido* ; but I go on.

The Independent Beast————

P. 3.
Smith.

Smith. Who is that, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Why a Bear: Pox, is not that obvious enough?

—————In Groans her hate express.

Which, I'gad, is very natural to that *Animal*. Well! there's for the *Independent*: Now the *Quaker*; what do you think I call him?

Smith. Why, A *Bull*, for aught I know.

Bayes. A *Bull*! O Lord! A *Bull*! no, no, a *bare*, a quaking *bare*, ————— *Armarillis*, because she wears *Armour*, 'tis the same Figure; and I am proud to say it, Mr. *Johnson*, no man knows how to *pun* in *Heroicks* but my self, well you shall hear.

She thought, and reason good, the quaking *bare*,
Her cruel Foe, because she would not swear,
And had profess'd neutrality.

p. 3.

Johns. A shrewd Reason that, Mr. Bayes; but what Wars were there?

Bayes. Wars! why there had been bloody Wars, tho' they were pretty well reconcil'd now. Yet to bring in two or three such fine things as these, I don't tell you the Lion's Peace was proclaim'd till fifty pages after, tho' 'twas really done before I had finish'd my Poem.

Next her, the Buffoon Ape his body bent,
And paid at Church a Courtier's Compliment.

p. 3.

That galls some where; I'gad I can't leave it off, tho' I were cudgelled every day for it.

The brist'd Baptist Boar, impure as he.

p. 4.

Smith. As who,

Bayes. As the Courtier, let 'em e'en take it as they will, I'gad, I seldom come amongst 'em.

p. 86.

Was

Was whiten'd with the Foam of Sanctity.

p. 10.

The Wolf with Belly-gaunt his rough crest rears, And pricks up. ——— Now in one Word will I abuse the whole Party most damnably ——— and pricks up. ——— I'gad. I am sure you'll laugh ——— *his Predestinating Ears.* Pr'ythee, Mr. *Johnson*, remember little *Bayes*, when next you see a *Presbyterian*, and take notice if he has not *Predestination* in the Shape of his *Ear*: I have studied Men so long, I'll undertake to know an *Arminian*, by the setting of his Wig. *His Predestinating Ears*, I'gad, there's ne'er a *Presbyterian* shall dare shew his Head without a Border: I'll put 'em to that expence.

Smith Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, if any of 'em should come over to the *Royal Party*, would their Ears alter?

Bayes. Would they? Ay, I'gad, they would shed their *Fanaticals Lugs*, and have just such well-turned *Ears* as I have; mind this *Ear*, this is a true *Roman Ear*, mine are much changed for the better within these two Years.

Smith. Then if ever the Party should chance to fail you might lose 'em, for *what may change may fall.*

Bayes. Mind, mind ———

These fiery Zuinglians, meagre Calvin bred.

p. 11.

■ *Smith.* Those, I suppose, are some Out-landish Beasts, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. Beasts; a good Mistake! Why, they were the chief *Reformers*, but here I put 'em in so bad Company because they were Enemies to my *Mouſe*; and anon when I am warmed, I'gad, you shall hear me call 'em *Doctors Captains, Horses, and Horsemen**, in the very same Breath, You shall hear how I go on now.

Or else reforming *Corah* spawn'd this *Class*,
When opening Earth made way for all to pass.

p. 11.

Jobns. For all, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Yes, They are *all* lost there, but some of 'em were thrown up again at the *Lemain-Lake*: as a Catholick *Queen* sunk at *Charing-Cross*, and rose again at *Queenbith*.

*The Fox and he came shuffling in the Dark,
If ever they were stow'd in Noah's Ark.*

P. 11.

Here I put a *Query*, whether there were any *Socinians* before the *Flood*, which I'm not very well satisfied in; I have been lately apt to believe that the World was drowned for that *Herefy*; which, among Friends, made me leave it.

*Quicken'd with Fire below, these Monsters breed
In Fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed.*

P. 12.

Now to write something new and out of the way, elevate and surprise, and all that, I fetch you see, this *Quickening Fire* from the Bottom of *Boggs* and *Rivers*.

Johns. Why, Faith, that's as ingenious a Contrivance as the *Virtuoso's* making a Burning-glass of Ice.

Bayes. Why was there ever any such thing? Let me perish if ever I heard of it. The fancy was sheer-new to me; and I thought no Man had reconciled those Elements but my self. Well, Gentlemen! Thus far I have followed Antiquity, and as *Homer* has number'd his Ships so I have ranged my Beasts. Here is my *Boar* and my *Bear*, and my *Fox*, and my *Wolf*, and the rest of 'em, all against my poor *Mouse*. Now what do you think I do with all these?

Smith. Faith I don't know, I suppose you make 'em fight.

Bayes. Fight! I'gad I'd as soon make 'em dance. No, I do no earthly thing with 'em, nothing at all, I'gad: I think they have played their Parts sufficiently already; I have walked 'em out, shewed 'em to the Company, and raised your Expectation. And now whilst you hope to see 'em baited, and are dreaming of Blood and Battles, they sculk off, and you hear no more of 'em.

Smith.

Smith. Why, Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, now you have been at such Expence in setting forth their Characters, it had been too much to have gone thro' with 'em.

Bayes. I'gad, so it had: and then I tell you another thing, 'tis not ev'ry one that reads a Poem thro'. And therefore I fill the first Part with Flowers, Figures, fine Language, and all that; and then, I'gad, sink by degrees, 'till at last I write but little better than other People. And whereas most Authors *creep servilely* after the old Fellows, and strive to grow upon their Readers: I take another Course, I bring in all my Characters together, and let 'em see I could go on with 'em; but I'gad I won't.

Johns. Could go on with 'em, Mr. *Bayes*! there's no body doubts that! You have a most particular Genius that way.

Bayes. Oh! Dear Sir, You are mightily obliging: But I must needs say at a *Fable* or an *Emblem*, I think no Man comes near me, indeed I have studied it more than any Man. Did you ever take notice, Mr. *Johnson*, of a little thing that has taken mightily about Town, a *Cat with a Topknot*?

Johns. Faith, Sir, 'tis mighty pretty, I saw it at the *Coffee-house*.

Bayes. 'Tis a Trifle hardly worth owning; I was t'other Day at *Will's* throwing out something of that Nature; and I'gad, the Hint was taken, and out came that Picture; indeed the poor fellow was so civil to present me with a Dozen of 'em for my Friends. I think I have one here in my Pocket; would you please to accept of it, Mr. *Johnson*?

Johns. Really 'tis very ingenious.

Bayes. Oh Lord! Nothing at all, I could design twenty of 'em in an Hour, if I had but witty Fellows about me to draw them. I was proffer'd a Pension to go into *Holland*, and contrive their Emblems; but hang 'em they are dull Rogues, and would spoil my Invention. But come, Gentlemen, let us return to our Business, and here I'll give you a delicate Description of a Man.

Smith. But how does that come in?

Bayes.

Bayes. Come in? very naturally. I was talking of a *Wolf*, and that supposes a *Wood*. and then I clap an Epithet to it, and call it a *Celtick Wood*. Now when I was there, I could not help thinking of the *French Persecution*, and I'gad from all these Thoughts I took occasion to rail at the *French King*, and shew that he was not of the same make with other Men, which thus I prove.

The Divine Blacksmith in th' Abyss of Light,
Yawning and lolling with a careless beat, p. 15.
Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat.

But he work'd hard to hammer out our Souls,
And blew the Bellows and stirr'd up the Coals;
Long time he thought, and cou'd not on a sudden
Knead up with unskimm'd Milk this reas'ning Pudding:

Tender, and mild within its bag it lay,
Confessing still the softness of its Clay,
And kind as Milk-maids on their Wedding-day. p. 19.

Till *Pride of Empire*, *Lust*, and hot Desire
Did over-boil him, like too great a Fire,
And understanding grown, *misunderstood*,
Burn'd him to th' Pot; and scour'd his curdled Blood.

Johns. But sure this is a little prophane, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Not at all: Does not *Virgil* bring in his god
Vulcan working at the *Anvil*?

Johns. Ay, Sir, but never thought his Hands the fitter
to make a Pudding.

Bayes. Why do you imagine Him an Earthly dirty
Blacksmith? 'Gad you make it prophane indeed. I'll tell
you there's as much difference betwixt 'em, I'gad, as
betwixt my Man and *Milton's*. But now, Gentlemen,
the Plot thickens, here comes my t'other *Mouse*, the
City-Mouse.

A spotted Mouse, the prettiest next the white, p. 16
Ah! were her Spots wash'd out, as pretty quite,
With *Phylæeries* on her Forehead spread, p. 23.

Cro-

Crozier in Hand, and Mitre on her Head, p. 22.
Three Steeples Argent on her sable Shield, p. 84.
Liv'd in the City, and disdain'd the Field.

Johns. This is a Glorious *Mouse* indeed ! but as you have dress'd her, we don't know whether she be *Jew*, *Papist*, or *Protestant*.

Bayes. Let me embrace you, Mr. *Johnson*, for that ; you take it right. She is a meer *Babel of Religions*, and therefore she's a *spotted Mouse* here, and will be a *Mule* presently. But to go on.

This Princess————

Smith. What *Princess*, Mr. *Bayes* ?

Bayes. Why this *Mouse*, for I forgot to tell you, an *Old Lyon* made a *left Hand Marriage* with her Mother, and begot on her *body Elizabeth Schism*, who was married to *Timothy Sacrilege*, and had Issue *Graceless Heresy*. Who all give the same Coat with their Mother, *Three Steeples Argent*, as I told you before. p. 10.

This Princess, tho' *estrang'd* from what was *best*,
Was least Deform'd, because Reform'd the least. p. 23.

There's De and Re as good I'gad as ever was.

She in a Masquerade of Mirth and Love, p. 22.
Mistook the Bliss of Heaven for Bacchanals above,
And grubb'd the Thorns beneath our tender Feet,
To make the Paths of Paradise more sweet.

Thers's a Jolly Mouse for you, let me see any *Body* else that can shew you such another. Here now have I one damnable, severe, reflecting *Line*, but I want a *Rhime* to it ; can you help me Mr. *Johnson* ?

She————

Humbly content to be despis'd at Home,

Johns. Which is too narrow *Infamy* for some.

Bayes. Sir, I thank you, now I can go on with it.

Whose Merits are diffus'd from Pole to Pole, p. 63.
Where Winds can carry and where Waves can roll.

Johns.

Johns. But does not this reflect upon some of your Friends, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, let me alone to bring my self off. I'll tell you, lately I writ a damn'd Libel on a whole Party, sheer-Point and Satire all through, I'gad : Called 'em Rogues, Dogs, and all the Names I could think of, but with an exceeding deal of Wit, that I must needs say. Now it happened before I could finish this Piece, the Scheme of Affairs was altered, and those People were no longer Beasts : Here was a Plunge now : Should I lose my Labour, or Libel my Friends ! 'Tis not every Body's Talent to find a *Salvo* for this : But what do Me, I but write a smooth, delicate Preface, wherein I tell them that the *Satire* was not intended to them, and this did the Business.

Smith. But if it was not intended to them against whom it was writ, certainly it had no meaning at all.

Bayes. Poh ! there's the Trick on't : Poor Fools, they took it, and were satisfied : And yet it maul'd 'em damnably, I'gad.

Smith. Why Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, there's this very Contrivance in the *Preface to Dear Joy's Jests*.*

Bayes. What the Devil do you think that I'd steal from such an Author ? Or ever read it ?

Smith. I can't tell but you sometimes read as bad. I have heard you quote *Reynard the Fox*.

Bayes. Why there's it now ; take it from me Mr. *Smith*, there is as good Morality, and as sound precepts, in the *Delectable History of Reynard the Fox*, as in any Book I know, except *Seneca*. Pray tell me where in any other Author could I have found so pretty a Name for a *Wolf* as *Isgrim* ? But pr'ythee, Mr. *Smith*, give me no more trouble, and let me go on with my *Mouse*.

One Ev'ning when she went away from Court,
Levee's and Couchee's past without resort.

p. 29

* i. e. *Teagueland Jests: or, Bogg-Witticisms.* 12mo.

There's

There's Court Language for you ; nothing gives a Verse
so fine a Turn as an air of good Breeding.

Smith. But methinks the *Levee's* and *Couches* of a
Mouſe are too great, eſpecially when ſhe is walking from
Court to the cooler Shades.

Bayes. I'gad now have you forgot what I told you,
that ſhe was a *Princeſs*. But pray mind here the two
Mice meet.

She met the Country Mouſe, whoſe fearful Face
Beheld from far the common wat'ring Place,
Nor durſt approach————

p. 29

Smith. Methinks Mr. *Bayes* this *Mouſe* is ſtrangely al-
ter'd ſince ſhe fear'd no danger.

Bayes. Gadfokers ! why no more ſhe does not yet,
fear either Man, or Beaſt : But poor Creature, ſhe's a-
fraid of the Water, for ſhe could not ſwim, as you ſee
by this.

Nor durſt approach, till with an awful Rore
The Sov'reign Lion bad her fear no more.

p. 30.

But beſides, 'tis above thirty Pages off that I told you
ſhe fear'd no danger ; and I'gad if you will have no vari-
ation of the Character, you muſt have the ſame thing o-
ver and over again ; 'tis the Beauty of Writing to ſtrike
you ſtill with ſomething new. Well, but to proceed,

But when ſhe had this ſweeteſt Mouſe in view,
Good Lord, how ſhe admir'd her Heavenly Hue! p. 30

Here now to ſhew you I am Maſter of Stiles, I let my
ſelf down from the Maſteſty of *Virgil* to the Sweetneſs of
Ovid.

Good Lord, how ſhe admir'd her heav'nly Hue !

What more eaſy and familiar ! I writ this Line for the
Ladies : The little Rogues will be ſo fond of me to find
I can

I can yet be so tender. I hate such a rough unhewn Fellow as *Milton*, that a Man must sweat to read him ; I'gad you may run over this and be almost asleep.

Th' immortal Mousè who saw the *Viceroy* come,

So far to see her, did invite her home.

There's a pretty Name now for the *spotted Mousè*, the *Viceroy*.

Smith. But pray why dy'e call her so.

Bayes. Why ! Because it sounds prittily :

I'll call her the *Crown-General* presently, If I've a mind to it. Well.

P. 55.

—did invite her Home

To smoke a Pipe and o'er a sober Pot

Discourse of *Oates* and *Bedloe*, and the *Plot*.

She made a Curt'sy, like a Civil Dame,

p. 31.

And, being much a *Gentlewoman*, came.

Well, Gentlemen, here's my first Part finished, and I think I have kept my Word with you, and given it the *Majestic turn of Heroic Poesy*. The rest being matter of *Dispute*, I had not such frequent Occasion for the magnificence of *Verse*, tho' I'gad they speak very well. And I have heard *Men*, and considerable *Men* too, talk the very same things, a great deal worse.

p. 32.

Johns. Nay, without, doubt, *M. Bayes*, they have receiv'd no small Advantage from the smoothness of your Numbers.

Bayes. Ay, ay, I can do't, if I list : Though you must not think I have been so dull as to mind these things my self, but 'tis the advantage of our *Coffee-house*, that from their talk one may write a very good *Polemical* Discourse, without ever troubling one's Head with the Books of *Controversy*. For I can take the slightest of their Arguments, and clap 'em pertly into four Verses, which shall stare any *London Divine* in the Face. Indeed, your knotty Reasonings with a long Train of *Majors* and *Minors*, and the Devil and all, are too barbarous for my stile ; but I'gad, I can flourish better with one of these twinkling

Ar-

Arguments, than the best of 'em can fight with t'other. But we return to our *Mouse*, and now I've brought 'em together, let 'em e'en speak for themselves, which they will do extremely well, or I'm mistaken: And pray observe Gentlemen, if in one you don't find all the delicacy of a Luxurious *City-Mouse*, and in the other all the plain simplicity of a sober serious Matron.

Dame, said the Lady of the spotted Muff, p. 32.
Methinks your *Tiff* is sour, your *Cates* meer stuff.
There, did I not tell you she'd be nice?
Your Pipe's so foul, that I disdain to smoke;
And the weed worfe than e'er *Tom Jervis* took.

Smith. I did not hear she had a spotted *Muff* before.
Bayes. Why no more she has not now: but she has a Skin that might make a *spotted Muff*. There's a pretty Figure now unknown to the Ancients.

Leave, leave (**she's earnest you see*) this hoary *Shed* and lonely Hills.
And eat with me at *Groleau's*, smoke at *Will's*.
What wretch would nibble on a Hanging-shelf,
When at *Pontack's* he may *Regale* himself?
Or to the House of cleanly *Rhenish* go:
Or that at *Charing-Cross* or that in *Channel Row*.

Do you mark me now? I would by this represent the Vanity of a *Town-Fop*, who pretends to be acquainted at all those good Houses, tho' perhaps he ne'er was in 'em. But hark! she goes on.

Come, at a Crown a Head our selves we'll treat,
Champaign our Liquor and *Ragouf's* our Meat,
Then hand in hand we'll go to *Court*, dear Cuz,
To visit Bishop *Martin* and King *Buz*.
With *Ev'ning Wheels* we'll drive about the *Park*,
Finish at *Locker's* and reel home i'th' Dark.

* *Poeta loquitur.*

Break

Break clatt'ring Windows and demolish Doors
Of English Manufactures——Pimps, and Whores, p. 63.

Johns. Methinks a Pimp or a Whore, is an odd sort of
a Manufacture, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. I call 'em so to give the Parliament a hint not
to suffer so many of 'em to be exported, to the Decay of
Trade at Home.

With these Allurements Spotted did invite
From Hermit's Cell, the Female Profelyte.
Oh! With what ease we follow such a Guide:
Where Souls are starv'd, and Senses gratify'd.

Now would you not think she's going? I'gad, you're
mistaken; you shall hear a long Argument about Infalli-
bility, before she stirs yet.

But here the *White* by observation wise, p. 96.

Who long on Heaven had fixt her prying Eyes,
With thoughtful Countenance, and grave Remark,
Said, or my Judgment fails me, or 'tis dark.

Lest therefore we should stray, and not go right
Thro' the brown horror of the starless Night;

Hast thou Infallibility, that Wight? p. 37. }

Sternly the Savage grin'd and thus reply'd:

That Mice may err, was never yet deny'd.

That I deny, said the Immortal Dame,

There is a Guide——'Gad I've forgot his Name, p. 27.

Who lives in Heaven or Rome, the Lord knows where,
Had we but him Sweet-heart, we could not err.

But hark you, Sister, this is but a Whim;

For still we want a Guide to find out him.†

Here you see I don't trouble my self to keep on the
Narration, but write *White* speaks or *Dapple* speaks by the
side. But when I get any Noble thought which I envy
a Mouse should say, I clap it down in my own Person

† Spotted-Mouse, Loquitur.

With

With a *Poeta Loquitur* § ; which take notice, is a surer sign of a fine thing in my writings, than a Hand in the Margin any where else. Well now says *White*,

What need we find Him ? we have certain proof
That he is some where, *Dame*, and that's enough :
For if there is a Guide that knows the way,
Altho' we know not him, we cannot stray.

That's true, I'gad : Well said *White*. You see her Adversary has nothing to say for her self, and therefore to confirm the Victory, she shall make a *Simile*.

Smith Why then I find Similes are as good after Victory, as after a Surprise.

Bayes. Every Jot, I'gad, or rather better. Well, she can do it two Ways, either about *Emission* or *Reception* of Light*, or else about *Epsom-Waters*, but I think the last most familiar ; therefore speak, my pretty one.

As though 'tis controverted in the *School*,
If *Waters* pass by *Urine* or by *Stool*,
Shall we who are *Philosophers*, thence gather
From this dissension that they work by neither ?

And I'gad she is in the right on't but mind now, she comes upon her swop !

All this I did your Arguments to try.

And I'gad if they had been never so good, this next line confutes 'em.

Hear, and bedumb, thou Wretch, *that Guide am I*. p. 54

There's a surprise for you now ! How sneakingly t'o-ther looks ? Was not that pretty now, to make her ask for a Guide first, and then tell her she was one ? who could have thought that this little *Mouse* had the *Pope* and a whole *General Council* in her Belly ? Now *Dapple* had nothing to say to this ; and therefore you'll see she grows peevish.

Come leave your cracking Tricks, and as they say,
Use not, that Barber that trims Time, Delay ; p. 101

Which I'gad is new, and my own.
I've eyes as well as you to find the way.
Then on they jogg'd, *and since an Hour of Talk*
Might cut a banter on the *tedious Walk* ;
As I remember said the sober Mouse,
I've heard much talk of the *Wits Coffee-House*.
Thither, says *Brindle*, thou shalt go and see
Priests sipping Coffee, Sparks and Poets Tea ;
Here rugged Freeze, there, Quality well dress'd,
These baffling the *Grand Seignior* ; those the *Teff*.
And here shrewd guesses made, and reasons given
That Human Laws were never made in Heaven ; p. 111.
But above all, what shall oblige thy fight,
And fill thy Eye-balls with a vast delight ;
Is the *Poetic Judge* of sacred *Wit*,
Who do's i'th' *darkness of his glory sit*.

And as the Moon who first receives the light, p. 23.
With which she makes these nether Regions bright ;
So does he shine reflecting from afar,
The Rays he borrowed from a better Star :
For Rules which from *Corneille* and *Rapin* flow,
Admir'd by all the Scribbling Herd below.
From *French Tradition* while he does dispense,
Unerring Truths, 'tis Schism a damn'd Offence
To question his, or trust your private Sense.

Hah ! is not that Right, Mr *Johnson* ? I'gad forgive me,
he is fast asleep ! O the damned stupidity of this Age !
asleep ! Well, Sir, since you're so drowsy, your humble
Servant.

Jobnsf. Nay, pray Mr. *Bayes*, Faith I heard you all the
while. *The White Mouse*.

Bayes. The *White Mouse* ! ay, ay, I thought how you
heard me. Your Servant Sir, your Servant.

Jobnsf. Nay, dear *Bayes*, Faith I beg thy Pardon, I
was up late last Night, Pr'ythee lend me a little Snuff, and
go on.

O

Bayes.

Bayes. Go on! Pox I don't know where I was, well I'll begin here; mind now they are both come to Town.

But now at *Piccadilly* they arrive,
And taking Coach t'wards *Temple bar* they drive;
But at *St. Clement's Church*, eat out the Back,
And slipping thro' the *Psalgrave*, bilkt poor Hack.

There's the *Utile*, which ought to be in all Poetry, many a young *Templar* will save his Shilling by this Stratagem of my *Mice*.

Smith. Why, will any young *Templar* eat out the back of a Coach!

Bayes. No, I'gad, but you'll grant it is mighty Natural for a *Mouse*.

Thence to the *Devil* and ask'd if *Chanticleer*,
Of *Clergy Kind* or Counsellor *Chough* was there;
Or Mr. *Dove* a *Pigeon* of Renown, p. 133.
By his high *Crop*, and corny *Gizzard* known, p. 126.
Or *Sister Partlet*, with a hooded head; p. 130
No, Sir, She's booted hence, said *Will*, and fled.
Why so? because she would not pray a-bed.

Johns. [*Aside.*] 'Sdeath! who can keep awake at such stuff? Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, lend me your Box again.

Bayes. Mr. *Johnson*, how d'ye like that Box? Pray take Notice of it, 'twas given me by a Person of *Honour* for looking over a Paper of Verses; and indeed I put in all the Lines that were worth any thing, in the whole Poem. Well but where were we? Oh! here they are, just going up stairs into the *Apollo*; from whence my *White* takes occasion to talk very well of *Tradition*.

Thus to the Place where *Johnson* sat we climb,
Leaning on the same rail that guided him;
And whilst we thus on equal Helps rely,
Our Wit must be as true, our thoughts as high.

For

For as an Author happily compares
Tradition to a well fixt pair of stairs,
 So this the *Scala Sancta* we believe,
 By which his *Traditive Genius* we receive.
 Thus ev'ry step I take, my Spirits soar,
 And I grow more a *Wit*, and more and more.

There's Humour ! Is not that the liveliest Image in the world of a *Mouse's* going up a pair of Stairs. *More a Wit, and more and more ?*

Smith. Mr. *Bayes*, I beg your Pardon heartily, I must be rude, I have a particular Engagement at this time, and I see you are not near an end yet.

Bayes. Gadsookers ! sure you won't serve me so : All my finest Descriptions and best Discourse is yet to come.

Smith. Troth, Sir, if 'twere not an extraordinary Concern I could not leave you.

Bayes. Well ; but you shall take a little more ; and here I'll pass over two dainty *Episodes* of *Swallows*, *Swifts*, *Chickens*, and *Buzzards*.

John. I know not why they should come in, except to make yours the longest *Fable* that ever was told.

Bayes. Why the Excellence of a *Fable* is in the Length of it. *Æsop* indeed, like a Slave as he was, made little, short, simple Stories, with a dry Moral at the end of 'em ; and could not form any noble Design. But here I give you *Fable* upon *Fable* ; and after you are satisfy'd with Beasts in the first Course, serve you up a delicate Dish of Fowl for the second ; now I was at all this Pains to abuse one particular Person ; for I gad I'll tell you what a Trick he served me. I was once translating a very good *French Author**, but being something long about it ; as you know a Man is not always in the Humour, what does this *Jack* do, but puts out an Answer to my Friend before I had half finished the Translation : So there were three whole Months lost upon his Account. But I think I have my revenge on him sufficiently, for I let all the World know,

* *Varillas.*

that he is a *tall, broadback'd, lusty Fellow, of a brown Complexion, fair behaviour, a fluent Tongue, and taking amongst the Women* † and to top it all that he's much a Scholar, more a *Wit*, and owns but *two Sacraments*. Don't you think this Fellow will hang himself? But Besides I have so nickt his Character in a name as will make you split. I call him—I'gad, I won't tell you unless you remember what I said of him.

Smith. Why, that he was much a Scholar and more a Wit.

Bayes. Right, and his Name is *Buzzard*, ha! ha! ha!

Johns. Very proper indeed, Sir.

Bayes. Nay, I have a farther fetch in it yet than perhaps you imagine; for his true Name begins with a *B*, which makes me sily contrive this, to begin with the same Letter. There's a pretty Device, Mr. *Johnson*, I learned it I must needs confess from that ingenious Sport, I love my love with an *A*, because she's *Amiable*; and if you could but get a knot of merry Fellows together, you should see how *litte Bayes* would top 'em all at it I'gad.

Smith. Well, but good Faith Mr. *Bayes*, I must leave you, I'm half an Hour past my time.

Bayes. Well, I've done, I've done. Here are eight hundred Verses upon a rainy Night, and a Birds-nest; and here are three hundred more translated from two *Paris Gazettes*, in which the *Spotted Mouse* gives an account of the Treaty of Peace between the *Czar of Muscovy*, and the *Emperor*, which is a piece of News *White* does not believe; and this is her Answer. I am resolved you shall hear it, for in it I have taken occasion to prove *Oral Tradition* better than *Scripture*. Now you must know, 'tis sincerely my Opinion, that it had been better for the World, if we ne'er had had any *Bibles* at all.

Ere that *Gazette* was printed, said the *White*, p. 50.
Our *Robin* told another Story quite;
This *Oral Truth* more safely I believ'd,

† Pref. to *Hind and Panther*, p. 137.

My Ears cannot, your Eyes may be deceiv'd.
By word of Mouth unerring Maxims flow,
And *Preaching's* best, if understood, or no.

Words, I confess, *bound by, and trip so light,* P. 3.
We have no time to take a steady fight;
Yet fleeting thus are plainer than when Writ,
To long Examination they submit.

Hard things ——— Mr. *Smith*, if these two Lines
don't recompense your Stay, ne'er trust *John Bayes*
again.

Hard things at the first blush are clear and full,
God mends on second Thoughts, but Man grows dull. p. 15.

I'gad, I judge of all Men by my self, 'tis so with
me, I never strove to be very exact in any thing but I
spoiled it.

Smith. But allowing your Character to be true, is it
not a little too severe?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, these general Reflec-
tions are daring, and favour most of a noble *Genius*, that
spares neither *Friend* or *Foe*,

Johns. Are you never afraid of a Drubbing for that
daring of your noble *Genius*?

Bayes. Afraid! why *Lord* you make so much of a
Beating, I'gad 'tis no more to me than a Flea biting.
No, no, if I can but be witty upon 'em, ev'n let 'em
lay on, I'faith, I'll ne'er baulk my fancy to save
my Carcase. Well, but we must dispatch, Mr. *Smith*.

Thus did they merrily carouse all Day,
And like the gaudy Fly, their Wings display;
And sip the sweets, and bask in great Apollo's Ray. }

Well, there's an end of the Entertainment. and Mr.
Smith, if your Affairs would have permitted, you
would have heard the best *Bill of Fare* that ever was
serv'd up in *Heroicks*: But here follows a Dispute shall

recommend it self, I'll say nothing for it. For *Dapple*, who you must know was a *Protestant*, all this while, trusts her own Judgment, and foolishly dislikes the Wine; upon which our *Innocent* does so run her down, that she has not one Word to say for herself, but what I put in her Mouth; and I'gad you may imagine they won't be very good ones, for she has disoblged me, like an *Ingrate*.

Sirrah, says *Brindle*, thou hast brought us Wine,
 Sour to my Taste, and to my Eyes unfine.
 Says *Will*, all *Gentlemen* like it; ah! says *White*,
 What is approv'd by them must needs be right.
 'Tis true, I thought it bad, but if the House p. 38.
 Commend it, I submit, a private *Mouse*.

Mind that, mind the *Decorum* and Deference, which
 our *Mouse* pays to the Company.

Nor to the *Catholic* Consent oppose
 My erring Judgment and reforming Nose.

Ah! ah! there she has nick'd her, that's up to the
 Hilt, I'gad, and you shall see *Dapple* repents it.

Why, what a Devil, shan't I trust my Eyes?
 Must I drink *Stum* because the *Rascallyes*?
 And *palms* upon us *Catholic* Consent,
 To give *sophisticated* *Brewings* vent.
 Says *White*, what ancient Evidence can sway, p. 5.
 If you must argue thus, and not obey?
Drawers must be trusted, thro' whose Hands convey'd,
 You take the *Liquor*, or you spoil the *Trade*.
 For sure those *Honest* *Fellows* have no knack,
 Of putting off *stum'd* *Claret* for *Pontac*.
 How long, alas! wou'd the poor *Vintner* last
 If all that drink must *judge*, and ev'ry *Guest*
 Be allowed to have an understanding *Taste*?
Thus she: Nor could the *Panther* well enlarge,
 With weak defence, against so strong a charge.

There

the PANTHER Transfers'd, 223

There I call her a *Panther*, because she's spotted, which is such a Blot to the *Reformation*, as I warrant 'em they will never claw off, I'gad.

But with a *weary Yawn* that shew'd her pride,
Said, *Spotless* was a *Villain*, and she ly'd.
White saw her *canker'd Malice* at that Word,
And said her *Pray'rs*, and drew her *Delphic Sword*.
T'other cry'd *Murther*, and her *Rage restrain'd*:
And thus her *passive Character* maintain'd.
But now alas! —————

Mr. *Johnson*, pray mind me this; Mr. *Smith*, I'll ask you to stay no longer, for this that follows is so engaging; hear me but two Lines, I'gad, and go away afterwards if you can.

But now, alas! I grieve, I grieve to tell
What sad Mischance these pretty things beset.
These Birds of Beasts —————

There's a tender Expression, *Birds of Beasts*: 'Tis the greatest Affront that you can put upon any *Bird*, to call it, *Beast of a Bird*. and a *Beast* is so fond of being called a *Bird*, as you can't imagine. p. 129.

These Birds of Beasts, these learned Reas'ning Mice,
Were separated banish'd in a trice,
Who would be learned for their sakes, who wife? }

Ay, who indeed? there's a *Pathos*, I'gad Gentlemen, if that won't move you, nothing will, I can assure you: But here's the sad thing I was afraid of.

The *Constable* alarmed by this Noise,
Enter'd the Room, directed by the Voice,
And speaking to the *Watch with Head aside*, p. 135.
Said, *desperate Cures must be to desperate Ills apply'd*.
These *Gentlemen*, for so their fate decrees,
Can ne'er enjoy at once the *Butt and Peace*. p. 115.

When

When each have sep'rate Int'rests of their own, p. 144.
Two Mice are One too many for a Town.

By *Schism* they are torn, and therefore, *Brother*,
 Look you to One, and I'll secure the t'other.

Now whether *Dapple* did to *Bridewell* go,
 Or in the *Stocks* all Night her Fingers blow, p. 98.
 Or in the *Compter* lay, *concerns not us to know.*

But the *immortal* Matron, *spotless* White,
 Forgetting *Dapple's* Rudeness, Malice, Spite,
 Look'd kindly back, and wept and said *Good-night.*

Ten thousand Watchmen waited on this *Mouse*, p. 145.
 With Bills and Halberds, to her *Country-House.*

This last Contrivance I had from a judicious Author,
 that makes *Ten thousand Angels* wait upon his *Hind*,
 and she asleep too, I'gad.-----

Johns. Come, let's see what we have to pay?

Bayes. Why a Pox, are you in such haste? You
 han't told me how you like it.

Johns. O! extremely well. Here, Drawer.

[*Exeunt.*



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